POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FEBRUARY 23 • 1963 20c

Exclusive Report with color photographs

JACQUELINE KENNEDY
Goes Fox Hunting in Virginia

BASKETBALL SCANDALS *Can they be stopped?*

ECUMENI[illegible] *A progress report*

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Floor shift, bucket seats, console, headrests optional.

Rambler wins 1963 Motor Trend "Car of the Year" Award

America's most wanted automotive honor, the coveted "Car of the Year" Award from *Motor Trend Magazine*, goes to Rambler '63 over all other cars. Big reason: A whole host of new and major Rambler betterments which are available in no other cars.

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A major advance in power transfer—Tri-Poised Power—brings new velvet smoothness at all speeds. The entire car is so trouble-free and service-free, it's the longest-lasting Rambler ever.

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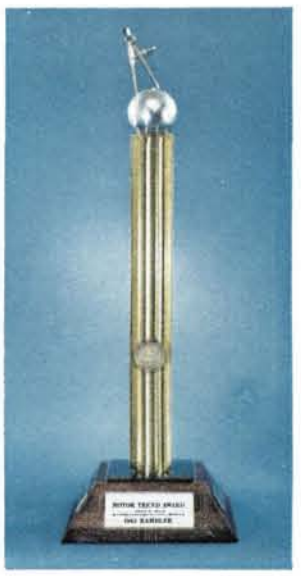

Rambler awarded 1963
CAR OF THE YEAR
Trophy by
Motor Trend Magazine

RAMBLER '63 THE NEW SHAPE OF QUALITY

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Maybe you can get by without enough life insurance...

but could your family?

If you look at life insurance as just another fixed item in your monthly budget, along with your mortgage payments and the utility bill, you may feel you own plenty right now.

But suppose, for a moment, you consider it more from your family's point of view. Suppose your insurance had to provide their only source of income—would *they* have enough? Enough to maintain a decent standard of living? Enough to properly educate your children? With the right amount and kind of life insurance you can answer these questions with confidence.

Looking at it from this viewpoint is Step One towards sound family protection. Step Two, we suggest, is a talk with your New York Life Agent. As a full-time representative for *Nylic* he can offer you the most modern policies, backed by one of the strongest mutual life insurance companies. He's been carefully trained to design a program to meet your needs *and* your budget, and his advice is yours without obligation—ever.

Next time he calls, give him some of your time. He's a good man to know! Or, for help in estimating your own insurance needs, use the coupon at the right. *The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know.*

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"How Much Life Insurance Is Enough?"

I (am) (am not) a New York Life policyowner.

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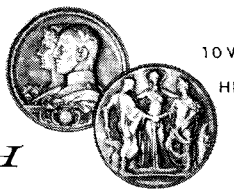
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH



10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES • 28 GOLD MEDALS
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OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE FOR LEADING SPORTS AND
CONTEST ASSOCIATIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD

New Longines "World's Fair" Watches Left to right: WF 3447, in an octagonal case with faceted synthetic Sapphire crystal • WF 2612, spun oval dial accents engraved case • WF 330*, brightly polished lantern shape • WF 2852, hand engraved with florentine design • WF 2851, classic square with diamond cut hour markers • WF 3355, inspired by the Florentine renaissance.

ALL ARE LONGINES,

ALL IN THE SPLENDOR OF SOLID 14K OR 18K GOLD

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World's Finest Quality! Just about the most satisfying purchase you can ever make is a Longines—a watch of the world's finest quality. Your Longines can be a treasured companion for an adult lifetime, the ever faithful guardian of your time, your most admired article of personal jewelry. Eventually you will come to feel, as thousands have before you, that all the countless honors which have been showered on the world's most honored watch might well have been bestowed on your own very personal Longines watch.

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Basketball Gamblers are big-money boys. Huge sums are wagered on major college games, and bettors can make a killing if they know in advance that an underdog team will win. How can they be sure? They can bribe the expected winners to lose. According to the people who ought to know—gamblers, coaches and the players themselves—it's become part of the game. In giving the story of the mess this major sport is in, veteran sportswriter **Jimmy Breslin** drew on his notes from "a lot of sad years, a lot of busted-up guys, a lot of hanging around and an awful lot of whiskey." The groundwork for scandal is often laid when the future point-shaver and bribe-taker is still a high-school star. Overzealous alumni and high-powered coaches parade their enticements to snag the dazzled athlete for their college. Showered with extravagant offers, a youngster can come to expect easy money as his due. The step to bribe-taking is not hard to make. New York *Post* columnist **Milton Gross** tells how one of the most intensively recruited players in recent years, Barry Kramer of N.Y.U., withstood the extreme pressure.

Other Bylines. **Delores Phillips,** a columnist for the Washington *Star*, lives in the heart of the exurban Virginia horse country and frequently writes about Mrs. John F. Kennedy's favorite sport. Her collaborator, Lewis Lapham, is a *Post* contributing editor. . . . Chicago *Tribune* reporter **Norma Lee Browning** digs wigs and is sure they are here to stay. She once put on her wig so hurriedly that she discovered only hours later that she was wearing it backwards. She says, "It still looked more presentable than my own hair." . . . **Roul Tunley** first heard how Denmark saved its Jewish population from the Nazis when he was in Israel collecting information about the trial of Adolf Eichmann. The story was such a bright spot in the bleak record of Nazi persecution that he went to Denmark to learn more. . . . **Robert Whearley,** a reporter for the Denver *Post*, had some difficulty finding Robert Six to get his story; airline president Six is always on the go and travels about 150,000 miles a year. . . . Pulitzer-prize winner **Sanche de Gramont** received last year's $10,000 Putnam award for his book *The Secret War*. He is the New York *Herald Tribune's* Rome correspondent. . . . **Eileen Bassing's** novel *Where's Annie?* will be published by Random House next month and is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for April.

The Cover photograph by **Marshall Hawkins** was taken as Mrs. Kennedy rode with neighbor Paul Mellon and the Orange County Hunt near the Kennedys' rented Virginia estate, Glen Ora.

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IN 22 SECONDS

after entering the bloodstream
Anacin® is speeding relief to your

Nervous Tense Headache

Not only relieves pain but ALSO its tension and depression

Contains the pain-reliever most recommended by doctors

Nervous tension headaches are by far the most common kind. And of the 3 leading pain relievers, *only* strong yet safe Anacin has this special combination of ingredients. Anacin relieves pain fast, also its tension, irritability and depressed feelings.

Anacin works fast! In 22 seconds after entering the bloodstream, Anacin is speeding relief to your pain — bringing you remarkable "all-over" relief.

Anacin Tablets are so effective because they are like a doctor's prescription. That is, a *combination* of ingredients. Anacin contains the pain reliever most recommended by doctors plus an extra, active ingredient not found in leading aspirin or buffered aspirin tablets. And Anacin has a smooth, gentle action.

Next time when a headache makes you tense, irritable and depressed—take Anacin for fast, all-over relief. The big difference in Anacin makes the big difference in the way you feel!

Largest selling **PAIN RELIEVER**

LETTERS

Ike's Warning

Dear Sirs:

Bravo Mr. Eisenhower (DANGER FROM WITHIN, Jan. 26)! We have long needed a sane, calm discussion on the merits of sobriety, stability, and social ethics in everyday life. One need not be of the Republican fold to admire Mr. Eisenhower's articulate views on sound, firm upbringing of the young with education towards self-reliance and responsible behavior.

SANTA D. CALABRESE
Byram, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I am elated to find that this Great American is working hard against the dangers of lethargy and apathy.

JOSEPH HROUDA
Racine, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Ike may well be still interested in government, but thank goodness he is no longer responsible.

MINTON G. MARSH
Dothan, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

Dwight D. Eisenhower's article should be made compulsory reading for every public-school student of a comprehending age.

ROTH CLINE
Culver, Ind.

The NIÑA's Ordeal

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the splendid article (WE SAILED THE COLUMBUS SHIP, by Robert Marx as told to William R. Shelton, Jan. 26) regarding the voyage of the Niña II. In these days of rockets and space capsules one tends to overlook or at least underestimate the

Coming ashore at San Salvador.

dangers faced by the intrepid explorers of past centuries. Columbus's crew, as this voyage has brought to mind so vividly, was exposed to risks and uncertainties every bit as terrifying as those faced by today's astronauts. Robert Marx definitely deserves the recognition which *The Post* has made possible. The photographs were excellent. Thank you for one of the most exciting true-adventure stories I have read in many years.

IRIS ANN HIGBIE
Balboa Island, Calif.

Open Letter to a "No-Child" Woman

Dear Gael:

As I read your article, A VOTE AGAINST MOTHERHOOD, by Gael Greene (Jan. 26), I kept pausing to gaze at your picture. You looked like a person whom I'd enjoy knowing. And as I continued to read your reasons for not having children, I didn't feel at all shocked or outraged. I felt only sadness—for you and your husband.

I've always believed that only those married couples who really wanted children should have them. It's my firm conviction that women should understand their own capacities for motherhood. One child? Two or three? Six or a dozen? Undoubtedly many young women today are having larger families than they're emotionally or physically equipped to rear, simply because everyone else is doing it. Like possessing a split-level home, a station wagon and an outdoor barbecue, large families are "in." Me, I'm a two-child mother. Are you really a "no-child" woman, Gael?

Look around you at the childless couples whom you know. Not the young ones—but at childless couples in their forties and fifties. You'll find them distressingly concerned with the petty details of existence, nauseatingly absorbed in their physical condition.

I am also a writer, and on the day my second son started to school, I went back to my typewriter after a gap of many years and I've been there ever since. Not with the ease and freedom that a childless woman would have, but working it in with what I felt were the more important responsibilities of my home, my husband and our children.

Let me tell you, Gael, what you're going to miss if you never have a child. There's that very first moment, when you stare at a scrap of life and you think, "This . . . this is me . . . and my husband. We have *created* this!" This is a moment of pure glory. I'm sorry that you're determined never to experience it. There's your fourteen-year-old son, saying good-bye as you and your husband start out on an icy night. "Drive carefully," he says. Your eyes blur a bit as you see the love and concern in his young face.

Good parents—and there are many of them—sometimes receive such an accolade as one of our sons gave us. Fresh from high school and in Army boot camp, he wrote a reminiscence of his short life. His letter ended with, "Thanks to you two, I've had a marvelous eighteen years that I can remember forever."

I'd rather have that tribute than a Pulitzer prize for a novel. Wouldn't you, Gael?

DOROTHY KOSTKA
Littleton, Colo.

● *We wish to thank the more than 2,200 other readers who also commented on Gael Greene's article.—ED.*

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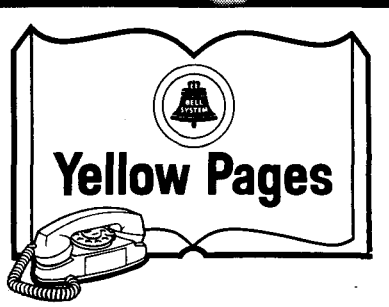
And happily ever after, let your fingers do the walking! Let the Yellow Pages help you furnish your new home . . . find any product or service! Read the ads for information on product features, brand names, store locations and hours. Before you march down the aisle of any store **. . . shop the Yellow Pages way!**



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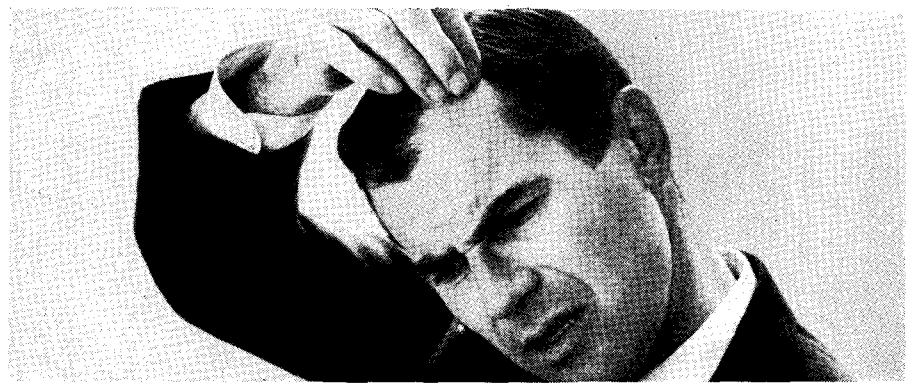
IT'S A HEARTBREAK when you first discover you have psoriasis. Heartbreaking, too, if you do nothing about those crusty patches of scaly skin.

At last! Symptomatic relief for the

HEARTBREAK of PSORIASIS

New healing discovery works 3 ways at once to clear-up the symptoms of PSORIASIS



IT'S A HEARTBREAK if psoriasis symptoms spread—leave your skin rough and scaly—and medication after medication fails to bring relief!

Proved in medical tests. Guarantees relief or your money back.

Today medical science promises new hope for millions who suffer the heartbreak of psoriasis. It's a new medically proved discovery called TEGRIN.™

Unique triple-action cream

TEGRIN is a fast-acting cream that can be used as often as needed, even on the scalp! It's pleasant, easy to use—no lingering medical smell or stain. It's extra effective because it works three ways at once:

1—Special de-scaling action works fast to remove embarrassing scales, without harmful skin irritation.

2—Special healing action aids natural healing of skin. Relieves itch.

3—Special preventive action helps prevent formation of new scales.

Dramatic clearing reported

Tests prove TEGRIN's unique triple-action formula is so effective—brings such pronounced clearing in so many cases—that we guarantee TEGRIN will leave your skin cleaner, clearer, smoother or we will refund every penny you paid. So why suffer the needless heartbreak of the miseries of psoriasis? For medically proved relief, get new TEGRIN today!

Psoriasis—13 common trouble spots:

(1) scalp
(2) neck
(3) shoulders
(4) elbows
(5) arms
(6) hands
(7) chest
(8) back
(9) mid areas
(10) knees
(11) thighs
(12) legs
(13) feet

But no matter where psoriasis may strike, new TEGRIN brings medically proved symptomatic relief.

LETTERS

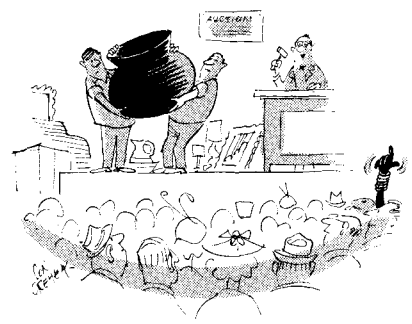
Cannibal Kettles

"You know, I've often wondered where they get these blasted black kettles."

Dear Sirs:

I certainly enjoyed the Sajem cartoon (above) which appeared in the December 15 issue. The obvious answer to the query of those gentlemen is given in another of your cartoons in your issue of January 20, 1962.

CLAES UGGLA
Stockholm, Sweden



TV's News-Lady

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for Gay Talese's fine, perceptive piece (PERILS OF PAULINE, Jan. 26). Pauline is, whatever she herself may think, not only intelligent but beautiful; for her beauty is of the spirit.

Mr. Talese missed, however, what I consider the apogee of Miss Frederick's journalistic performance: her eulogy of the late Dag Hammarskjöld. As literature, it should be preserved. It could only have been given by a woman from whose personal sky a great star has fallen.

HELEN HOOVER
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

In your article you referred to me as a former actress. It happens that I also wrote a novel, authored a dozen articles on politics and government, and previously held a variety of responsible positions in political campaigns.

Pauline is indeed brilliant, but no one questions *her* ability. Yet we so-called "glamour girl" reporters must continually fight a bitter battle just to be taken seriously.

LISA HOWARD
ABC News
New York, N.Y.

Underground Classrooms

Dear Sirs:

The article, NUCLEAR-AGE SCHOOL, by David Nevin (Jan. 26) was very timely and to the point. Construction like this school is badly needed throughout the whole country, not just in Artesia, New Mexico. If we do not hurry, it may be too late. Scores of millions of lives may be uselessly lost without adequate shelter.

DAVID W. JOHNSTON
Washington, D.C.

COMING...in next week's Post

Birmingham, Alabama
A city of fear

Fiction by JOHN O'HARA, JOHN UPDIKE, STUART CLOETE

JACK BENNY
Back on Broadway after 32 years

Why I didn't quit the ministry
By Norman Vincent Peale

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

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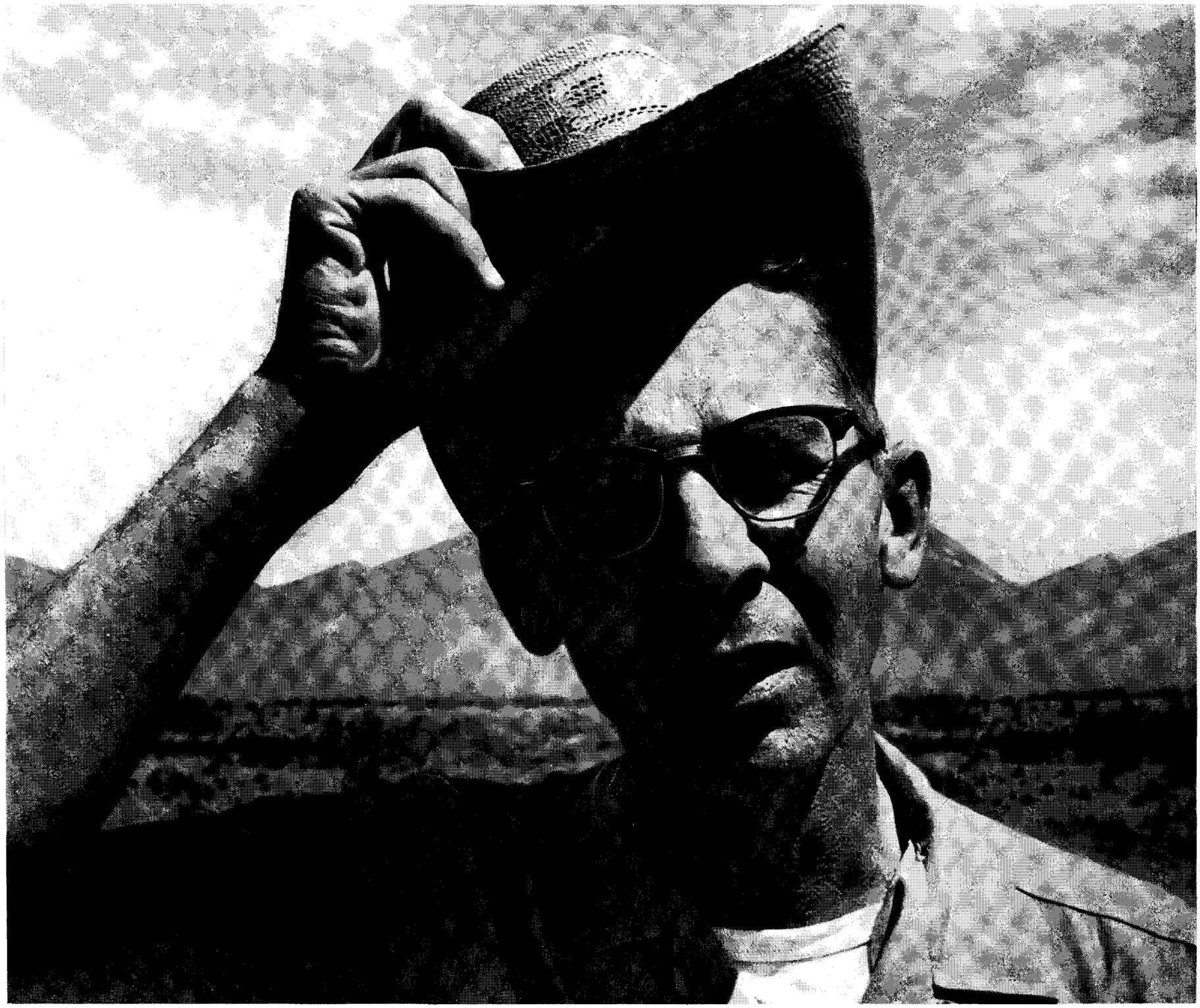


Irrigation engineer Norman Hall lives in Yerington, Nevada

"Health Insurance? What in blazes is that?"

"Then a MONY man explained how it could help keep the family from being stranded if I got disabled."

Norman Hall talks it over with Tom Snyder

"'I'm an engineer, not an insurance expert,' I told MONY man Tom Snyder when he brought up health insurance. 'I don't even know what this kind of insurance is all about.'

"Well, Tom set me straight. He showed me how if some accident or sudden sickness kept me off the job, my family needed money coming in for payments on the house, grocery bills, etc.

"Then he worked out a program of MONY health insurance, so we'd have an income to help with this kind of emergency.

"I hope I never have to use it (knock on wood)! But I'm awful glad I took Tom's advice.

"I appreciate the way Tom explained things ...no high pressure...and the service he's given me. I have MONY life insurance with Tom, too, and he handles that the same way.

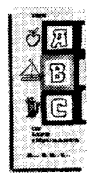
"In fact, it's the service, as much as the policies themselves, that's really sold me on MONY."

MONY MEN CARE FOR PEOPLE. *They'll be glad to discuss both health and life insurance, and are well-trained to work out a plan to help you. For more information about* MONY *insurance, mail coupon at right.*

MONY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

MONY
Dept. P23
Broadway at 55th Street
New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me your free, easy-to-read booklet, "The ABC of Life Insurance."



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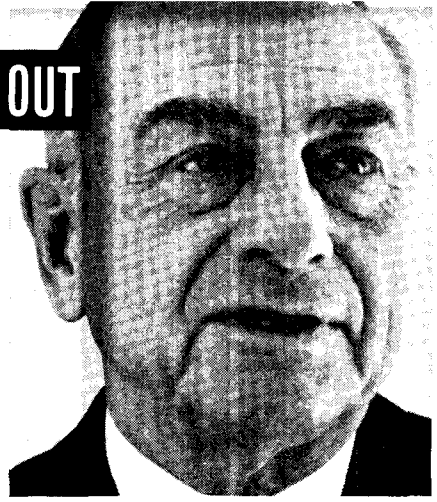
SPEAKING OUT



President of the American Medical Association, Dr. George M. Fister is a practicing urologist in Ogden, Utah. He teaches at the University of Utah's College of Medicine and is also a consultant to the Air Force and Navy surgeons general.

The case against federalized medicine

by Dr. George M. Fister

Restrict doctors, the A.M.A. head warns, and the public's health will suffer.

The American Medical Association last November adopted a statement reaffirming its previous policy that the medical profession "will not be a willing party to implementing any system [of medical care] which it believes to be detrimental to the public welfare." This statement was aimed at the Administration-sponsored proposal for a government-controlled program of health care for the aged financed by increased payroll taxes on the nation's workers and employers. It was prompted by the belief that this proposal, which the Administration will attempt to force through Congress again this year, would seriously undermine professional freedom.

Doctors want to be free to give their patients the best medical care they are capable of giving. With few exceptions, they are convinced that only if medicine remains a free institution can it serve the people of America to the limits of its capacity. It will not be the medical profession that will deprive the people of high-quality medical care and the fruits of progress in medical science. That will come when government begins meddling and interfering with medical freedom.

If the victories and achievements of American medicine over the last 25 or 30 years had been compressed into a single year, they would have electrified the world. Death is regularly cheated in hospital operating rooms by surgical procedures developed by American physicians that could not have been performed 20 or 30 years ago, even if physicians of that era had dared to try. This country has marked up more important drug discoveries in the last two decades than the rest of the world together. It is engaged in more extensive and more varied medical research by far than any other nation, and it has produced more winners of the Nobel Prize in medicine in the last 15 years than all other countries combined. In less than a generation the United States has emerged as the world center of medical education as well as research. And in step with medical progress, it has had the foresight to provide the facilities necessary to bring the fruits of modern medicine to the people. An average of more than 50 new hospitals, for example, has been built here every year for the past 15 years.

This catalogue of achievements in medicine is a tribute to thousands of dedicated men and women who have had the opportunity to think, to work, to excel in a nation where government has not yet erected artificial and unnatural barriers to the freedom of medicine to pursue its goals.

Medicine is a science that advances by experimenting with new ideas and questioning old concepts. It is a science that flourishes best in freedom. Consequently, it is a strange and disturbing fact that American medicine, which has accomplished so much for the benefit of the people because it has been free, is in danger of losing its freedom. More disquieting still is the fact that the strongest threat comes from the Federal Government which, in a nation surrounded by the Communist doctrine of enslavement, ought to be medical freedom's greatest defender, not its executioner.

The U. S. vs. doctors

But the power of the Federal Government has been mercilessly employed in an attempt to intimidate the medical profession as a means of gaining a political end, in this case a government-controlled health-care program both wasteful and unnecessary and at the same time potentially harmful to the nation's health. Rarely has this country witnessed such bold use of government power to set a nation against a minority group. Physicians as represented by the American Medical Association have in effect been accused of being enemies of the people.

The immediate issues in the conflict are actually simple and clear-cut. On the one hand, the medical profession believes in helping those who need help, utilizing tax funds where they may be required. The medical profession also contends that citizens of whatever age who are financially able to take care of themselves should not become a burden on the taxpayers. The A.M.A., which represents 90 percent of the practicing physicians in the country, has repeatedly affirmed its position that no one in America will be denied medical care solely because he cannot pay for it.

On the other hand, the Administration and those who support its position argue that it is right and proper to force the nation's workers and their employers to pay higher taxes to buy hospitalization and nursing-home care for virtually everyone over 65 regardless of their financial need, the wealthy and well-to-do included.

Such a program would be difficult to justify either morally or economically, even if the needs of the aged for financial help in meeting medical bills were as severe in general as they have been portrayed, which they are not, and even if better programs were not available, which they are.

The spectacular growth of voluntary health insurance and the prepayment plans—one of the great social phenomena of our times—has brought within the reach of millions of people over 65 an increasing selection of flexible programs adaptable to their own needs and resources in guarding against the cost of unexpected illness or injury. Advocates of government-operated health care for the aged claim that private health insurance is inadequate and too costly for people over 65. The argument would appear to lack substance in light of the fact that most policies are far more comprehensive than the Administration's scheme would be and that more than 9,500,000 people over 65 have purchased health-insurance coverage with a wide range of benefits. Policies are available covering hospitalization as well as physicians' fees. The number insured represents nearly 70 percent of all the elderly who either need or want health insurance, since many can afford to be without it and many thousands of others already get medical care through welfare programs.

Voluntary health insurance and the prepayment plans are doing an increasingly effective job for the elderly who are

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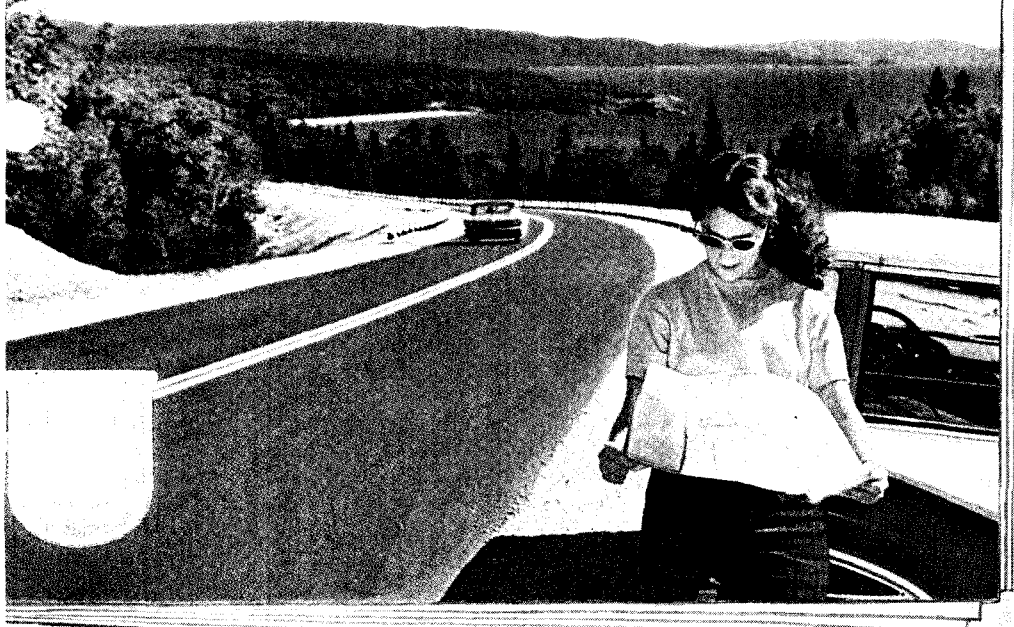

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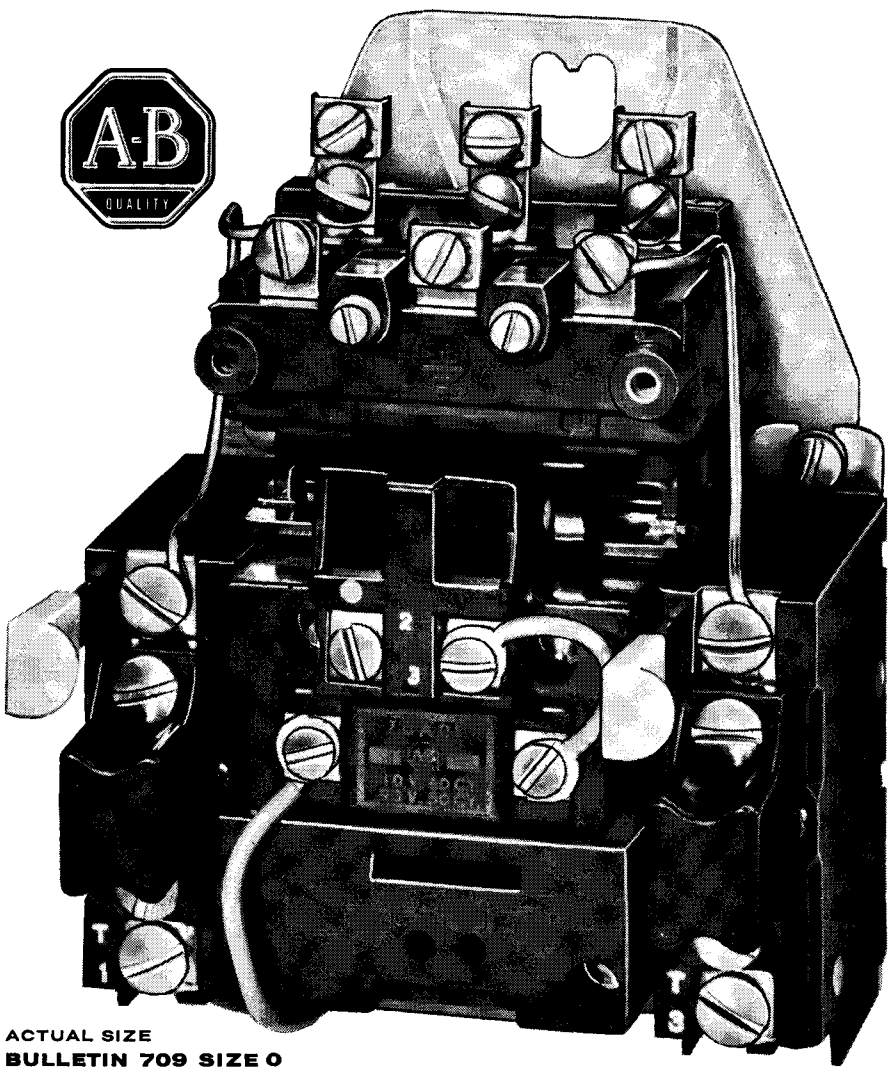

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SPEAKING OUT

financially able to provide for themselves without help from the taxpayers. And for those who are honestly in need of assistance in paying for medical care, Congress already has extended the helping hand of government by passage of the Kerr-Mills Medical Aid for the Aged Law in 1960. Both of these programs—voluntary health insurance and the Kerr-Mills Law—are vigorously and actively supported by the medical profession.

The Kerr-Mills Law is in substance a partnership program between the states and the Federal Government, offering Federal funds to the states to help finance medical care for everyone over 65 who needs it. It is a flexible program, adaptable to the varying requirements of the states and authorizing a full range of medical care to the aged who qualify for its benefits.

Kerr-Mills dovetails neatly into the traditional pattern of other assistance programs—Federal financial contributions, but state control and state determination of what is required to discharge government responsibility to its citizens.

There is no demonstrable need for any other program. And if there were, it would be folly to embark on a wasteful and extravagant scheme, as proposed by the Administration, which rests on the unsupportable assumption that everyone becomes ill and destitute at that point in time when he passes his 65th birthday. No one disputes the fact that many of the elderly do need help in meeting their medical bills, but to argue that poverty is a universal condition of the aged flays common sense as well as fact.

Surveys of the economic condition of American families have proved repeatedly that the aged as a group are better off than most of the younger workers who would be burdened with new taxes under the Administration's proposal. The latest survey, conducted by the University of Michigan Survey Research Center, verified others which have shown that the aged on the average have double the assets of younger age groups, have substantially less debt and fewer family obligations. They also enjoy numerous tax advantages denied the younger families. Of major significance to the oft-repeated claim that medical costs are a crushing burden on the aged, the Michigan University survey found that 96 percent of the elderly questioned owed no bills whatever for doctor, dentist or hospital. It is true that older families generally have less income, but when all the factors are weighed and income is measured against need, the aged families are not substantially worse off than younger families. While those over 65 comprise 9 percent of the population, they receive 8 percent of the U.S. income.

Persuasive evidence exists, furthermore, that the economic condition of the aged is improving year by year and that their financial problems are diminishing and will decline even more in the future. In 1949, for example, more than 23 percent of the entire population over 65 was receiving old-age assistance. Only about 12 percent are on old-age rolls today.

Another barometer of the rising fortunes of the aged is contained in a recent report of the Census Bureau revealing that during 1961 the median income of families headed by a person over 65 increased by 4.5 percent while median income of all U.S. families gained by only 2 percent. Still another factor favoring the aged deserves more recognition than it has been accorded in evaluating the needs of the aged. While a large percentage of the elderly now retired does not enjoy the security of a private pension plan, increasing millions of today's workers are covered by private retirement programs.

No one really argues with much conviction anymore that the Administration-sponsored scheme would not be the first step in an expanding program of government-controlled medicine eventually embracing the entire population. No principle exists by which the Government can claim responsibility for hospitalization and nursing-home care for the elderly and not their doctor bills, for drugs supplied in a hospital but not those purchased at the corner drugstore—or for medical expenses of the elderly but not for everyone else.

But even if that were not the ultimate objective, the Administration's proposal is still unwise. In the name of humanitarianism, it would confer on an agency of government the power to impose and enforce arbitrary rules and regulations governing the administration and the practice of medicine in the nation's hospitals and permit laymen in government to make medical decisions affecting the health of 17 million Americans. Despite denials that no one in the expansive environs of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare would covet such authority, the grant of power would be both explicit and implied by the fact that the Government, footing the bill, would be obligated to set the terms, conditions and standards governing the expenditure of the tax funds.

Vetoing doctor's orders

All the proposals so far advanced implicitly confer on agents of government the authority to determine who would be admitted to a participating hospital, how long they could remain, what services could be provided by the hospital to the patient and whether a course of treatment prescribed for an elderly patient by a physician was necessary. It is clear enough that someone appointed or employed by a government agency would be permitted to exercise a veto over the judgment of the family physician.

What would happen if the cost of this program began to get out of hand because the cost had been grossly underestimated as there is every reason to believe it has? The power to control would then become the power to deprive. Some of the elderly would inevitably be denied hospital care because there wasn't enough money to go around. For the same reason, some family doctor inevitably would be told that the course of treatment he had prescribed for an elderly patient was unnecessary and the patient removed from the hospital.

Those who are incessantly pushing this kind of program are doing citizens 65 and over a disservice by constantly setting them apart from the rest of the population, giving them a group or class identity they neither want nor deserve simply because they have reached the age of 65. They are individuals, with likes and dislikes, aspirations and hopes and fears and capabilities as varied as their numbers. This identification of them as a 17-million-member national problem does them no good and perhaps much harm.

In short, the government-sponsored medical program is bad medicine for both patients and doctors. THE END

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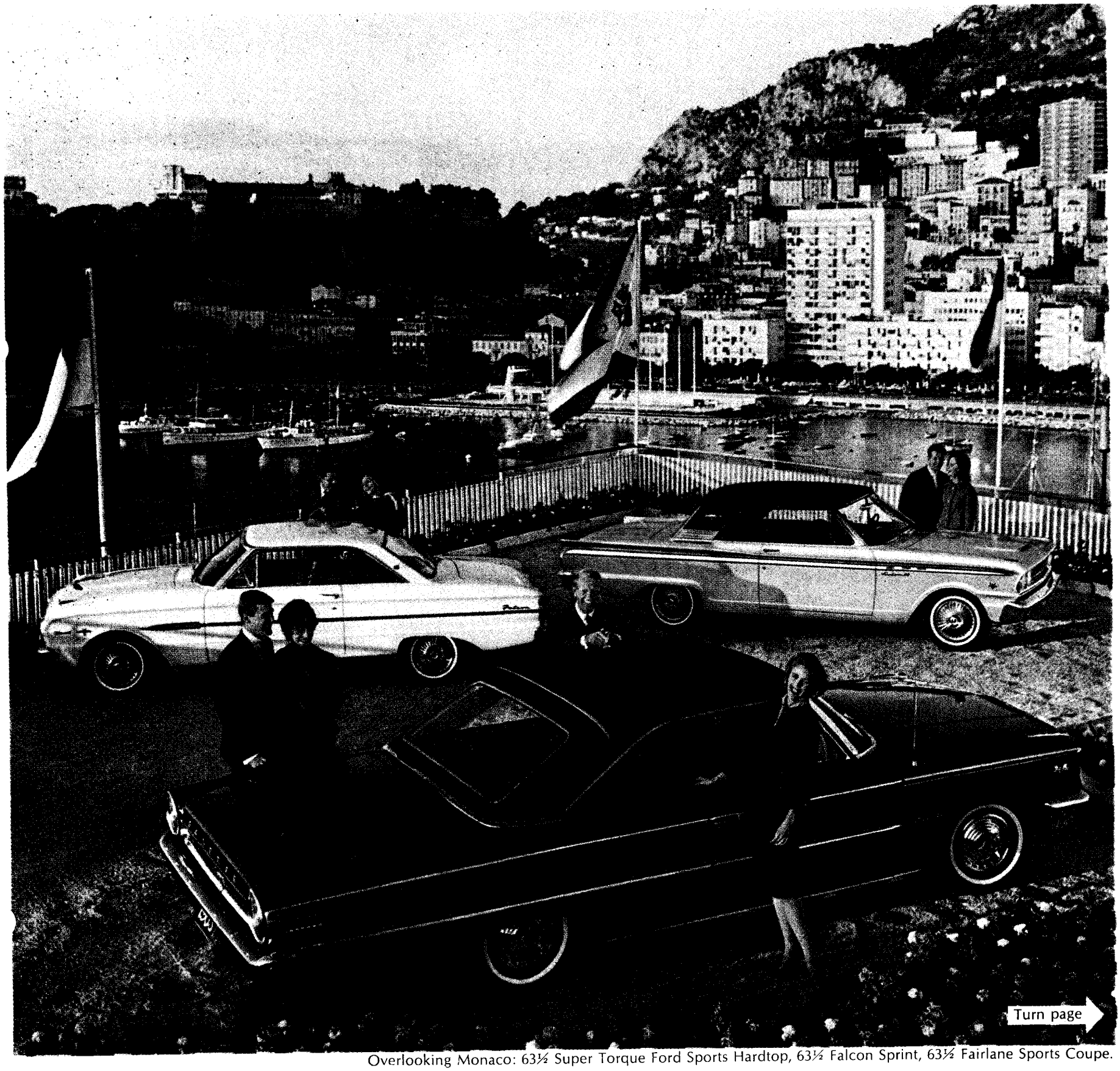

Overlooking Monaco: 63½ Super Torque Ford Sports Hardtop, 63½ Falcon Sprint, 63½ Fairlane Sports Coupe.

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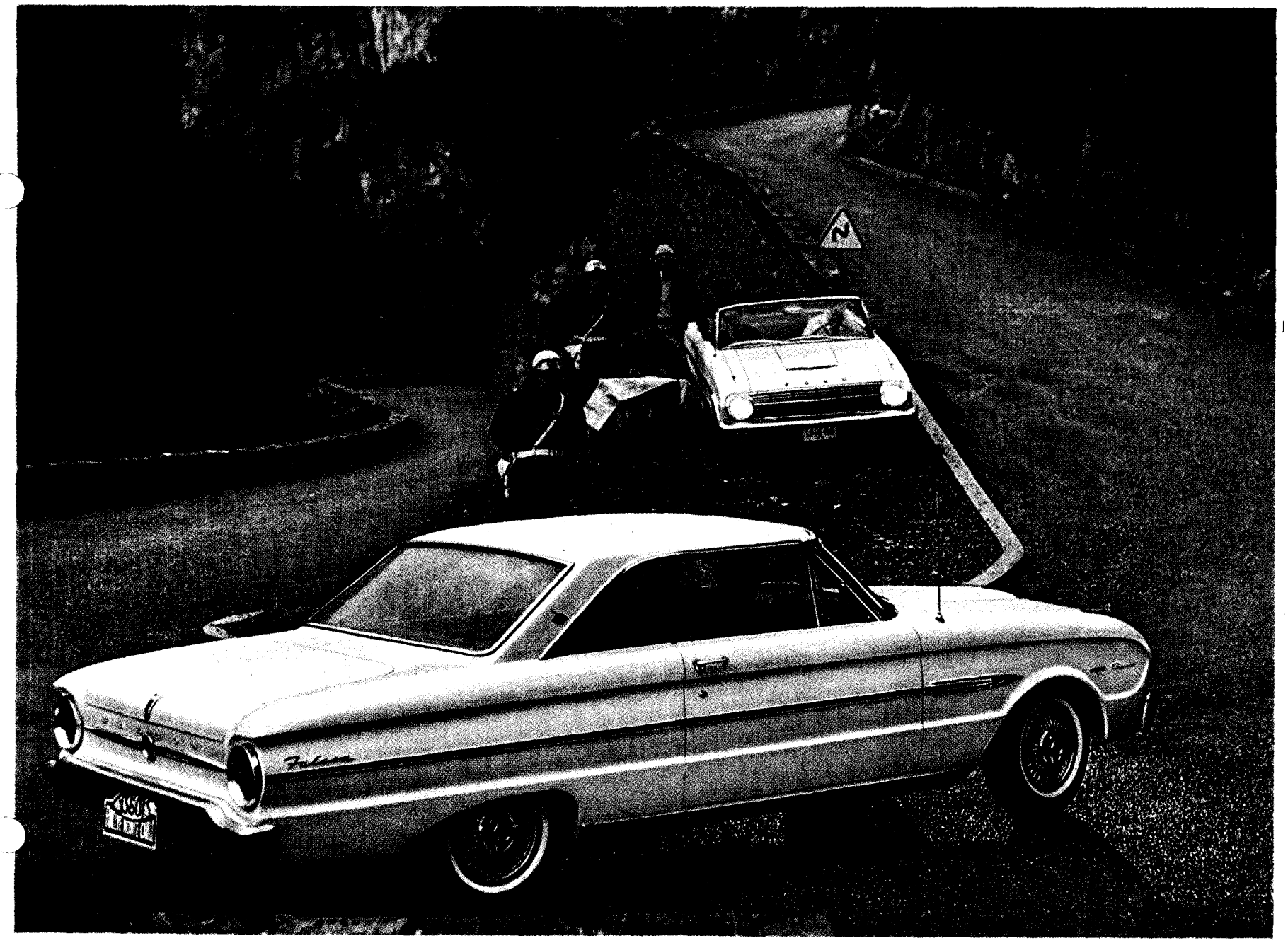

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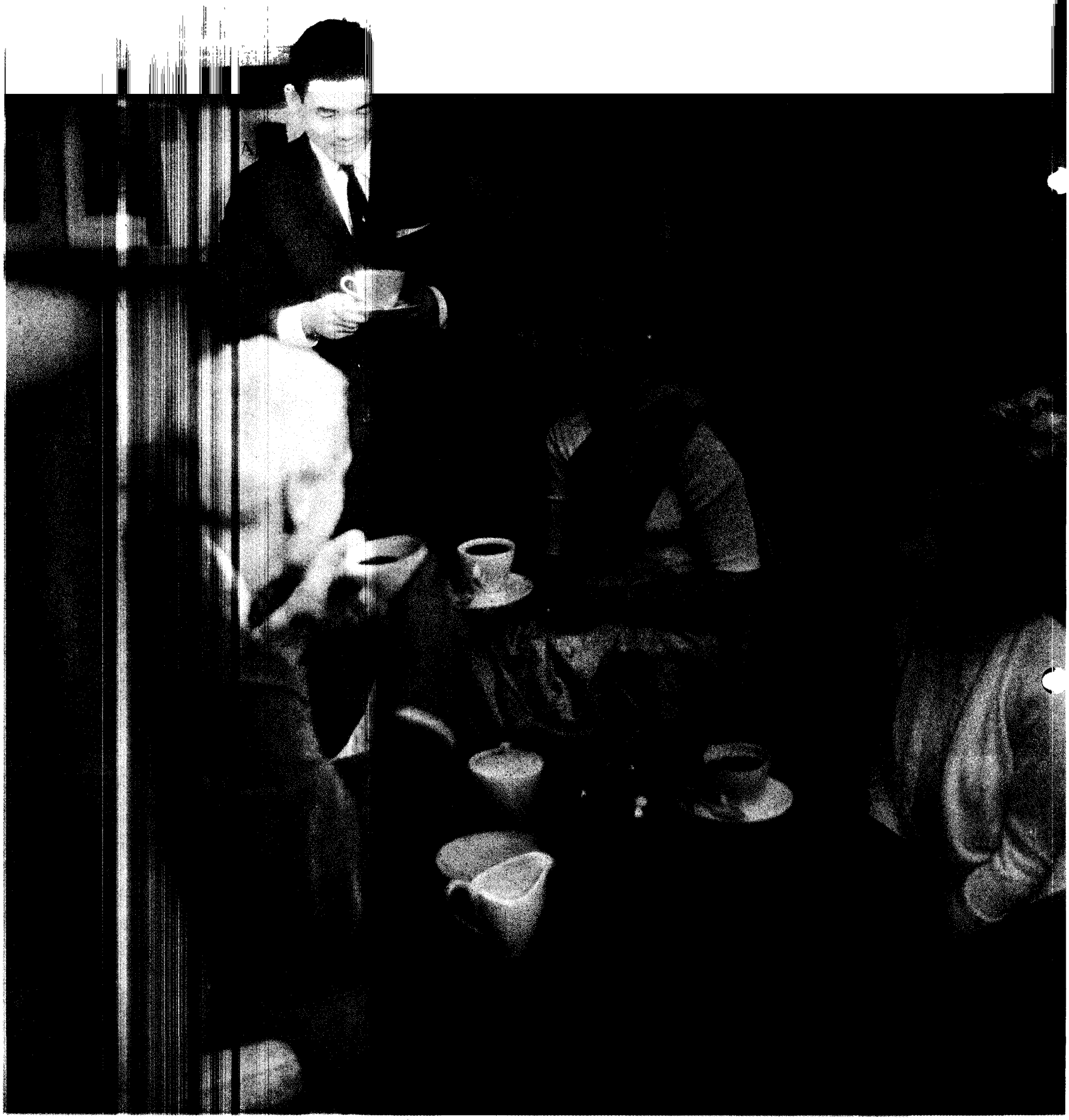

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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THE BASKETBALL MESS

Twin scandals:

Dumping and recruiting

The high-school boy plays a "great game of basketball." What happens next? First come bids from college recruiters, then bids from fixers. A Post report on a sport gone wrong.

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The basketball mess

The FIX was on

Gamblers have had little trouble finding players who'll throw games.

by JIMMY BRESLIN

Fixer Molinas: "Those people who testified in this case were all promised something."

"There's certainly two sides to my story. My side will make good copy; I'll say that."

There wasn't a college basketball coach in the building, but there should have been. They were out beyond the marble walls of the hallway someplace, worrying about the complexities of modern basketball such as belly-up on defense and jump-shooting from the corner. But they should have been here in this dimly lit courtroom hallway, because if you are going to be a college basketball coach in 1963 your job no longer consists solely of showing players how to jump or how to shoot. Today the only way to do the job is to start by telling the players all about Jack Molinas, who is pacing back and forth on the 13th floor of the Criminal Courts Building on this night last January in New York City.

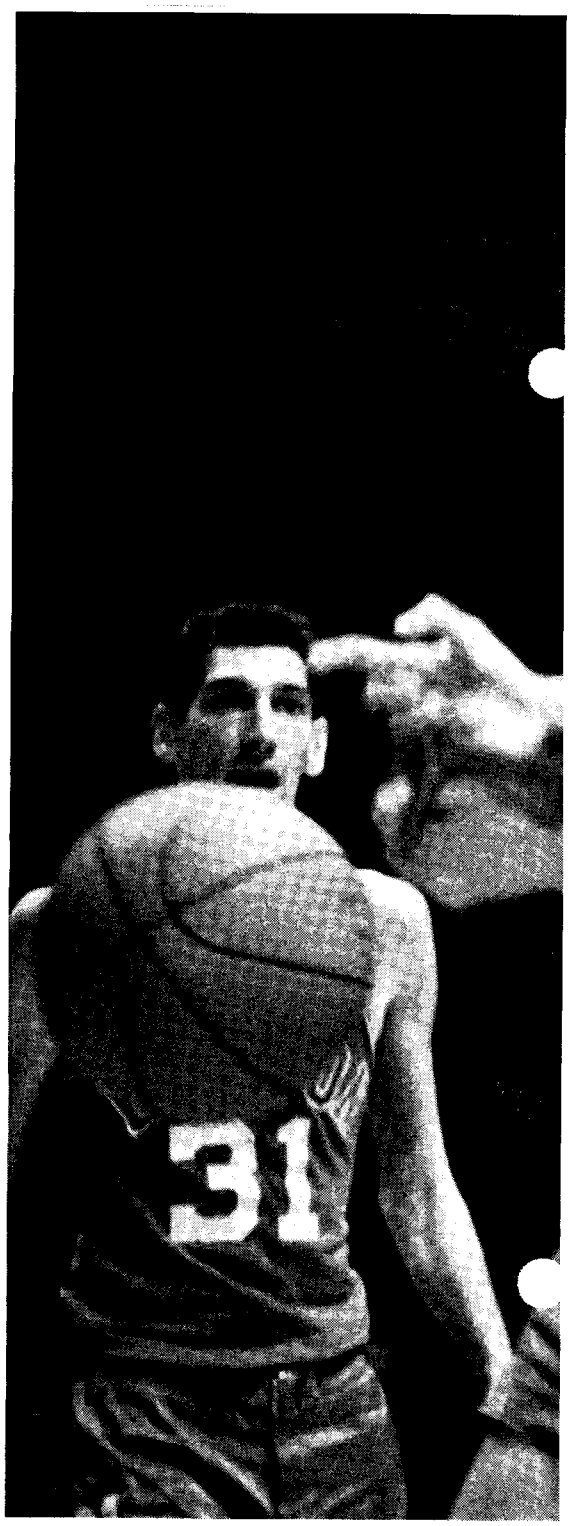
It is after nine o'clock, and Molinas, tall and haggard, his hand flicking ashes from a cigar, is waiting for the clerk to come out of the courtroom and tell him that the jury has come back with a verdict.

Jack Molinas is 30. He played basketball for Columbia University and the Pistons of the professional National Basketball Association. He was thrown out of the professional league for gambling in 1954. He became an attorney. Then, during at least six years, he engineered so many crooked basketball games that even detectives, who spent 23 months nailing him, have only a rough idea of what he did. The official count says 50 players from 25 schools did business with Molinas or his agents. But only a small part of what actually went on has come out publicly. There is more than enough on the record, however, to show that the college basketball scandals which staggered the nation in 1951 never really stopped. Instead the practice of fixing games became more widespread. So much so that any coach holding a job in a college of any size today must take one thing for granted: The fix, called dumping, has become a part of college basketball, and it probably is here to stay as long as colleges continue to run the sport as they now do.

Basketball dumping is not a regional thing. It has occurred virtually everywhere colleges play. Nor is it necessarily restricted to high-pressure schools. The first passes Molinas and his henchmen made—incidentally, unsuccessfully—were at a player from Brown University, an Ivy League school which operates under a tight restrictive code. Further, as far as gamblers are concerned, any college that employs at least one janitor is big enough to bet on, which is why the story of Molinas, and those who were with him and those who did business with him, should be the basis for every coach's approach to teaching the sport.

And here in this empty, cigarette-littered hallway outside a courtroom is where basketball coaches can learn their business.

Molinas has on a dark-gray suit. His jacket is unbuttoned, and his hands are on his hips underneath the jacket. He looks at the floor and takes long strides up and down the hallway. Detective Nat Laurendi of the New York district attorney's office is the only other person in the hall. Laurendi has on a dark-blue suit. He leans against the wall, watching Molinas.



"This is murder," Molinas says. "I wish I had the verdict right now. Bang! Get it over with."

"Tell me, Jack," Laurendi says, "is this the toughest? Is this the toughest of all those things you've been through?"

"Absolutely," Molinas says.

"Tougher than the thing in Pittsburgh? When they had you in that kangaroo court? The time they were going to kill you?"

"Aaaah. You got that all wrong. That never happened. How would you know about it, anyway?"

Laurendi laughs. "I know it's true. It happened. I know all about it."

Laurendi does know. This is one of the crack investigators in the country. He is able to show that Molinas and three of his partners were summoned to a Pittsburgh hotel suite in 1960 by Chicago and St. Louis racketeers and threatened with murder because games had not been coming off as promised. It was not the first time Molinas ran into this kind of trouble. They took him into a parking lot in Miami the year before and broke

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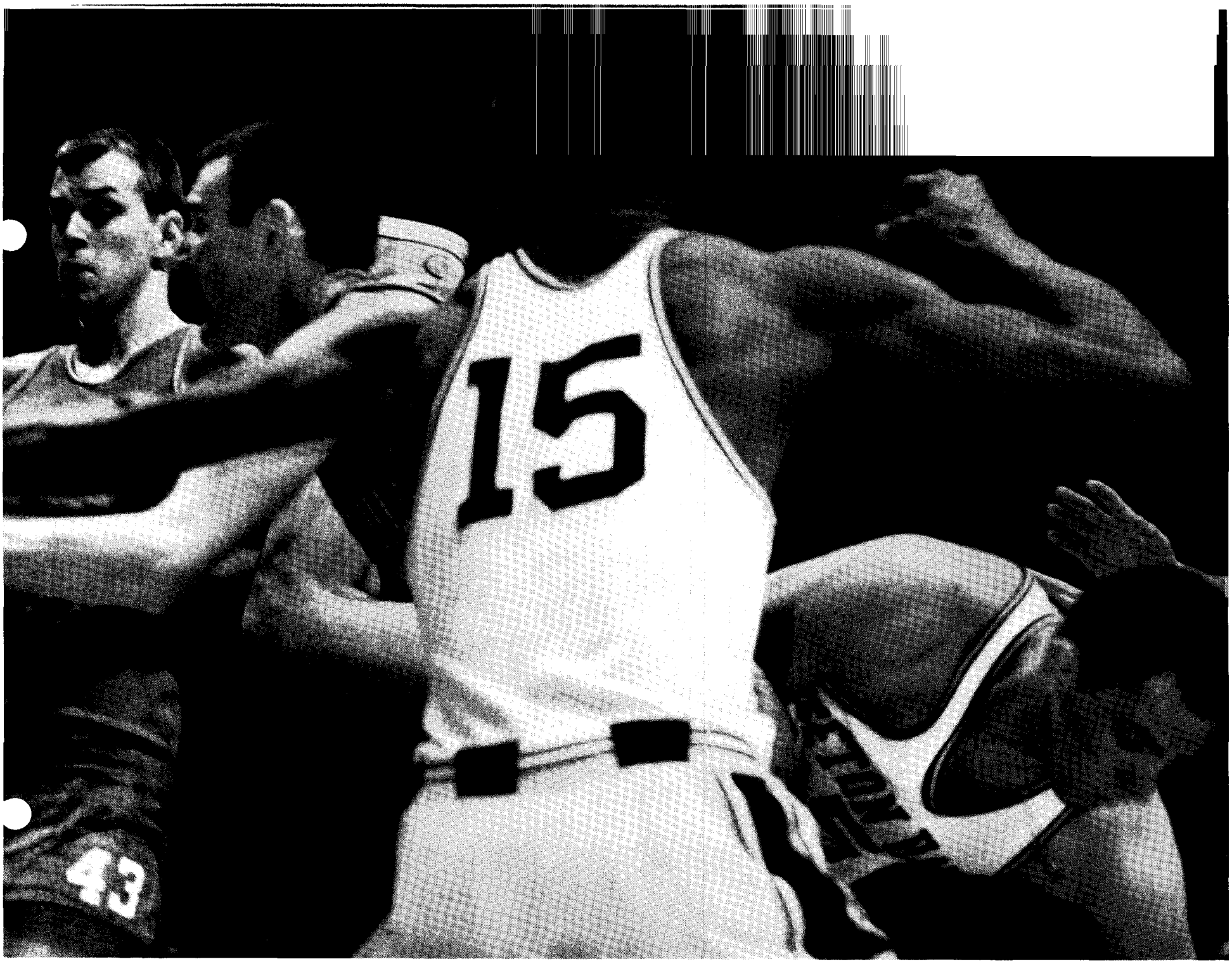

Hank Gunter (15) of Seton Hall plays against Dayton in 1961 game that was fixed. He later testified for the prosecution.

his hand with a baseball bat. If college players think that fixing is a little bit of underhanded play with street-corner gamblers, they are crazy. Molinas is big-league.

Then the courtroom door opens and a clerk calls Molinas inside. The jury is back.

The forelady, whose name is Elsie Walker, has on a leopard pillbox hat, and she is nervous and has trouble looking at Molinas as she says yes, he is guilty. The five counts on which he is convicted, involving perjury and conspiracy, carry a maximum penalty of 36 years in prison. Molinas tries to show no emotion. He sits straight up at the defense table. He says he will appeal.

Mothers don't cry anymore

It is 10:15 at night, and only a redheaded girl, the defense lawyer's secretary, sits in the spec-tors' seats. That is one innovation in these college basketball scandals, anyway. We are beginning to understand that they are commonplace. Once mothers wept in police stations and courtrooms from Peoria to Brooklyn when their sons were brought in for dumping. But district attorneys have become bored with prosecuting college players. Now the players are used as witnesses. Then they are sent home. Only the fixers must stand in court, and few care about them.

The jury and the judge leave. Molinas, an overcoat draped over his arm, stands with two officers who are going to take him through a door and down a hallway toward the Tombs, where Molinas is going to spend his first night in a jail cell.

"Hey," a gray-haired court attendant calls to the officers. "Take care of him good. Get him a big bed. He's a basketball player, you know."

This is how the Jack Molinas era of basketball fixing comes to an end.

The temptation is, of course, to place all the blame squarely on Molinas and the nine others in the case who pleaded guilty or "no defense." Here is an amoral, twisted man who would do anything to maneuver a college player into saying yes to a fix proposition. On a couple of occasions he arranged for an 18-year-old Negro high-school player from Brooklyn to go out with white dates and thus land in Molinas's hip pocket for an entire college career. Molinas was also a master at teaching at least one apprehended player the fine art of perjury. As a matter of form he stood against everything that even smacked of honesty. But, as bad as Molinas was, he is only an illustration of the many troubles that college basketball faces.

After everything was over on this night back in January, Detective Laurendi waited for the elevator with a pile of black-leather books under his arm, and he talked about them.

"This is all the records for the trial," Laurendi said. "Every ten years we do this. So we wait ten more years from now, and then we'll have a bigger and better fixer in court for you."

There is no reason to say the detective is wrong. Colleges have not changed their ways appreciably since 1945, when fixing started to hit the courts. "It is frightening," Joe Lapchick was saying one day in his office at St. John's University in New York. "If there is anything that seems akin to a blind alley, this is it."

Lapchick has been in basketball for 51 years. He was the center on the Original Celtics, the first big pro team in the game, and since 1922 he has been coaching at St. John's, with nine years out for the job of running the professional New York Knickerbockers. Once he felt he had a sure way to teach the kids playing for him about the evils of dumping.

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The basketball mess

"I thought this book would do it," Lapchick said. "Every player I've had, college or pro, since 1951 has had to read this book and then sign his name on one of the blank pages. I thought if this didn't teach them, nothing would." The book is a thick, black scrapbook which is filled with newspaper clippings of the 1951 scandals. The newspapers made the scandals front-page news then, and the first two pages of the book are taken up with eight-column front-page photos of players covering their faces while being booked at a police station. The pictures should be enough to frighten a young college man. But last year one of Lapchick's players had to go before a grand jury, and the people from the district attorney's office said later that the player was not telling all he knew. "I don't have my head under the table," Lapchick was saying. "I try to do this right. I know that, if you keep bringing up a thing continually, kids tend to ignore it. So I wait for a good chance and then bring in the book."

He shook his head. "The thing that frightens me is that this business never stopped after 1951. What do we say to that? Human dignity. Doesn't that count anymore? Everything you are doing is part of your background. Tomorrow is what counts for college kids. You're with a family then. And you better know what to do. If some guy gets raised ahead of you in the office and you yell and walk out, that's self-satisfaction of ego, no solution. You're a quitter. You've got to learn to grit your teeth and do better.

"That's what we're trying to teach these kids here. That's our job. Make them learn something from basketball, and not just the game itself.

"So what happens?"

He flipped the black scrapbook to the last page. Pasted on it was a Willard Mullin cartoon of Jack Molinas. The cartoon ran the day Molinas was thrown out of pro basketball for gambling.

"The date is 1954, right?" Lapchick said. "Now look at this. I have a whole new book to fill since then."

The new one has a red cover.

"I don't know where it starts," Lapchick said. "We used to say it was because colleges took in unqualified students because they could play basketball. But there were 'A' students involved in this one. We used to say it was because of gamblers in professional arenas. This time a graduate of an Ivy League school was behind it all, and games were being fixed in campus gyms. I don't know what it is. All I know is that it is widespread and it is frightening."

Then he got up and went out onto the floor of the new St. John's field house for practice. Lapchick had on a gray shirt and gray slacks. He stood at one end of the court and threw hard underhand passes to a big, blond kid named Ken Wirell, who would take them in the middle of a swing toward the basket, then go up for a lay-up.

"Come on," Lapchick kept saying to the kid. Then he would throw the ball harder.

Since 1922 Joe Lapchick has been standing on a basketball court someplace and throwing these passes. Once he thought he knew everything about the game. And if something new came along he could adjust to it and teach it. But now they have a thing called dumping, and Lapchick tries to teach a defense against it, but he really doesn't understand what it is. Only the hundreds who have been involved can tell you that.

A seedy gambler named Joe Hacken, who admitted fixing in this scandal, tried to explain it one day. "I'm funny, but I used to admire a kid when he'd turn me down," Hacken was saying. "The kid made me feel good when he would take a walk on me."

"How many of them turned you down?"

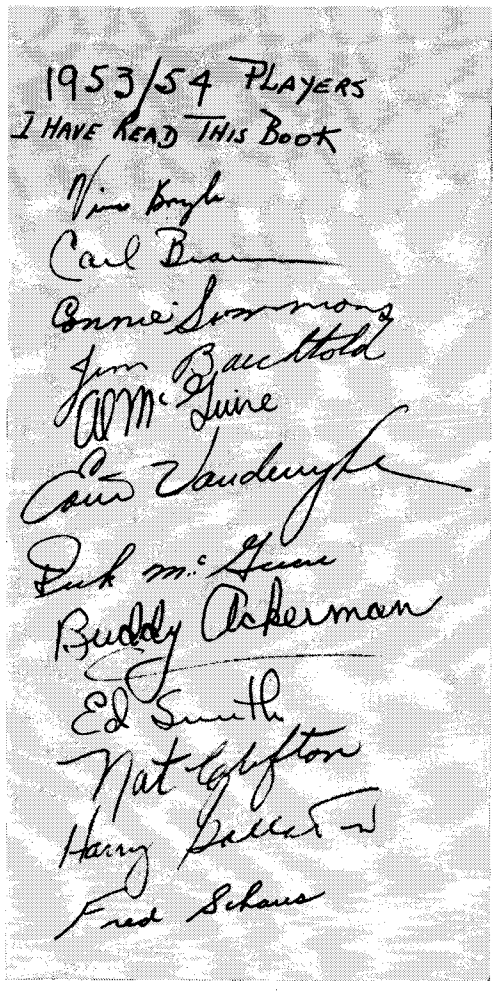
Hacken shook his head. "Very, very few. Just a couple of kids. Everybody else went for it.

"Everybody did it for a simple reason," he went on. "Cash money. They thought they could make a fortune of money on basketball. That figures. The colleges already spoiled them. The colleges give these kids money and deals. In other words, the kids got into college on a fix. So why shouldn't they fix games too? Look. You could say I'm bad. All right, I'm bad. But what about the colleges? Are they clean? They're in this just as deep as me. Only I have to do time in jail. The colleges, all they have to do is go out and get a new team."

Hacken was wearing a frayed overcoat with a newspaper jammed into one of the pockets. He needed a shave. He looked like a bum, and maybe you can call him a bum for what he did. But the man was telling the truth.

Dr. Albert Jacobs, the president of Trinity College in Hartford, Conn., adds thoughts of his own.

"I resigned as chancellor of the University of Denver in the early part of 1953 because of the exact thing—recruiting—that you are talking about," Dr. Jacobs was saying one day last month. "I simply could not stomach what was



Coach Joe Lapchick of St. John's shows team his scrapbook of scandals. Previous signers include three present pro coaches.

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going on. An athlete out in that conference is more important than academic standards. I fought against it. But the alumni are wildcats. So I left.

"Now I've followed this Molinas case closely. And I hold a definite view on the matter. I think the time has come when we no longer can temporize. We must change our whole system right now, and change it drastically. A college should admit a student only on the basis of academic ability, and it should give financial aid only when a student can show need. This business of athletic scholarships is only an open invitation to bribery and all the other things that we know go on.

"Why, look at the Western Conference. They have gone so far as to draw rules about how much an athlete can receive. He can only get so much for this and so much for that. In other words, they have a ceiling on benefits for athletes. It is ridiculous. And it is the duty of an educator to stand up and fight against this. But there are very few schools, or school administrators, you can sell on this."

Many colleges accept recruiting as a normal part of their athletic program. (See A SCHOLARSHIP FOR BARRY, Page 20). The reasoning is old and has been set down many times. The alumni who donate money want their school to have good teams. The school has a big field house and must pay for it with gate receipts. And a strong team is an excellent public-relations device for the school. So coaches, alumni and—at some colleges—paid talent scouts go out and hustle a kid unmercifully. Everybody says this is just part of the game and there is nothing wrong with it. But it does not take a genius to see that all of this can make an 18-year-old high-school kid a bit dizzy.

Take the case of Connie Hawkins, a boy who lived in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. This is a cruel area, with dope and holdups and muggings a part of everyday living. Young Hawkins lived with his mother in a stained railroad flat, and there were bugs on the table in the kitchen.

One day three kids from the neighborhood came into his living room and said they wanted to talk to him.

"We got a way to make a lot of loot," one of them said to Hawkins.

"How?"

"A stickup, man."

"A stickup? Stickup of what?"

"A bank, man. Look at this. We got plans and everything."

One of the other kids unfolded a diagram they had made of a bank.

"Look at all the work we done on this thing, man."

"You crazy," Hawkins said.

He chased them. He always chased everybody who came around with an idea for mugging people or breaking into a store someplace. Connie was six-seven, he was still growing, and he was playing basketball for Boys' High School. He was simply one of the best high-school basketball players anybody remembers ever seeing. He never had a quarter to his name, and he had only one pair of pants to wear, and they were too short for him. But he never did a thing wrong in his life.

In the spring of 1961 the colleges took over. Connie was on airplanes to Ohio State or Dayton or Iowa, and people from colleges were coming into New York and taking him to dinner, and all of a sudden Connie Hawkins was the most important man in the world.

He met Jack Molinas in the middle of this. And Jack Molinas introduced him to Joe Hacken, who "loaned" Hawkins $250, and after that Connie Hawkins had to be a witness for the New York district attorney. He never dumped a game, but he quit college.

There have been small concessions made. The consolidated universities of the state of North Carolina—North Carolina State and North Carolina—were limited to recruiting only two players from out of the state. The number of games each played was reduced, and the big Dixie Classic, a Christmas holiday tournament at North Carolina State, was abolished.

But all this did was leave the recruiting business wide open for other colleges, for many have shown little inclination to stop "fixing" young men with good jump shots and long, springy legs. Their policy seems to be, "We 'fix' you, but don't you 'fix' us. Take from us. Take from alumni. Take from boosters. Take from everybody—except don't take from gamblers."

As a result the fix or dump seems an inevitable part of the college basketball game.

There are people, important people, who do not look at it that way. They look at it from their offices as presidents of universities. They have several thousand students in school. They have large, powerful and costly athletic programs. If a couple of students get in trouble over basketball, is that significant enough to abandon an entire system? Some university presidents say no.

Dr. Albert Jacobs, president of Trinity College. "I could not stomach what was going on."

One is Dr. Frank A. Rose, president of the University of Alabama for five years and a major name in education. "It is easy to look through a keyhole at a couple of students and say they represent the other thousands," Dr. Rose says. "But it is, of course, inaccurate. We had two boys who were in trouble here and dismissed from the university. What are we doing to prevent any more trouble? We are giving counsel. We are giving our students the moral guidance every university should. In other words, we are just doing our job as a university. Our job is not to abandon things. Our job is to teach and guide."

He could be right. So could the others who take his stand. You hope he is. It is a question that only time is going to settle. But since 1951 time has been putting an awful rap on colleges. The situation is getting tiresome, too, because here in the middle of the 1963 season nothing seems to have changed.

"What am I doing?" this fellow Al says over the phone. "I'm out dealing basketball. What do you want? I got Duke 7 over South Carolina, and North Carolina 11 over Maryland. I got Loyola, I got Cincinnati. I got a big move on Seattle. What do you want to do?"

I want to give the whole business a pass. Maybe it's all right for Nat Laurendi. He is one hell of a detective. Maybe he has the enthusiasm to work on this business 10 years from now. I don't. This is the second time around on this thing for me—first 1951, now the Molinas mess. There is no good reason why there won't be another mess. So I give it up. The colleges can have it.

It is just that it makes you wonder: What kind of business are these colleges in? THE END

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Recruiters at work

A scholarship for Barry

They came from scores of schools and offered everything, even cash.

by MILTON GROSS

Barry Kramer, a black-haired, reticent premedical student at New York University was a 17-year-old senior at Linton High School in Schenectady, New York, when these things happened:

One college alumnus, seeking to recruit him, offered to move his entire family, their household effects and set up his father in business in the city where that institution is located.

Another college offered Barry's father a large lump-sum payment if the boy would enroll. The recruiter shoved his fist into his pocket and said, "I've got the money in my hand right now. You can have it if you say the word."

A booster from a third university offered to finance a medical-school education after Barry completed undergraduate study.

Another recruiter suggested a package deal. He would commit himself to a scholarship for both Barry and Barry's sister, Elaine, a ninth-grade junior-high-school student at the time.

A fifth tried a different family approach. "If you want it, we'll take the other boy too," he said, referring to Barry's cousin, Michael Sahr.

Today Barry Kramer is a 20-year-old premedical student, black-haired and reticent. He also is—and was when the recruiters assaulted the clapboard house where he lived on Schenectady's White Street—one of the most gloriously talented amateur basketball players in the country.

In the frenetic world of college procurement, what happened to young Kramer is not unique. Perhaps a hundred colleges sought him, but no more avidly than they have sought other brilliant high-school athletes. What is unique about Kramer is this: For all the lures offered by the recruiters, he seems to have kept his head.

Wilt Chamberlain, the seven-footer, was possibly the most extensively recruited player of all time. He attended Kansas University, but quit college during his junior year.

Oscar Robertson, now a great professional star, jumped classes at the University of Cincinnati for a short time in his junior year. It wasn't until a few days before Robertson's senior year began that university authorities and the coaching staff were certain he'd return to complete his varsity career—and his education.

Pressure can be too much

The West Virginia legislature voted Rod Thorn a "great natural resource" of the state and urged him to enroll at West Virginia University. Thorn did, but the pressure of big-time basketball completely frustrated him during his sophomore year. At the end of the basketball season he left college for the rest of the term.

Art Heyman's life as the center of Duke's basketball universe has been a succession of fights on the court, off the court and in court. Bill Chmielewski of Dayton quit college this season and turned pro.

Unlike these perplexed young men, Barry Kramer, now a junior, is just shy of making the dean's list. Happily for himself, he works hard and seriously at his schoolwork. Happily for N.Y.U., he works just as hard on a basketball court. At mid-season, this six-foot, four-inch jump shooter was the nation's second highest scorer, averaging 28.9 points per game. The zeal which burned in him as Schenectady's first and only high-school All-American—Linton High retired his number, 15, when he was graduated—

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may well be burning even brighter than it was before his agony of temptation.

"Ever since I was a kid I wanted to be a good basketball player," Barry says. "Not just good. Someday I want to be the best. I think I can be it. I'm not near it yet, but if I keep at it I may get to be it. I guess I'm obsessed with the idea."

Despite the obsession, Barry appears to be as level-headed as his flattop haircut when he evaluates the frenzied romancing he underwent as a teen-ager. "At first it was fun," he says. "It was a new experience. After a while it became too much for me. I couldn't take it anymore. There's so much pressure on you that you go around in circles. These men are experts. They know just what to say, and I was so young I didn't know how to say no. It's never ceased to amaze me how important it was for them. I never really appreciated until then how hard schools would work to get a good player and have a good basketball team."

Nor could Barry's parents have anticipated what lay ahead for their youngster when, as a boy of seven during Schenectady's rugged winters, "with his nose running, he was always running with the basketball," recalls his father Harry.

"He'd chip the ice off the Elmer Avenue Playground, just a block from our home," Mr. Kramer says, "and we couldn't get him home until dark." Mr. Kramer, 43, owns a neighborhood jewelry store in Schenectady's Mount Pleasant section and describes himself as "a $5,000-a-year man all my life." He owns his home in equal partnership with his wife's sister's husband. "We couldn't get more than $8,000 for it if we wanted to sell it," says Harry. He has spent years struggling and was ill-prepared for the attention so suddenly thrust on his family.

"My father got very sick," says Barry, "when all the colleges came after me. I wanted his advice, but I didn't want him to make the decision for me. He didn't know which way to push me. He was as mixed up as I was. He underwent a series of gastrointestinal tests, and when he came out of the hospital he said: 'You go to a school where there are no strings attached. I don't want to take the blame if anything goes wrong. Just play good ball and get a good education. There's more to life than money.'"

As Barry recalled this conversation, his sharp face, blemished by acne, twisted. "I could have helped out my father a lot. He could have used the help, but the way so many things were done disgusted me. For about four months of my senior year it was all pressure, pressure. I couldn't lead a normal life. I couldn't study. I couldn't even watch television. The phone never stopped ringing, and when they got you on the phone they'd talk for an hour or an hour and a half at a time. These people never stopped coming. They had no consideration for anybody. My marks started to drop. I got a D in a math course and I'd never had a D before. I went that entire time without once cracking a book."

The procession of coaches, official and unofficial recruiters, college boosters, and persuasive and rich alumni came singly, in pairs and in task forces. At one time during Barry's senior year his mother kept the phone off the hook for two weeks.

"It wasn't that they all came at one time," says Mrs. Kramer. "They came *all* the time. I work in the store with my husband. I take care of a house and children, and with all the calls and all those people I was always behind in my housework. When that happens, I'm a miserable person to live with."

"It affected her," Mr. Kramer says. "She picked on me all the time. Everything was my fault."

"I finally had to tell Barry to make up his mind and let's get it over and done with," says Mrs. Kramer.

Before it was over and Barry irrevocably decided upon N.Y.U. in August of 1960, Mr. Kramer had filled two filing boxes with letters offering scholarships to his son "from at least one college in every conference in the country." Barry had made trips to examine facilities and be romanced at Kentucky, Cincinnati, Duke, Maryland, Dartmouth and N.Y.U.

The first trip came on February 27, 1960. Barry's father was unable to go, but Barry flew to the University of Kentucky in Lexington with his high school's assistant coach, Bill Rapavy.

Barry made two subsequent trips to the University of Maryland, once driving with his father, mother, sister and Uncle Mike Michaelson, who has never missed a game his nephew played. The other time Barry flew to the Maryland campus.

Barry's sister Elaine was done out of a trip he subsequently made to Duke. Unfortunately there wasn't room on the private plane which flew the family to Durham, North Carolina. It was a four-seater. Duke coach Vic Bubas, who came along for the ride, had to sit among the baggage after the pilot and Kramer *père*, *mère* and *fils* climbed aboard. It was Mrs. Kramer's first ride in a plane.

At Duke the family was taken to meet Dr. Lenox D. Baker of the medical faculty because of Barry's desire to become a physician. Mr. Kramer's comment illustrates the impact of big-time basketball recruiting on an unpretentious family. "It was so thrilling to walk into his old plantation home," he says.

Elaine was not slighted on the Cincinnati junket. While the rest of the family stayed at a motel, she was the guest of a wealthy Cincinnati family and lived on an estate which included a riding stable, a half dozen cars in the driveway for free use, a large basketball court and a swimming pool. This was Easter week, too chilly to swim. "But my sister had a ball," Barry recalls. "She was riding horseback all the time."

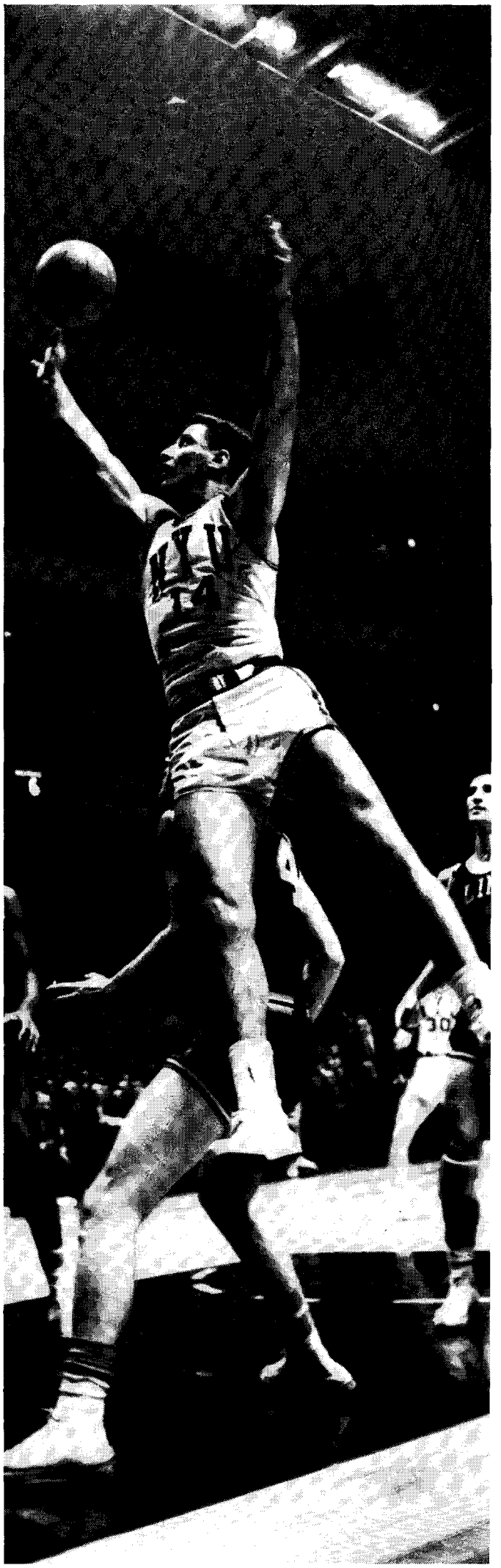
"The president was so nice"

Later the Kramer family drove to Dartmouth in Hanover, New Hampshire. "The president of the college was so nice to us," says Mr. Kramer. "He ushered us into his home. At our home we were visited by a prominent Albany surgeon interested in Dartmouth. He invited us to go to a concert with him and his wife, but how many things can you go and see?"

"I would say," comments Mrs. Kramer, "that Duke, Cincinnati and Maryland wanted Barry the most. They just wouldn't stop."

"Milliken," says Mr. Kramer, referring to Maryland's coach Bud Milliken, who visited the Kramers many times, "drove all the way up here two weeks before school opened." When Bud Milliken left, he thought he had finally captured Barry.

After flying down to College Park on his second visit, the athlete agreed to sign a grant-in-aid with Maryland. This is a commitment to a



Against Illinois in 1962 Holiday Tournament, Kramer scores two of 42 points he totaled.

At N.Y.U.'s Hall of Fame Kramer holds the two keys to his life: books and a basketball.

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"Play good ball, get an education. There's more to life than money."

college, which may have no legal status, but is considered binding within that college's own conference. Thus, once Kramer agreed to sign with Maryland, he could not change his mind and enroll in another Atlantic Coast Conference school—Duke, for instance.

There are few secrets in collegiate recruiting. Paid scouts, unpaid scouts, tipsters, subway alumni, old grads, high-school coaches, ordinary basketball buffs and newspapermen operate in profusion. Hardly had Barry decided to make his second visit to Maryland when word was relayed to Lou Rossini, N.Y.U.'s coach, who had first met Barry as a sophomore at Linton. Rossini is well connected in the Albany-Troy-Schenectady-Gloversville area of upper New York State and was under the impression that he had a handshake agreement with Mr. Kramer for Barry to come to N.Y.U.

Rossini had visited Barry's home, had shown the boy N.Y.U. and had met him at games in Madison Square Garden. He had promised Barry a recommendation to N.Y.U.'s Medical School when and if Barry was ready to enter.

Now with the word out that Barry was off to Maryland, Rossini called Mr. Kramer.

"You promised me Barry would be coming with me," Rossini protested.

"I promised you nothing," the father said.

"It didn't look good," Rossini said recently. "I felt N.Y.U. was going to lose him."

A few weeks later Mr. Kramer called Rossini. "We made a little mistake," he said. "I hope you won't hold it against the boy."

"Whatever mistake was made," Rossini said, "I can't blame Barry. So far as I'm concerned he can come to N.Y.U. if the dean will have him."

"When a boy is young," says Barry, describing the general confusion, "he is easily influenced. The last college I'd seen was always the one I wanted to go to. Dad finally said, 'All right, stop with six. Choose from them.'"

Agents flock into his home

That Barry himself was able to narrow the field to a half dozen reflects a self-discipline far beyond the usual capacity of a 17-year-old. He estimates that no fewer than 70 recruiters paid personal visits to his home. Cincinnati set the record for quantity. One night seven agents swooped down on the Kramers at once, heralding the eventual arrival of an eighth Cincinnatian—head coach Ed Jucker. Another night Bill Reinhardt, coach of George Washington University, came with a guard of three alumni.

The strategy of the attacking forces was ingenious. Don Butler, a Kentucky booster, set up light housekeeping in town for a week. He attended Linton's practices every day and told Barry's high-school coach, Walter Przybylo, that he had the best player in America. At the end of the week, after the Friday-night game, Butler escorted Barry and his parents home.

The scout returned for family chats several times. One night, as he entered by the front door, Barry left by the back and deliberately stayed out until one A.M. "He was still there when I came back," Barry says. "He knew I'd have to come home sometime."

Notre Dame's freshman coach, Jim Gibbons, was another frequent visitor. Gibbons arrived with a South Bend businessman who is Jewish. According to Barry, the businessman said that when his own son grew old enough to enter a college, he would enroll under the Golden Dome, even though Notre Dame is a Roman Catholic university. "It bothered me that they would use religion," Barry says.

Persuasiveness from Duke took many angles. When Kramer visited the campus, he spent time with Duke star Art Heyman. One day Heyman suggested, "I'll get you a pair of sneakers and we'll play one-on-one. If I win, you sign a grant-in-aid here. If you beat me you have a choice."

No visits, however, were so surprising as that of Kentucky's coach, Adolph Rupp. "I was amazed when he walked through the door," says Barry. "I had been told Mr. Rupp never came to visit a boy." But for the Kramers, Rupp not only visited, but charmed. He took the family to dinner at Hogan's, one of Schenectady's finest steak houses. "We never ate so good in our lives as we did when the whole thing was going on," says Mr. Kramer. "All those fellows always took you out. You know, steaks and all. They were all good fellows, real gentlemanly."

Hospitality is a two-way street. The uncommon traffic through her home led Mrs. Kramer to have her living room and dining room painted. "I wanted it to look a little more presentable," she says. "The ceiling was full of Barry's hand prints from his jumping up and touching it. I even had to go out and buy a new set of dishes, service for twelve. I didn't have enough cups to serve."

Toward the end of Barry's senior season the Kramers had heard all the arguments, pro and con, including what might be called The-Knock-Down-the-Other-Guy-Gambit.

This consists of a southern coach demeaning a northern one: "Do you want your son to play with all those Negroes?" or a northern coach saying: "The south is no place for a Jewish boy." Or a coach of a college with a high academic standard saying: "What sort of education will your boy get at X college—basket weaving?" Or a coach of a college which pays more than lip service to recruiting restrictions saying: "The N.C.A.A. already is investigating X college. They're going to be suspended. Your boy won't ever get to play."

The wonder and the pleasure of it all, of course, is that Barry Kramer kept his balance. In the end he made his own choice, perhaps even against the wishes of his father, who says, "I didn't want New York City at all. I'm afraid of a big city. I'm a little guy from a little city. When pressure hits me I fall to pieces. Barry seems to be at his best in the clutch."

"What I wanted, I guess," says Barry, "is the challenge of big-time basketball, to play in Madison Square Garden, and a good education. I didn't want to go too far from home because it never hurts to have your parents close enough to push you in the right direction and keep you from taking the easy way. If I were far away from them, I might have switched to a physical-education course by now."

Instead, Kramer is taking such courses as organic chemistry and playing the caliber of basketball that made him the most valuable player in the Holiday Festival Tournament in New York in December, although his team finished third in the eight-team competition.

Illinois won the tournament, but barely beat N.Y.U. in a semifinal, although N.Y.U. was able to play only one of its five regulars. (Four were scholastically ineligible.) Kramer's 42 points, as he played himself into a near state of exhaustion, kept N.Y.U. in the game until the very end.

To Barry's high-school coach, such performances could have been foretold as far back as the seventh grade. "Barry just made up his mind a long time ago to be the greatest," Walt Przybylo said. "Nothing will stop him or bother him. As good as he was against Illinois, I don't think he was any more spectacular than he was for us, comparatively speaking. He once scored nine points in fifteen seconds in one of our games. In another, we were eleven down with two and a half minutes to go and won by three. Barry went out of his mind. He scored eight points himself, stole the ball and fed off for the other six. It was a great individual performance.

"He handled the pressures"

"I'm not the least bit surprised how well he handled the pressures on him when he was the town hero here and through all the recruiting," Przybylo said. "I stayed out of it for two reasons: I didn't want anybody to blame me for anything, and I knew Barry was so sincere he would do the right thing."

The Kramer family still may have some doubts, but hides them well. Besides, the Kramers have little time for anything but savoring Barry's headlines. Elaine sees every game, no matter where it is played. The mother and father make the three-and-a-half-hour drive to New York and back home again the same night for every home game. Mr. Kramer enjoys his reflected glory as a celebrity in Schenectady. His jewelry-shop windows are dressed with pictures and clippings of his son.

Many times the Kramers shut up shop early to make the opening tap-off. A sign on the door tells why: GONE TO SEE BARRY PLAY.

"Our customers understand," Mrs. Kramer says.

"Yeh," says Mr. Kramer, "but they go across the street to my competitor."

"As long as we win," says Mrs. Kramer.

The nation's basketball coaches, in their desperate campaign to offer a scholarship to Barry, had much the same philosophy. THE END

Their ordeal by recruiting over, the Kramers can finally relax in their home in Schenectady, New York.

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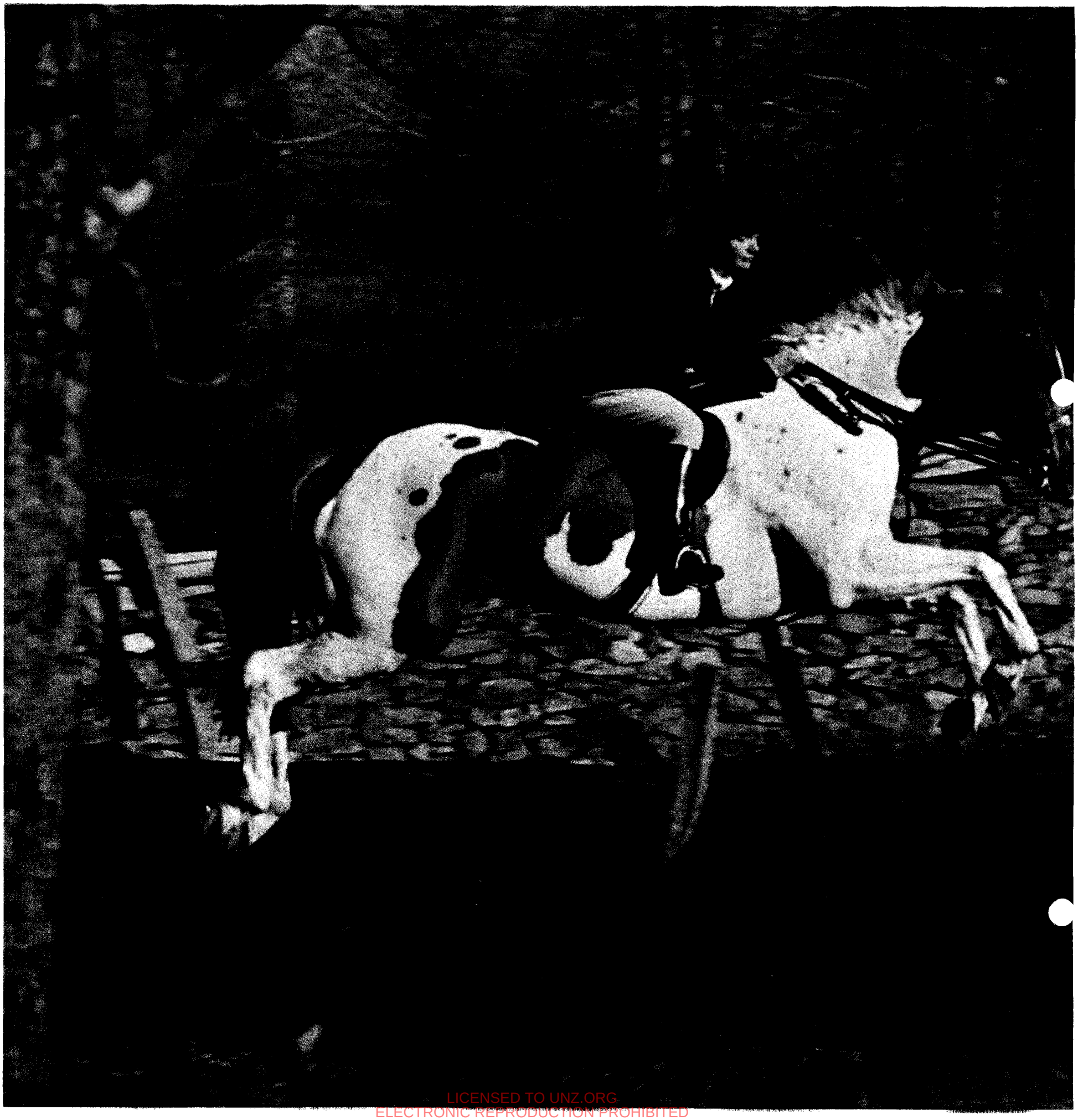
The favored sport of

JACQUELINE

with the gentry of the Old Dominion she hurtles after fox & hounds.



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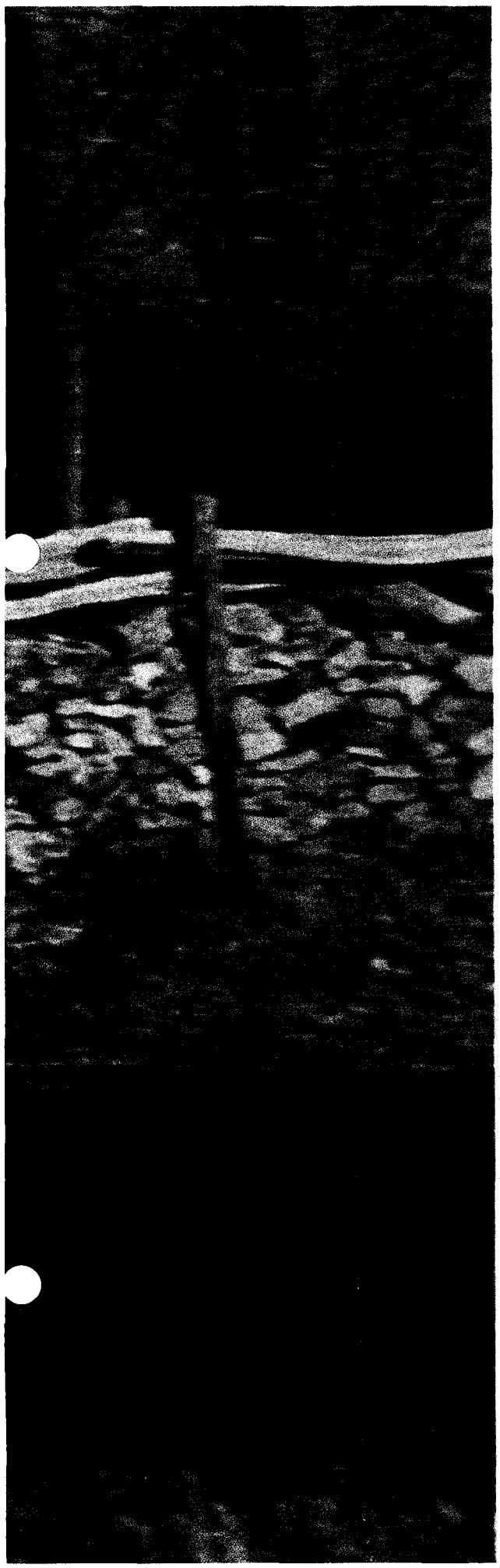
Every winter the sweeping fields around Middleburg, Virginia, are given over to fox hunting, the pastime acclaimed as a "noble science" and scorned as "the unspeakable chase of the uneatable." Among those who side with nobility and regularly ride to hounds is Mrs. John F. Kennedy, the First Lady. Whenever possible, Mrs. Kennedy makes the twenty-minute helicopter flight from Washington to join the pursuit of the creature which hunters refer to as "Old Horrid." As these pictures show, Mrs. Kennedy rides with a will. (See report, page 28.)

The huntsman and a whipper-in gather hounds before the hunt begins.

Color photographs by MARSHALL HAWKINS



The Orange County Hunt "moves off" in hopes of "getting on" a fox. The huntsman has not yet "cast" the hounds onto the line of a fox's scent.

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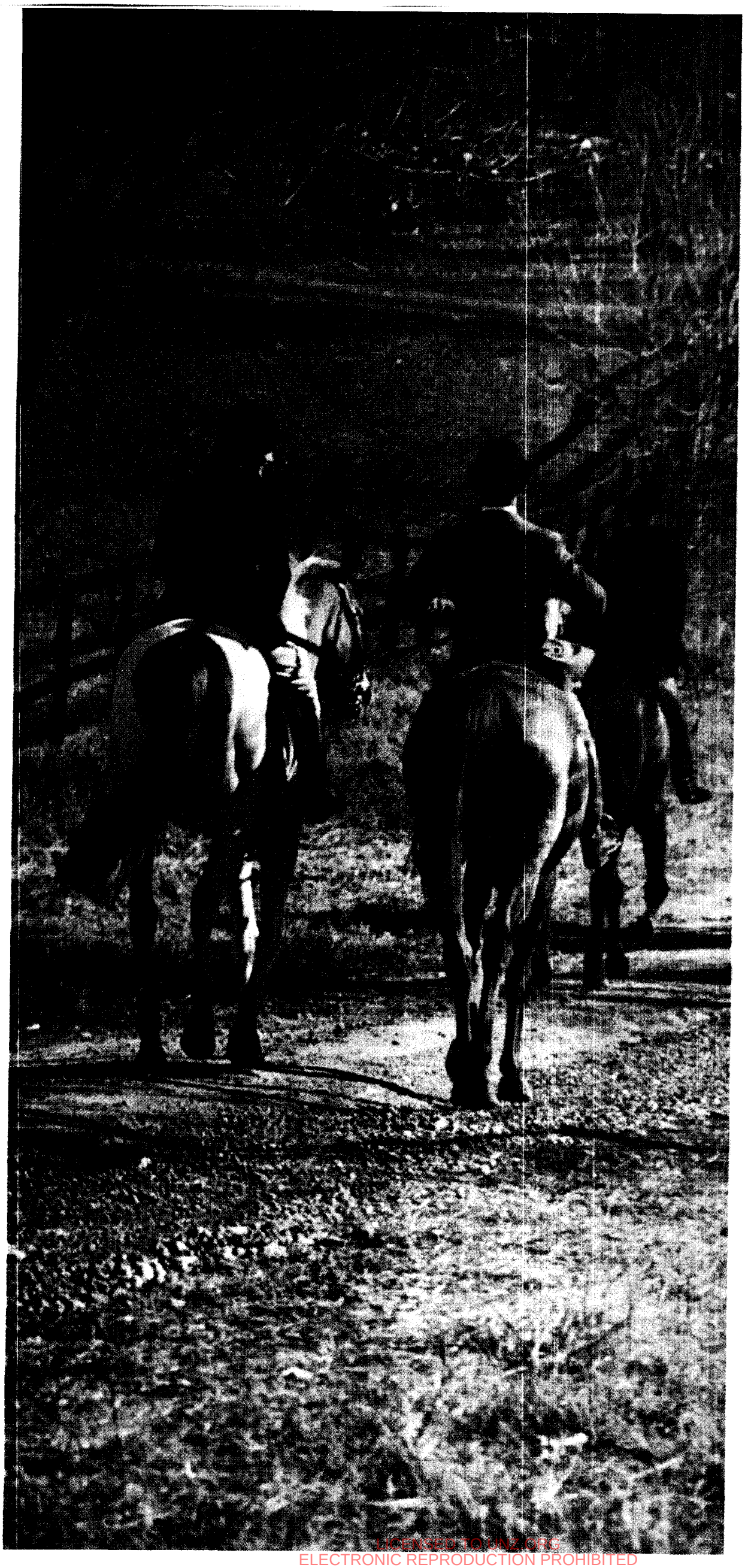

Jacqueline

The First Lady "hacks" with the field.

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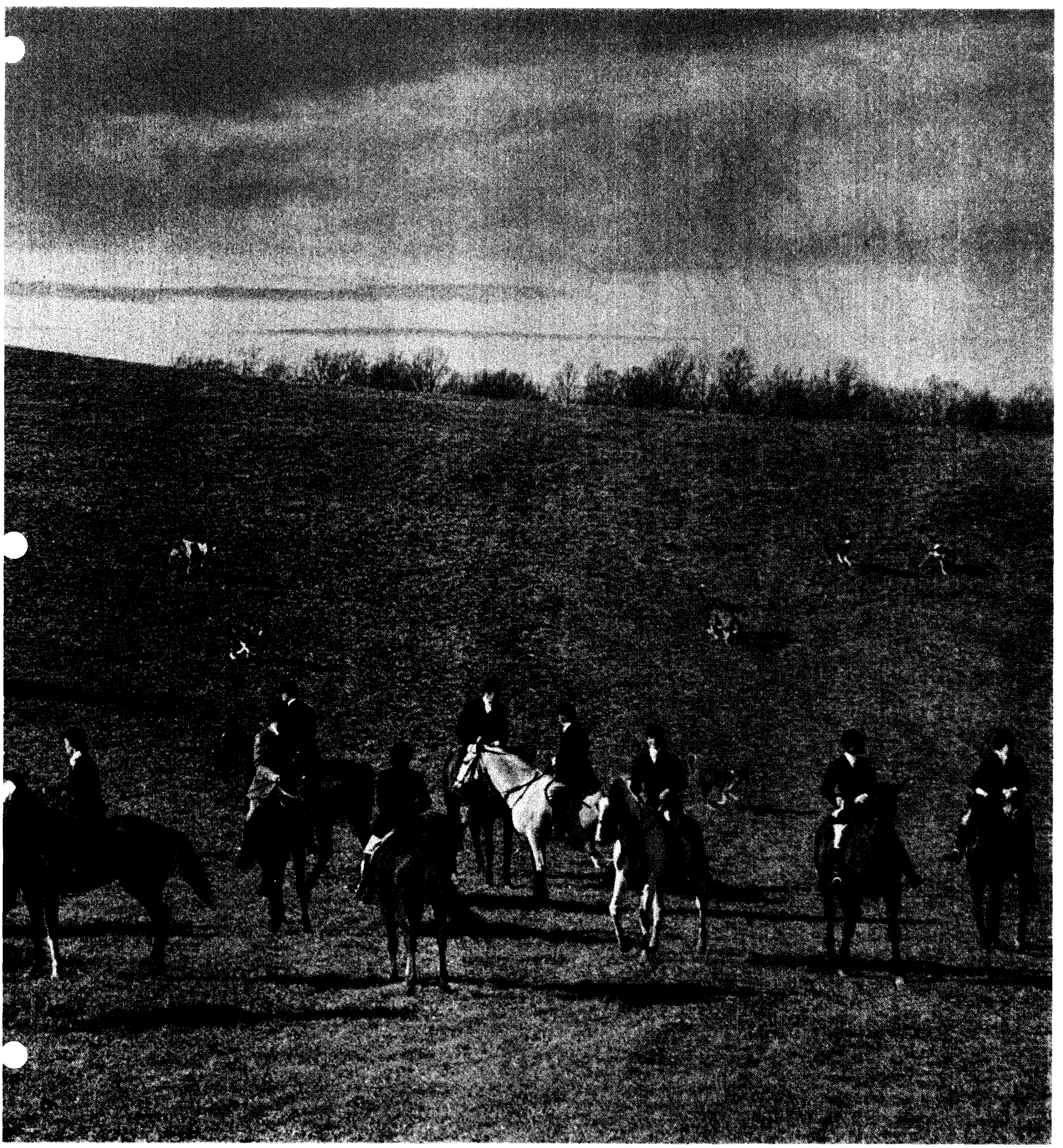
NOT EVEN MRS. KENNEDY'S HELICOPTER FLIGHTS DISTURB
THE TRADITIONS OF THIS RIGOROUS BUT FORMAL SPORT



Fooled by "Old Horrid," the Orange County field "checks" and waits for the hounds to be recast.

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Jacqueline

"She's just one of the fox hunters"

Mrs. Kennedy wears "ratcatcher" outfit, informal attire for a day of hunting.

by DELORES PHILLIPS
with LEWIS H. LAPHAM

Virginians who know her say that all the new clothes in Paris and all the old furniture in Washington could not tempt Mrs. John F. Kennedy from a chance to gallop after foxhounds. Although a number of other people grumble at her passion for a sport they think both indecorous and cruel, Mrs. Kennedy continues to hunt, riding at fences and hedgerows with the bravado of a grenadier.

On occasion she has neglected ceremonious luncheons in favor of a day's sport in the field. Throughout the long winter season she rides to hounds at least twice a week, which is often enough to provoke indignant remarks from congressional wives who fear that their company and conversation is less interesting than the sight of a small and rather nasty animal.

The standard textbooks on American government recommend that the President's wife remain above any hint of controversy, that she be a gracious hostess, elegantly dressed, whom schoolchildren should imagine as a fine lady, like the paintings in a museum, forever pouring tea. The newspaper photographs of Mrs. Kennedy astride a horse, however, have dispelled that particular illusion and have embroiled the Administration in yet another welter of gossip.

The White House every week receives a swarm of letters from outraged citizens who, judging from the nature of their complaints, think of fox hunting either as an unnecessary cruelty to animals or a trifling indulgence of the very rich. "The noble science," apparently, is foreign to the democratic bias of the American electorate. Certainly it is alien to a world of supermarkets, suburbs and bowling alleys. It is a sport as inseparably identified with the civilization of the 18th century as is the "New Frontier" with the 20th century.

The complaints no doubt arise from popular misconceptions, a failure to appreciate either the rigors or the proprieties of the hunt. Fox hunting is as much an art as it is a sport, demanding of those who follow the chase not only skill and courage but also a sense of decorum. Or, as a Virginia gentleman phrased it, more succinctly, "impeccable manners, my dear sir, and a hell of a lot of guts."

Mrs. Kennedy, happily, qualifies in both respects, like the heroine in a sentimental romance. She was, as Hamlet said of himself, "to the manner born." Her courage is beyond question, having been demonstrated by her willingness to resume the hunt after a fall. Her politeness is extolled by astounded gentlemen riders for whom she has dismounted and opened gates.

The ground over which the First Lady chooses to hunt, 40 miles west of Washington in the Piedmont Valley near Middleburg, Va., is the part of the country she thinks of as home. She has ridden horses there since she was a girl of 16. She knows the people. She is used to the shape of the hills and the colors of the sky. She feels easy walking through the streets of the town dressed in a faded pair of pants and not caring about her hair.

The surrounding countryside, first surveyed by George Washington and later familiar to Jeb Stuart's cavalry, is gentle and civilized, divided by well-kept fences and famous now for foxes. The bigger game long since moved westward over the Blue Ridge Mountains, pursued by rude men carrying rifles, dreaming impolitely of empire.

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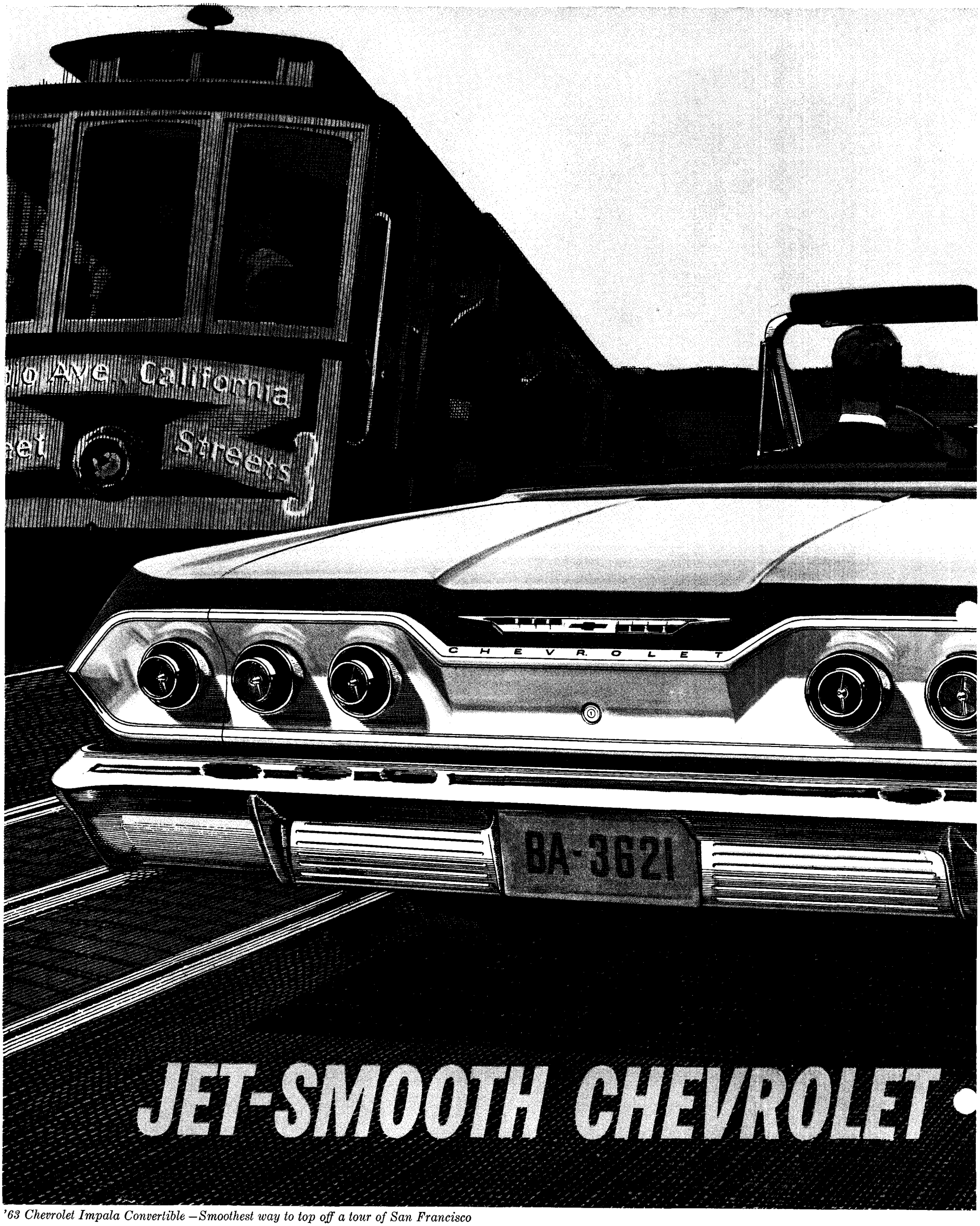

'63 Chevrolet Impala Convertible —Smoothest way to top off a tour of San Francisco

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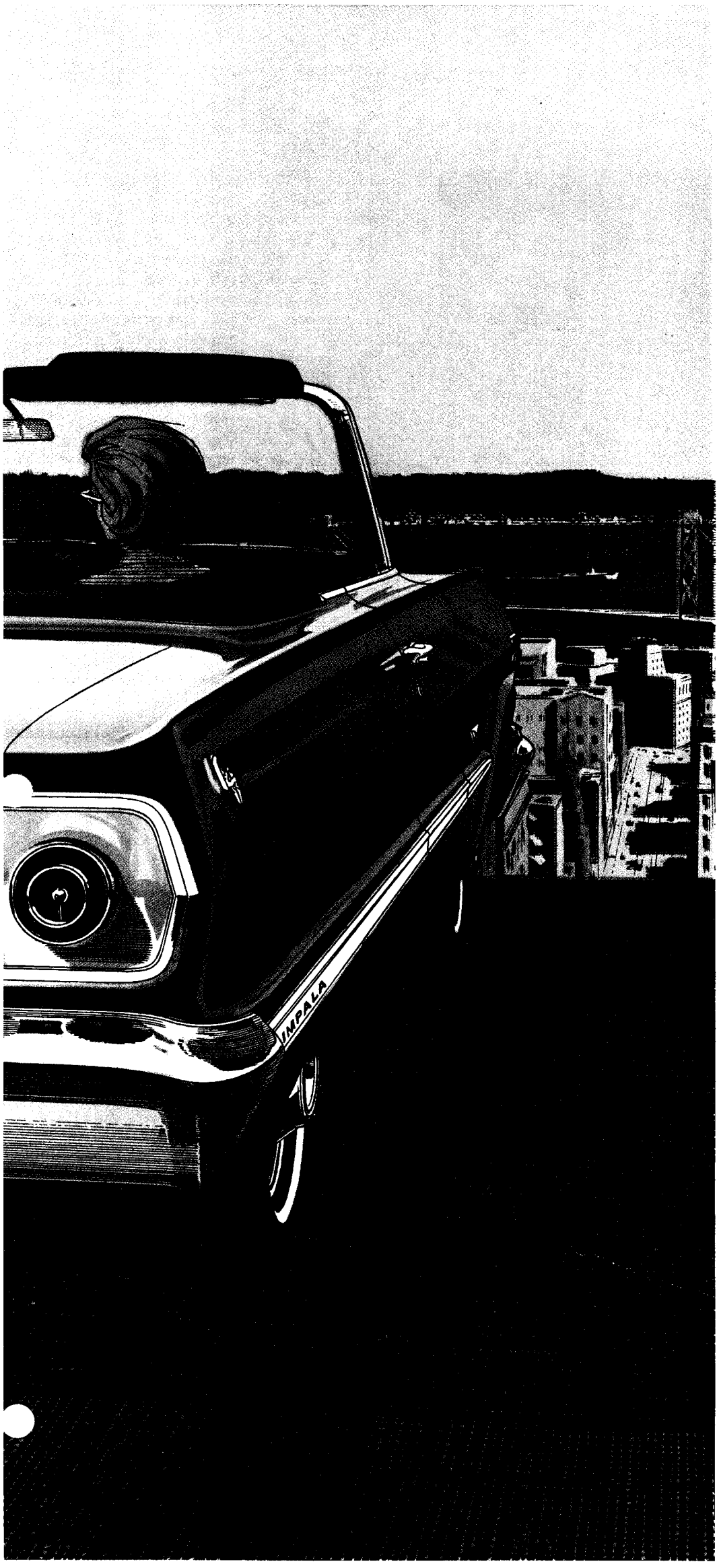

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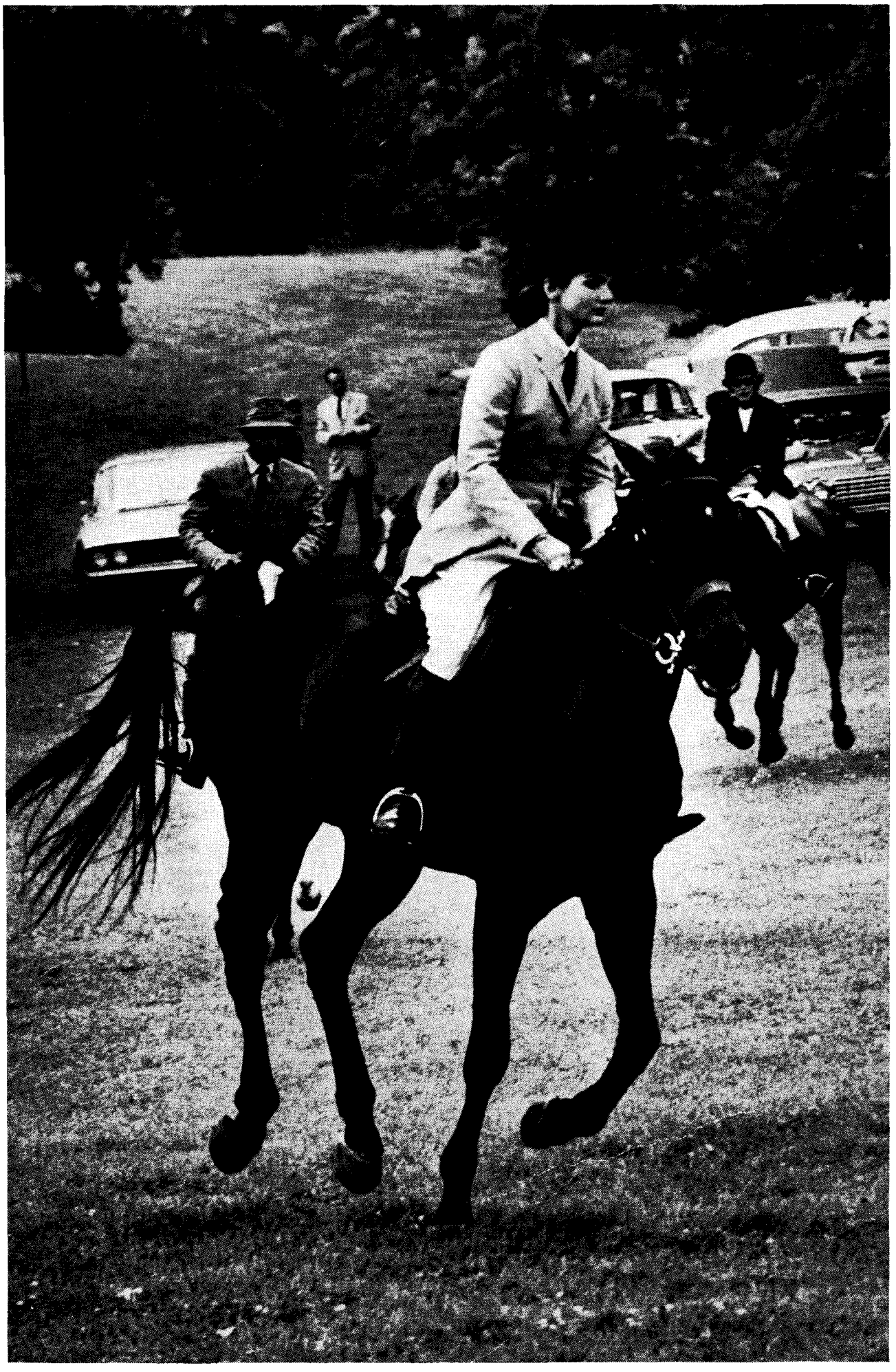
Jacqueline

"SHE HAS OPENED GATES FOR ASTOUNDED GENTLEMEN RIDERS."



The First Lady rides at a Virginia horse show.

The large farms around Middleburg belong t families whose names are synonymous with money, names such as Phipps, Iselin and Mellon. The hills are not too high; the streams are not too swift. Honeysuckle grows over the old stone walls, and robins sing in the sweet gum trees. The people who live on the land, long accustomed to the privileges of wealth and tradition, speak in slow, soft voices. Their talk is mostly of horses. They can afford to be careless about their clothes.

The Kennedys rented Glen Ora, an estate two miles south of Middleburg, within a month of the President's inauguration. They have since bought property and are building a country house on Rattlesnake Mountain, four miles to the west of the town.

The established residents, at first apprehensive about the intrusion of the Government, are now reconciled to the inconveniences attendant upon the President's arrival. A few newspapermen invade the town on weekends. Secret Service agents, easily distinguished by their dark suits and impassive silences, stand solemnly in doorways. Otherwise the town is little changed, undamaged by tourists. Almost everybody in the neighborhood rides to hounds, which is the proper way to say they go fox hunting, and in Middleburg, Va., it is important in all things to observe the proper etiquette.

The fields and woodlands outside the town are partitioned into specific "territories" throug which a particular "hunt"—i.e., an organize pack of hounds—is entitled to search for a fox. The boundaries between these demesnes are as complicated as the boundaries separating the Balkan states prior to World War I. Of the 95 established hunts in the United States, eight are within 30 miles of Middleburg. Among fox hunters the countryside is deemed a paradise, comparable to the old Stillman's Gym in New York for followers of the prize ring. Mrs. Kennedy usually rides either with the Orange County Hunt or the Piedmont Fox Hounds.

The exhilaration of the chase is impossible to explain to people who have not known it. Peter Beckford, the first and most scholarly of the British writers on the subject, proposed the dictum, "Take away the spirit of fox hunting, and it is no longer fox hunting; it is stale, small beer compared with brisk champagne."

Another British sportsman, discussing the subject in the 19th century, remarked, "These moments of self-sublimation are probably the core of the fox hunter's dedication to the sport. All stops are pulled out. The mere physical blossoms into elation, and elation swells almost to the point of spiritual transfiguration."

Mrs. Kennedy, speaking less effusively but to the same point, once told a friend she enjoyed the chase because she could lose herself in it and so "feel clean and anonymous." For that reason she hoped to interest her husband in the sport, even going so far as to order him a hunting outfi The President, however, has only been seen to ride a docile horse in the back pasture at Glen Ora. He has not as yet ventured into the field.

When it was thought the President might also ride to hounds, two Secret Service agents were

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Jacqueline

SHE SAYS THE CHASE MAKES HER FEEL "CLEAN AND ANONYMOUS."

given riding lessons. They showed as little inclination for the sport as Mr. Kennedy, however, and could never be persuaded to go at any gait faster than a steady walk.

The rules and procedures governing the progress of fox hunting are as strict as the sequences of a minuet. These are substantially the same now as when the sport first came into fashion, both in England and Virginia, about 170 years ago. Mrs. Kennedy observes more or less the same formalities as did George Washington when he hunted his own pack of hounds through the same countryside. The several stages of a hunt are comparable to the acts in a play. The dramatis personae are as follows:

THE MASTER OF FOXHOUNDS: the man or woman in charge. He directs the sport in the field and must be obeyed without question. R. S. Surtees, the wittiest of the British chroniclers of the hunt, set forth in 1845 the qualifications of a successful master: "He should have the boldness of a lion, the cunning of a fox, the shrewdness of an exciseman, the calculation of a general, the decision of a judge, the purse of Squire Plutus, the regularity of a railway, the punctuality of a timepiece, the liberality of a sailor, the patience of Job, the tact of an M.P., the wiliness of a diplomatist, the politeness of a Lord, the strength of an Hercules, the thirst of a Bacchus, the appetite of a Dando, the digestion of an ostrich, the coolness of a crocodile, the fire-enduring powers of a salamander . . . and a temper as even as the lines in a copybook." In brief, a paragon among mortal men. The master can wear either a pink coat—hunting pink is in fact bright scarlet—or a Melton coat of blue or black. He must have knowledge not only of horses and hounds but also of men and women.

THE HUNTSMAN: a paid servant, comparable in status to a maître d'hôtel in an expensive restaurant and, hopefully, as formidable an individual as the master. He cares for hounds in kennel and deploys them in the field, uttering unintelligible cries, all of which are variations on the traditional theme, "Yoicks." He must be familiar with the land and is required to know where foxes can be found. *He carries the hunting horn.*

THE WHIPPERS-IN: usually two in number, also hunt servants, comparable to ordinary waiters. They assist with hounds. (Correct terminology forbids the use of the article, *the*, preceding the noun, *hounds*. Thus, to say; "Reginald Smashgate rode off after the hounds," is improper and would be thought the sure sign of a novice.) The huntsman and whippers-in, known collectively as the hunt staff, may wear pink coats and hunting caps.

FOXHOUNDS: the agents on whom the hunt relies. They are bred for endurance and keen noses and always are referred to as "couple of hounds." Nineteen and a half couple of hounds equals 39 hounds. Their names are traditional—e.g., "Albion," "Baneful," "Marmaduke," "Caliban," "Chanticleer" and "Groveller."

HORSES: of any breeding or color, just so they can safely carry their riders over the inevitable obstacles. Horses that kick must wear red ribbons tied to their tails.

THE FIELD: the ladies and gentlemen or children who follow the chase. They are expected to present themselves in formal costume. This consists of a Melton coat, a derby or top hat—preferably scarred—a white stock and buff-colored or white breeches of cord, twill or doeskin. On by-days—hunts not listed on the monthly "fixture card"—or on rainy days, it is acceptable to wear "ratcatcher," the more informal costume that Mrs. Kennedy prefers and which consists of a tweed coat, an ordinary tie and jodhpurs.

THE FOX: either red or gray, but otherwise subject to no formalities. Red foxes commonly run in straight lines; gray foxes in wide circles.

Despite the seeming unfairness of the odds, the advantage is with the fox, an extremely intelligent animal possessed of a justified contempt for the clumsier forces arrayed against him. Foxes on occasion have been seen to sit thoughtfully on stone walls, watching hounds and horses blunder across a distant field. The Piedmont Fox Hounds last year succeeded in killing but two foxes, both of them somewhat undernourished. Many more foxes are killed every season in Virginia by automobiles than by hounds.

The introductory scene to the play of the chase is the "meet," or gathering of the pack and the field at a predetermined crossroads or country estate. The scene is precisely as it is represented in the conventional prints that decorate the walls of so many taverns and antique shops. The riders, resplendent and proud, exchange pleasantries, ask after their friends and talk of the weather or the holes in the roads.

Servants have their place

The fox-hunting season extends from late October through early March, between the harvest and the first plantings in the spring; and the morning, therefore, is likely to be cold. Servants hand up coffee or sherry to the gentry on horseback. The oak and sycamore trees stand bleakly against the gray sky. Patches of snow stretch across the stubbled fields. The breath of horses and hounds hangs heavily on the damp air. The meet is customarily called for 10 or 11 A.M., or even later, if it is extremely cold.

Mrs. Kennedy is never late—the first rule of etiquette—except on those mornings when she suspects the presence of newspaper photographers. She then waits to join the field as it "hacks"—goes at a walk—through a nearby woods. If she is not in residence at Glen Ora, she is brought by helicopter from the White House lawn in time to change her clothes. Mrs. Kennedy's riding clothes are made by William Gordon, the only tailor in Middleburg. He keeps her patterns, cut out of brown wrapping paper, on a nail stuck into the wall above a sewing machine that only a few years ago was converted to electricity.

Although the rest of Mrs. Kennedy's clothes are slavishly copied by women across the country, in the matter of a riding outfit even the best dressed woman in the world must bow to the established regulations.

The First Lady's horse, a piebald named "Rufus," is either brought to Glen Ora or vanned to the "meet" by Mrs. Paul Fout, a friend and neighbor who stables Rufus. Mrs. Kennedy this season has chosen to ride with the Piedmont Fox Hounds more often than with the Orange County Hunt. Piedmont, first organized in 1840, is among the oldest hunts in the country. Its field is less concerned with the social aspects of the hunt than is Orange County, which was established in 1903 by Edward H. Harriman and named after the county in New York. Those riders in both hunts who have known Mrs. Kennedy since she was a girl address her as "Jackie" and scrupulously avoid all talk of politics. They take elaborate care not to pay court to her.

Mrs. Archibald Cary Randolph Sr., master of the Piedmont Fox Hounds, is a determined woman who brooks no nonsense and does not indulge in empty flattery. Praise from Mrs. Randolph is praise from Caesar. Offering a professional judgment of the First Lady's horsemanship, she said Mrs. Kennedy was not a "thruster," not one of those people who "ride jealous"—i.e., crowding the other riders at a jump.

The consensus among the riders with whom Mrs. Kennedy follows the chase was best summarized by Mrs. Nelson McClary, a "regular" with the Orange County Hunt who, under the name Jane McIlvaine, writes stories about horses for children. She said, "I think Mrs. Kennedy is good in the field. She's always pleasant to be with, very polite, always waits her turn and goes awfully well. She rides with éclat. I've always been impressed with the way she stays with hounds to the very end."

At the appointed hour the hunt "moves off" in whatever direction the huntsman thinks likely to offer a satisfactory day's sport. The search is more or less systematic. The huntsman proceeds to a covert—a sheltered place, usually in a copse or thicket—where he hopes to find a fox. The field follows at a discreet walk. Idle conversation, otherwise known as coffeehousing, is frowned upon by the master. Fox hunters regard their pleasure as a serious business and in this respect resemble golfers who stalk their balls around a course in grim silence. Mrs. Kennedy refrains from coffeehousing. She is always intent upon the work at hand.

Once arrived at the covert, the huntsman "casts" hounds into the underbrush in hope that they will come upon a fox's scent. This maneuver is called "drawing the covert." The master and field meanwhile hold back, about 100 yards distant, downwind from the covert. The hounds snuffling through the woods are said to be "working." The patient expectation of the field at this point has been expressed by William Bromley Davenport in a poem called *Lowesby Hall*. The poem begins:

Gilmour, leave me here a little and
When John O'Gaunt is drawn
If you find the raw material
Let Jack Morgan blow his horn.

Should a rider or a passing farmer see a fox running into an open field, he is entitled to shout,

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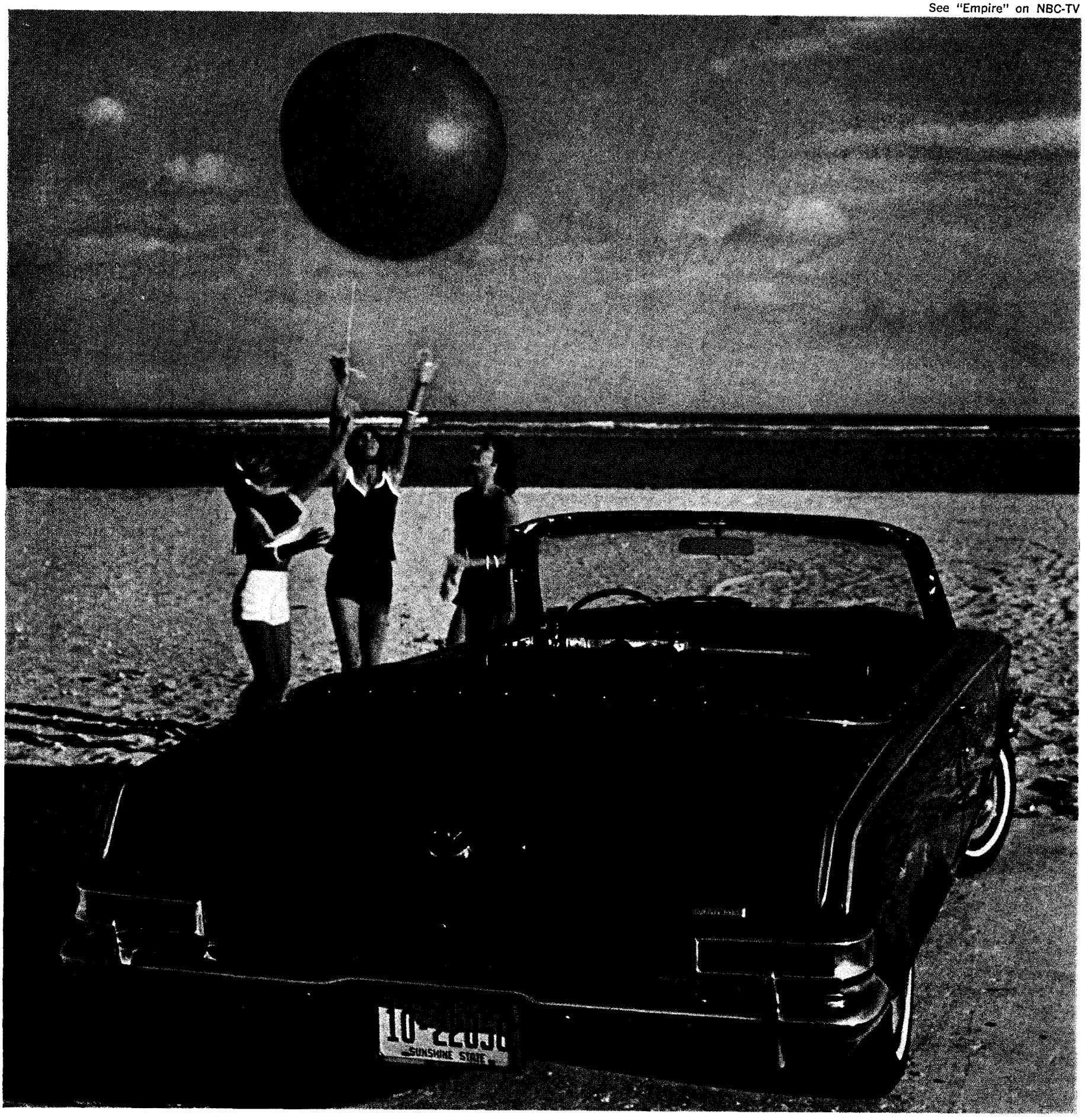

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Jacqueline

IN HORSE COUNTRY, RIDING IS A WAY OF LIFE.

"Tallyho!" This traditional cry, however, has fallen from favor in recent years, and those enthusiasts who succumb to the temptation of raising it are considered overzealous.

Ordinarily the huntsman prefers to trust to hounds. The rank smell of a fox is as easy for the pack to distinguish as the smell of a skunk. If hounds "get on a fox," they come bounding out of the covert, heads down, running with a lop-sided, angular gait and "giving tongue"—i.e., barking furiously.

It is at this juncture that the hunt begins in earnest. The hounds, "speaking to the line," set off behind the fox; the huntsman and whippers-in set off behind the hounds; the master behind them, and lastly, the field, galloping helter-skelter across the countryside.

On those mornings when Mrs. Kennedy rides, yet another element enters into the chase. The Secret Service agents assigned to protect Mrs. Kennedy follow along the dirt roads, hopelessly confined to automobiles, only briefly glimpsing the hunt as it crosses over a ridge or through a meadow. These gentlemen, in their anxiety, have been known to disregard every rule of hunting protocol. They drive too near a jump, park too near a gate or, worst of all, "turn a fox"—i.e., blunder across its line and force it to run in an unlikely direction.

The chase can lead anywhere—among brambles, over barbedwire, across polo fields, stone walls and streams, even into Middleburg. The Middleburg Hunt, another of the local hunts with which Mrs. Kennedy occasionally rides, last fall pursued a fox through the town. The Rev. Froggie deBordenave, rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, stopped traffic while hounds and horses clattered across the main street, otherwise known as U.S. 50. The fox nevertheless eluded the chase and was believed to have gone to earth somewhere on the property of a citizen who supported the local S.P.C.A.

The Rev. Mr. deBordenave's sympathies, however, are more characteristic of the community. Most of the business in Middleburg is, in one way or another, dependent on horses and the people who ride them. A majority of the inhabitants earn their livings as saddlers, grooms, stable hands, horse traders, trainers and drivers of horse vans, trainers of hounds. Stone jockeys stand in rows on Washington Street. Stuffed foxes look down from the mantelpieces in the Red Fox Tavern. The emblem of a running fox is emblazoned above the entrance to the Middleburg National Bank and on the bank's checks.

A "run" after a fox—everybody proceeding with all possible haste—can last anywhere from 20 minutes to an hour and a half. Mrs. Kennedy was on such a run last November when her horse, "Bit of Irish"—who was subsequently sold—refused to jump a post-and-rail fence on Paul Mellon's "Rokeby Farm." The First Lady was thrown over the horse's head. Ignoring the entreaties of the Secret Service agents who managed to scramble across the field, she remounted her horse and resumed the chase for another two hours. Archie Randolph Jr., the owner of "Grafton," a farm in the Piedmont territory, had been riding directly behind her. He helped Mrs. Kennedy to regain her seat, a practice known to horsemen as giving somebody "a leg up."

"I think I was more shattered than she was," Mr. Randolph later said. "I was so excited that the only thing I was afraid of was that I was going to pitch her over the other side of the horse."

If and when hounds lose the scent of a fox, they become temporarily confused, wandering aimlessly in circles. The field at this point "checks"—i.e., waits until the scent is rediscovered or until the huntsman, deciding the fox is lost, casts hounds toward another covert.

The coming of the Kennedys to Middleburg could diminish the number of coverts available. Rattlesnake Mountain, heretofore a favorite retreat for foxes, is situated close to the boundary separating the territory of the Orange County Hunt from that of the Piedmont Fox Hounds. Both hunts are wont to draw the woods on the mountainside in hopes of finding sport. This practice may soon be considered subversive.

The climactic scene in the drama of a fox hunt, of course, is the death, a ceremony referred to as "getting the fox." Only the hard-riding members of the field, Mrs. Kennedy frequently among them, arrive in time to see the hounds tear the fox to pieces. The huntsman awards the fox's "mask" (head) and "brush" (tail) to those riders the master of foxhounds deems worthy of the honor. The first time a young boy or girl is present at the end of a hunt, he or she is "blooded"—i.e., touched on the hand or face with a fox's bloody paw. This also is regarded a high honor, and children will not wash their hands for weeks after they have been so marked.

The hunt breakfast, contrary to the general belief, is served at the conclusion of the hunt, sometime between one P.M. and dusk. The riders return tired and cold. Their conversation commonly turns on such questions as where did the fox go after crossing Goose Creek or why did the huntsman decide to draw the Black Forest covert instead of Pole Cat Hill.

Mrs. Kennedy joins enthusiastically in the talk. Maybe she will take a glass of Dubonnet. Her eagerness in all things concerning the hunt has been likened by those who know her to the eagerness of a schoolgirl. Perhaps the finest tribute to her conduct in the hunting field, certainly the one that she herself would value above all others, was offered casually—the offhand manner is correct in Middleburg—by Mary K. Willis. Miss Willis, who owns 500 acres of land, is a small woman distinguished by her clear eyes and weather-beaten face. Of Mrs. Kennedy, she said, "A regular gal who goes out of her way to be just one of the fox hunters." THE END

Caroline Kennedy, on "Macaroni," and he

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nother, holding John Jr. in her arms, ride near Glen Ora. Mrs. Kennedy is on "Sardar," bay gelding given her by the President of Pakistan.

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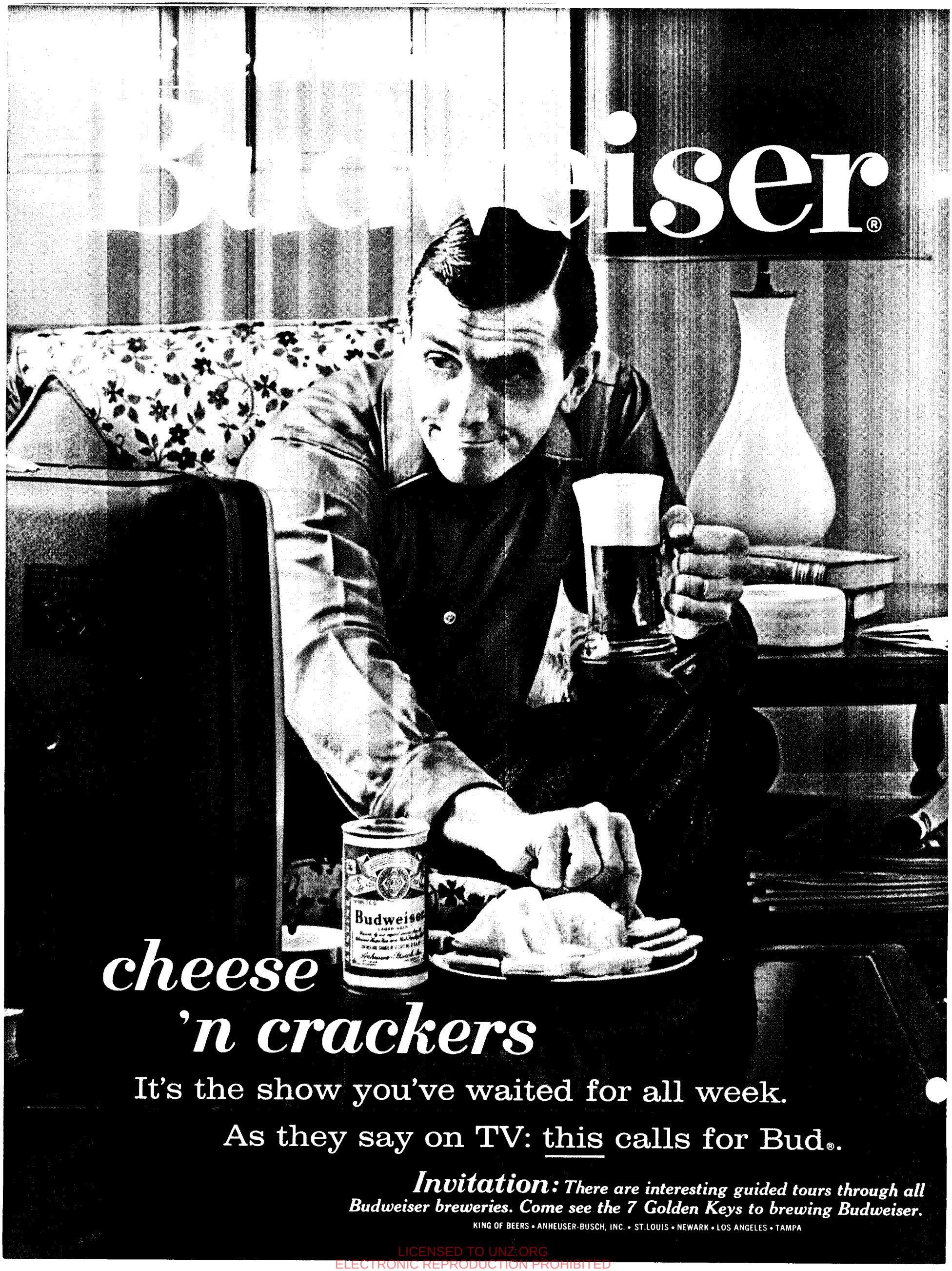
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POST / FICTION

This week:

WHERE'S ANNIE?

Eileen Bassing's first novel, HOME BEFORE DARK, a well-received work based on her knowledge of psychiatry, was published in 1957. It was a striking departure for Mrs. Bassing, whose four previous books were written for children. Born in Boston and educated in New York, she made her way, via Ohio and Mexico, to the West Coast and a career as a film and radio writer. She lives in Malibu, California, with her husband, also a writer, and their two children. This story is an excerpt from WHERE'S ANNIE?, which is Mrs. Bassing's second novel.

by Eileen Bassing

Once every year or two there comes into a publisher's office, if he's lucky, a book that is so right, so obviously destined for success, that the editor has little to do but wire his congratulations to the author. Such a book is Mrs. Bassing's WHERE'S ANNIE?. The news of the manuscript's arrival spread through Random House like lightning. Later, its choice by the Book-of-the-Month Club and a decision by the editors of THE POST to print the extraordinary first portion of the book gave added assurance that Mrs. Bassing's book was headed for the heights. WHERE'S ANNIE? captures so utterly the essence of every distracted American writer and artist living abroad that no person who has read it will ever again be confronted by the breed without knowing exactly what is going on in their minds and in their hearts.

BENNETT CERF
President of Random House

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Where's Annie?

Landlocked and world-weary, the admiral cried out for help.

by Eileen Bassing

Andrew Cunningham was a retired admiral. He and his young wife Annie—oh, and she was beautiful, with long, slightly curling, rich brown hair and wide green eyes—came to the village and rented a house just beyond the yellow-and-white towered church, on the rise of the hill near the highway.

Annie ran about excitedly, flinging open doors, calling out, "See the darling tin-framed mirror over the dressing table in this bedroom! And here, look how charming the patio is! Did you ever see such flowers?"

He beamed at her, which was what he usually did, his lined, tanned face bright with pleasure. He was satisfied with the house himself. He checked the bathroom and found that here, when he pressed the lever, water flowed, as it flowed in the United States. In the kitchen, when he held a lighted match to the burner on the stove, flame appeared. For these multiple conveniences, after having lived for a year in a series of Mexican villages, he was grateful.

He was aware that this preoccupation with comfort and convenience was typical of his age, and he did not call it to Annie's attention. He did not want to spoil her pleasure in any way, especially not by showing her that the things he cared about were not the things she cared about. Anyway, this trip was for Annie. They had been married three years, and when he was retired from the Navy they decided finally to settle down in Florida. But Annie said she wanted to travel first, and he'd agreed to that, even when she said she wanted to travel through Mexico. He had always thought of Mexico as a rather ridiculous country, and he was confident that after a few months of it she'd feel the same way, and they could go home to the land of sanitation, comfort and progress. Annie, however, had loved it all. He had been homesick the whole time, at first in Baja where the heat was dreadful and then in Mazatlán. There Annie had been enchanted with the beauty of the curving coastline and did not, as far as he could tell, notice that it was hot. He, having seen a lifetime of coastlines, was really aware only of the constant sweat he was in and how hard it was to sleep during the long muggy nights. In San Miguel de Allende, while Annie was exalted by the beautifully carved doors, the handsome buildings and the view of the mountains from their high windows on the top floor of the hotel, he was unpleasantly conscious of the fact that the milk and butter had a goaty taste, and that sand was blowing in minute particles which found their way into his food as well as his nostrils. The constant desert wind irritated his sinuses and made his old joints ache wretchedly in the chill, dry nights.

As they traveled, he found new problems besetting him everywhere—bathrooms without water, failing electric power, filthy kitchens and careless maids, and cockroaches, scorpions and fleas. The list of annoyances was endless. In Guadalajara, just before they came to the village, he had become acutely aware of just how poor were the poor Mexicans in contrast to the blatantly rich ones, and it made him uneasy. He'd known, from his reading, that it was this way, but he wasn't prepared for the daily impact of this contrast upon himself. He found that instead of looking at the noble profile of an *Indio* woman, he looked at the aboriginal poverty in which she lived; instead of seeing the beautiful sprays of bougainvillaea on a crumbling adobe wall, he saw only the crumbling wall and the garbage dumped beside it.

This village was a great relief to him. It was different. The climate was gentle and the people were not poor. They were hardly to be considered well off by American standards, but they owned and farmed land, and they were fishermen and tradesmen. Their houses were solid adobe which, from time to time, they not only repaired but even, in accordance with a local law haphazardly enforced, painted once a year. There had been so many Americans and other foreigners living in the village for such a long time that the Mexicans were Americanized. The Americans ran the village, or so it seemed to him; the Mexicans were happy to take advantage of American know-how, up to a point. Bathrooms usually worked, the cobblestoned streets were comparatively clean, the sun shone down on tropical plants that were pruned and clipped in a way the admiral considered neat and sensible. For the first time, in Mexico, he had a feeling of safety. He had not known until he felt it again, here, that he had not felt it for a long time.

The lake made a difference. The village was grouped along its shore, its houses overlooked the water, its gardens ran down to the water's edge. The mountains on the other side of the lake stood staunch against the incredible blue sky, and a frequent breeze rippled the water and moved moistly among the trees on the shore. It was a beautiful lake, and its colors shifted from shimmering mauve to deep tawny yellow in a single morning, turning turquoise, coral and finally scarlet and lavender in the late afternoon.

The admiral and Annie spent their time in this village much as they had in the other places. Annie stayed indoors until after siesta, and then there was usually a cocktail party or tea party or what in his mind he called "a bun fight"—which was what his father used to call a ladies' tea or luncheon—to which she went. For him the day began earlier. He had always been an early riser, and the village was noisy with awakenings in the morning. Most Mexicans arose in the dark and began the day's work before the sun leaped into the sky. The admiral, restless after the years of naval discipline, forced himself to remain in bed until it was light, but then it was his habit to get up, shower, dress and go for a walk along the lakeshore before breakfast.

He enjoyed these walks. The mornings were cool and clear, and because of the slight altitude—the village elevation was about 5,000 feet, a relief after Tepoztlán's 7,000—the mornings, no matter how hot the day might become, were fresh and sparkling. He walked briskly, touching his cap in a friendly way when he passed a Mexican man, carefully looking preoccupied when one of the women passed him on her way to the *molino* with a bucket of corn to have ground into *masa* for the day's tortillas.

The admiral was shy, especially with women. He rarely saw any Americans on these early-morning walks since most of them were asleep. Once, as he strolled down the steep street to the lake, he came upon a group which, in the early daylight, was on its way home after some sort of drunken party. There were four or five of them, and one of them was a girl. They were very drunk and tired, and working hard at the task of getting to their houses. He looked into their pale young faces, not knowing that he scowled in disapproval. The girl wore an evening coat, which hung from her shoulders as though somebody had put it there when she didn't notice, and she swayed, so that it hung loose and unbuttoned as she walked. Her face was white and strained, and there were circles under her eyes. The young men with her helped each other, but even so they staggered and lurched against the adobe walls of the houses from time to time.

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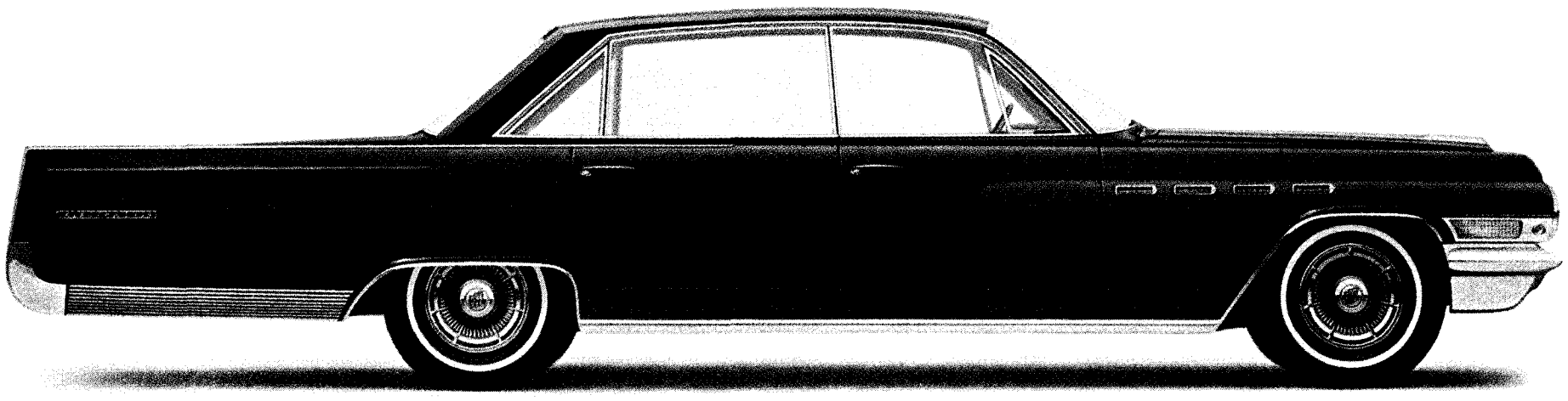

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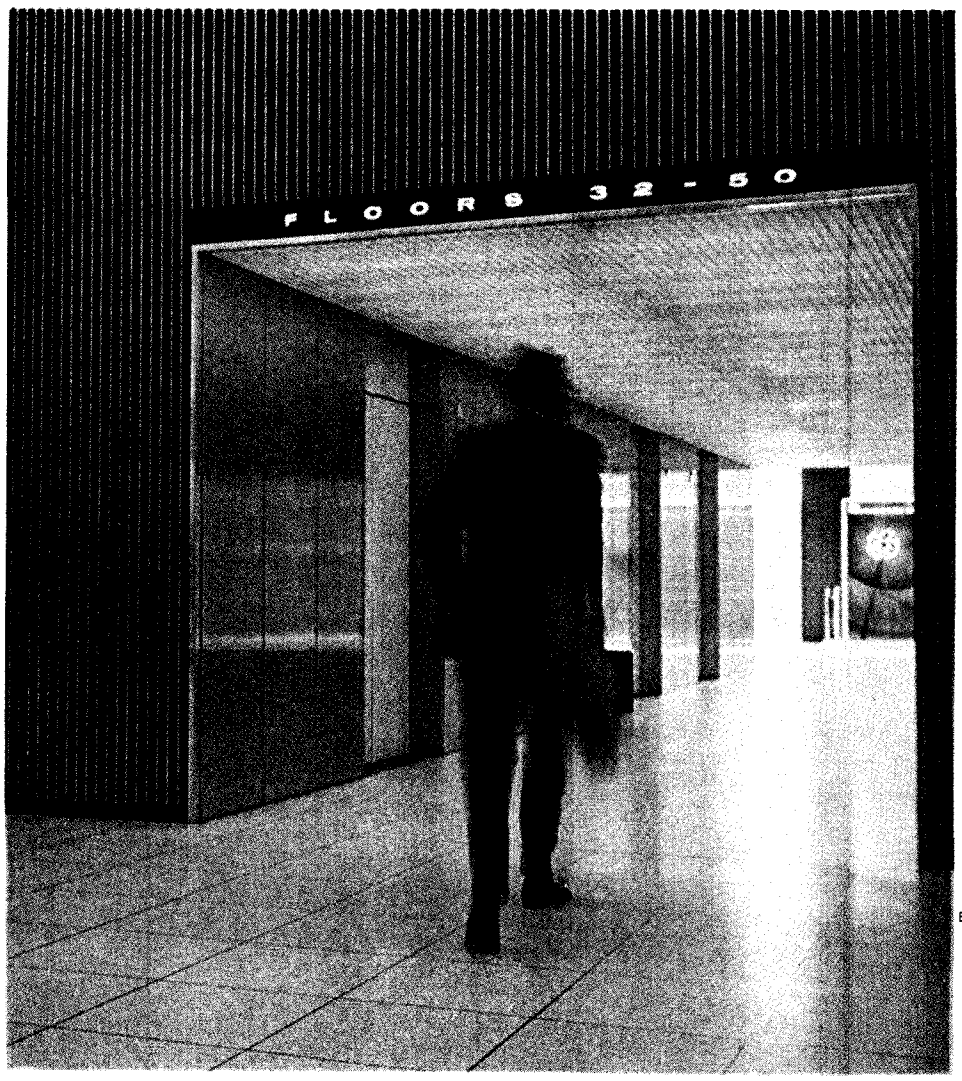

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WHERE'S ANNIE?

Just before they came abreast of the admiral, the girl slipped on the treacherous cobblestones and fell. One of the young men slowly pulled loose from his friend and stood swaying over the girl.

She whimpered. "My ankle," she said, rubbing it, staring at it.

"If you've broken your leg, I'll shoot you," the young man said.

They all laughed at this, including the girl, who gave up rubbing her ankle, rolled over and lay relaxed on her back on the stones, laughing. The young man who had spoken bent over her, almost fell on top of her, righted himself and pulled her up. She stood there swaying, still laughing, and they moved past the admiral up the street.

The incident disquieted him. He'd seen plenty of drunks in his life, and in his 20's he'd made a hearty but unsuccessful effort to become one, but there was a disturbing quality about these particular drunks that he couldn't explain. Perhaps it was because not one of them saw him or spoke to him, or perhaps it was because they looked very unhappy in their intoxication. Or maybe, he thought, resisting the idea without knowing why, it was the sight of their youth that shut him out as though he were suddenly invisible, without presence, without importance, so that as he walked along afterward he felt unreal even to himself. He looked determinedly at the lake and the green-velvet mountains beyond the lake.

The lake gave the village a reason for being there. Everywhere else in the world the admiral had been conscious of why a city was where it was—except in Mexico. San Miguel and Guanajuato, for instance, seemed to him simply to be there through some capricious accident, to have stood there until people came and lived in the houses. Dotting the countryside were other towns and small villages whose reason for existence he could not understand. In the United States he always knew the reason a town became a town—it was a crossroads of trade routes, or built on a railroad line, or on the edge of a power-giving river; but in Mexico often he was bewildered, for there was no reason for half its towns being where they were instead of someplace else.

The lake made the village beautiful and was probably the reason the foreigners came here. The Americans who were real empire-building businessmen went to the big cities of Mexico, where they found a new economic frontier, equivalent to the United States at the turn of the century. They were the money-makers, whose hearts strained always toward the moment of going home, laden with booty, to the world of country clubs and baseball games and new cars every year. But living in big cities cost more, and the artists who did not yearn to go home and who came for the cheap living on their meager incomes—and because Mexico begged to be painted—found small villages such as this one and settled down. Traveling through San Miguel, the admiral had met a number of artists, large ladies in floppy hats who set up easels in the open and painted happily like children. There were many artists here, too, and he thought that if he were an artist he might want to live here a long time and paint what he saw.

The ideal climate in the village, plus the rate of exchange, was what probably attracted the nuts—the folk singers and those women who wore full black skirts and tight black jersey tops, who made raffia mats or fired their own ceramic ashtrays or, worse still, handloomed cloth which they then mistakenly wore. These were the same ones who went in for blackstrap molasses, yogurt and raw foods, who, at the same time they added this false fastidiousness to their lives, were trying to be primitive, back to the soil and the simple life, "of the earth, earthy," as one of them said to him. The bearded crackpots drifted here from Majorca or Tahiti, along the route the bums of the world take, with women, or with other men, or both, harmless enough most likely, but to the average American mind just no damned good. Looking at them, the admiral always felt a hot wave of pity for their fathers, thinking what a legion of solid citizens there must be, dismayed and bewildered by what they had begotten. He was, he thought, no Babbitt himself, but he couldn't help thinking about these fathers and feeling sorry for them. For example, homosexuality didn't bother him, as a spectacle or as a reality—he'd kept up with things since he'd left Princeton, and he'd read *Time* and he was neither uninformed nor righteous—but he sorrowed with the fathers, who didn't know what that was all about. That, he told himself, must be tough.

There was a great deal of drinking among the foreigners in the village. Liquor was cheap and there were many parties—parties before lunch, which at this altitude was the heavy meal of the day and at home would be called dinner, parties before supper and parties after. There were parties at the Posada, the beautiful inn on the lake shore, almost every evening, and the tourists were always there, and the residents attended these parties upon invitation. Annie liked these, and he went with her to several of them, but he didn't enjoy them. They seemed to work out so that Annie became involved with the younger residents of the town, while he found himself surrounded by tourist schoolteachers. These fluttered around him cooing like excited pigeons and automatically excluded him from the gayer group around Annie. Everyone else ignored the traveling teachers, except for the few couples who lived in town and operated shops and who, therefore, Bohemian though they might be, were also compelled for practical reasons to be nice to the temporary visitors. The admiral thought of these Bohemian business people as real expatriates, for most of them spoke Spanish as fluently as they spoke English and had no intention of ever returning to the States. These formed a clique which was the social core of the village, since they were permanent, and the other cliques—the artists and writers and retired rich people—circled around them.

Victoria removed the rubber earplugs. "What did you say?" she asked. "I'm plugged up. I'm working."

There was one group which Annie told him was pretty disreputable. It was made up of ex-servicemen for the most part, some of them living on disability compensations from the U.S. Government, some of them making a pretense of getting an education at American Government expense at the University of Guadalajara which, from all reports, did not know what to teach them on the rare occasions when they did show up there. But they did not want to give up their share of the money paid for the purposes of educating them—so there was a kind of tacit diplomatic agreement in effect that if at all possible these "students" should stay at home in their village and not bother anybody. They were young and seemed peculiar and rather brazenly dirty. They did not talk to each other in GI slang, which the admiral would have understood, but in a strange, mumbled, unintelligible jargon all their own, which he had never heard before.

Among the English-speaking population there were many jargons, but most of them were just the precious artistic stuff he thought was a lot of baloney. The painters and the nuts used a lot of foreign phrasing—French usually—and talked, he thought, like undergraduates. The writers had an entirely different way of talking. They were the unhappiest-looking people in town. They seemed frightened and worried and talked with false bravado about despising commercial success. Some of them only talked and didn't seem to write at all; some worked constantly and said less than the others. The latter were usually at the post office when the mail came in the afternoon, posting manuscripts off to the States in big Manila envelopes and, just as regularly, getting them back. The admiral had a lot of respect for real writers—the old boys, like de Maupassant and Balzac, Virgil and Homer, Wordsworth and Pope—but he found it impossible to associate the writers he met in the village with those great names. He thought these were mostly goof-offs, small talents, desperate kids who probably should be selling shoes. What did they know about life and what in hell could they have to say?

There were exceptions—Lawrence Creighton for instance, who'd left the advertising business to write the great novel, who might, just possibly might, get to be something as a writer. There was Victoria Beacon, who'd been pretty famous and, he supposed, since she was a professional, an exception. He'd never read any of her novels; he didn't go much for contemporary fiction; it all seemed tortured to him, except for detective stories, which he liked, stupid as most of them were. But Annie had a high opinion of Victoria and talked about her and said she'd loved her last book. It had been a best seller, and Annie had read it some time before their marriage three years ago. She was fan enough to be thrilled to be in the same village with Victoria, she said.

Victoria puzzled him more than anyone else there. He saw her often on his morning walks. He thought at first that she was Mexican. She was a chunkily built little woman who wore her long dark hair in two Indian-style pigtails, braided, tied with bits of colored ribbon or yarn, the way the *Indio* women did. Her skin was dark, and at first, when he heard her speaking voluble Spanish to the grocer one day, he was sure she was Mexican. But after a while he noticed the typically American way she walked, erect, almost martial in her carriage, rapid-gaited and precipitate. And then one evening in the Posada he heard the Americans talking about "Victoria," and finally somebody said something that told him this was the name of the little woman he'd seen who puzzled him. People spoke of her with tolerant affection, as though she were somehow fascinating and important to

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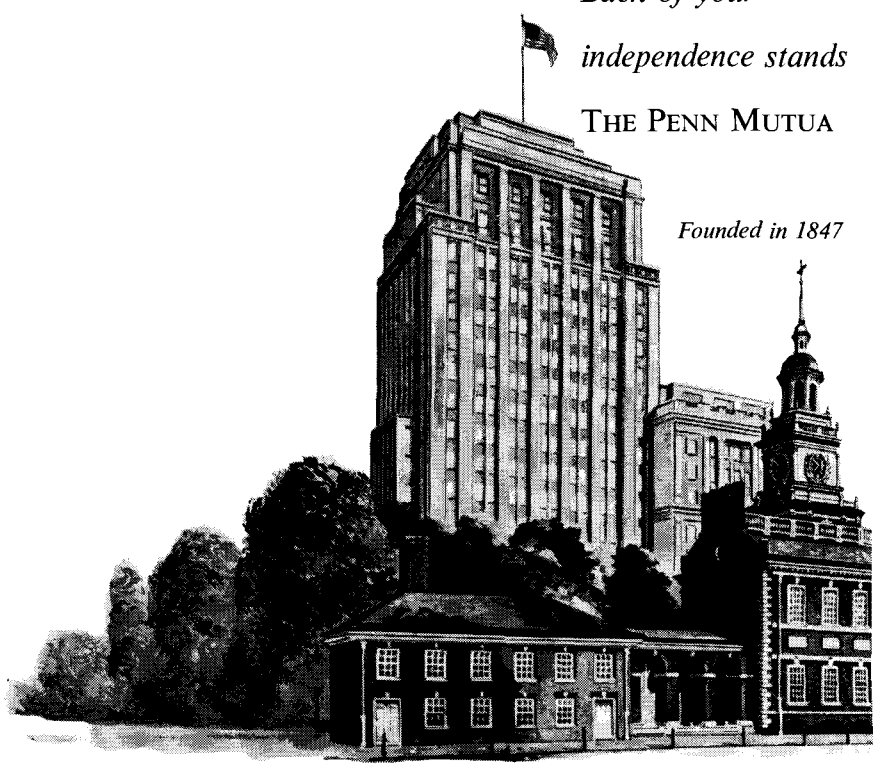

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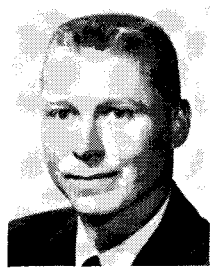
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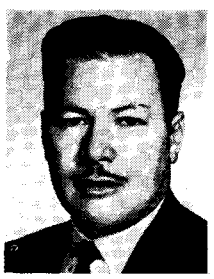
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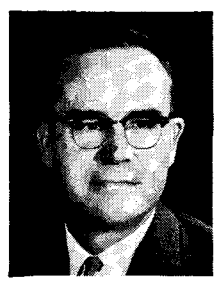
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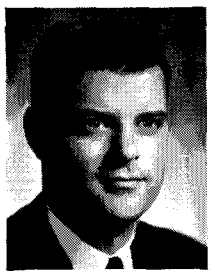

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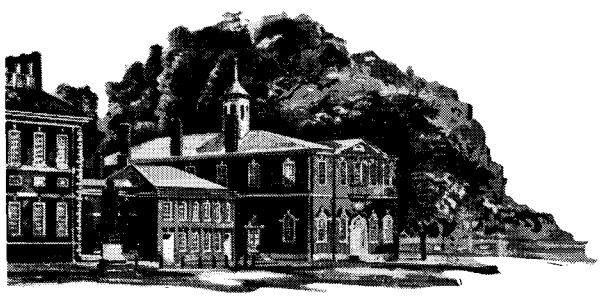

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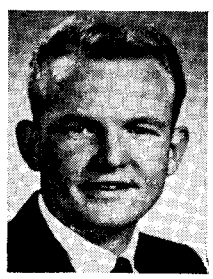

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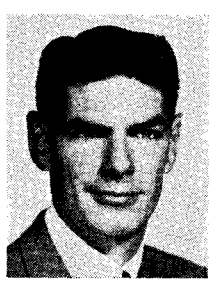

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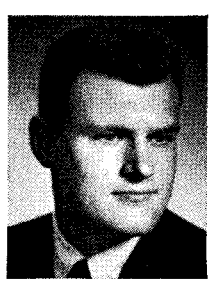

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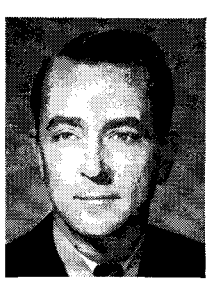

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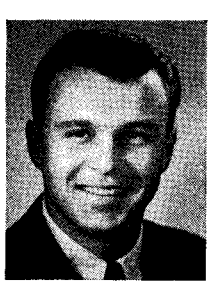

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them, a beloved eccentric whose remarks could always be quoted, being clever, brilliant or absurd. People talked of how unfriendly she was, as though it were an achievement, and how she constantly refused invitations, as though it were proof of her value. One woman said, "I asked Victoria to come tonight and she said, 'Get away from me. Get away from my house. Don't knock on my door. Don't invite me places. What time is the supper being served?'" There was a shout of laughter. "She'll come if she's hungry," somebody else said, and they all laughed again.

The admiral usually saw her when he got to the lake shore. She walked in the mornings straight down the hill to where the cement pier extended like a thick frozen finger out over the shore. Once the lake waves had billowed and broken here. Now, because the lake had shrunk, the end of the pier was several yards from where the water began. Victoria walked to the end of it and sat down under the sign facing the water which said, BIENVENIDO, as though ships could come in and sailors alight to be welcomed, and as though she, like the sign, were waiting for them.

One day the admiral almost bumped into her when she stumped swiftly around a corner directly into his path.

"Out of my way," she said, not looking up.

"Sorry," he said and stepped aside.

Afterward he found that he was angry at the way she had treated him, but at the time he had automatically obeyed the urgent voice of command.

There was something familiar about it, the ring to her voice and the fire-eater look of her, and he realized, thinking about it afterward, that she reminded him of Hazel, his first wife, dead now six years. That was partly why he'd obeyed so automatically. Hazel had had a way of bluntly saying what she meant which, when it wasn't turned on him, he'd respected and enjoyed and now missed. Strictly on the level was Hazel, with no damned nonsense about her, and the first year of his marriage to Annie he'd kept up a running argument with Hazel in his mind, trying to justify to her his marrying a girl 25 years younger than himself. But he lost the argument because he remembered too well the wide-eyed cynicism and the mocking grin with which, he knew, she would listen to his rationale. He wasn't fooling her and he wasn't really fooling himself. Now, except in the moments when it seemed to him it would have been a great comfort to be here with Hazel, who'd have seen it all pretty much the way he did, and made short shrift of it at that, he had successfully banished her from his mind. She mocked him with her honesty no more—until he saw Victoria, and she revived the disapproving ghost of Hazel again.

He resolved to avoid Victoria after that, but if he couldn't avoid her and did meet her, he'd put her in her place. Probably, for all her being famous, she was just a nut like the rest of them down here.

But the next time he saw her, and braced himself for the meeting, she looked full into his face, and her wide dark eyes were smiling and her mouth widened in a friendly, urchin grin.

He was surprised into touching his cap and saying to her, "Good morning, ma'am."

Her smile dwindled; she stood still; she tugged at her ear and removed a rubber earplug. "What did you say?" she demanded, the smile gone as though it had never been. "Is something the matter? I'm plugged up. I'm working, do you understand, I'm *thinking*. What is it you want?"

He felt his neck go red and he said, with his voice grating in his suddenly dry throat, "I beg your pardon. I just said—good morning, that's all."

"Oh," she said, and put the plug back in her ear. "Good morning." She brushed past him, muttering to herself.

After that, whenever he saw her coming, he turned the other way, crossed the street, avoided her no matter how inconvenient it might be. It wasn't difficult; now, imperceptibly, he had begun to avoid all the Americans. He touched his cap to Mexicans, but when he saw Americans, he pretended to be greatly preoccupied and walked past them staring at the ground, cloaked in his thoughts. It worked, as it had worked when he stood on his bridge, not looking at his officers.

Which is how it happened that the day Charles spoke to him he walked on a few steps automatically before he realized what had happened. Then he turned back at once, not wanting to seem rude. Charles was a very tall, very thin young man, who drifted lazily around the village wearing an old pair of Marine Corps pants, his manner half insolent and half propitiatory, his eyes heavy-lidded and cynical. The admiral had seen him many times, often with some of the others of the ex-GI group, often alone. Charles was the cleanest of the lot, and the admiral had been struck by his laugh,

She was with the handsomest young man he had ever seen.

which had a rare sound for laughter, of spontaneous, whole-hearted enjoyment. When the admiral had heard Charles laugh, his own lips had twitched, and he had been unable to keep from smiling.

He turned back. "What?" he said. "Did you say something to me?"

"Yeah. I'm out for a walk and you're out for a walk, and I thought we might walk along together," Charles said.

The admiral looked at him in surprise. Charles was smiling as though he had told only the first part of a joke and the rest was about to come now, but he didn't say anything more. The admiral thought the smile was probably an index of the boy's embarrassment.

"Fine," he said, trying not to sound hollow. "Let's do that."

Charles fell in beside him, and they walked along together to the shore and turned without speaking onto the path along the lake. Charles carried a stick, and he whacked at the bushes with idle viciousness as they went. The admiral wondered what in the world he could talk to Charles about. Not the Marine Corps, certainly.

Charles said, "I got nothing against anybody who was brass. Some people do. I could never understand it. I figure you guys were victims too. You didn't set it up and you couldn't knock it down. You didn't want to be there either. Hell, I'm hip. It's just stupid to blame the guy who's playing boss, like it's stupid to blame the guy working for you." He looked at the admiral. "You agree with that, sir?" he said.

"More or less," the admiral said.

"You don't talk much to anybody."

"No, I don't." He told Charles about Victoria. "I said good morning to her," he said. "She smiled at me, you see, and I was being polite."

"Ah, Vickie's a flip." Charles laughed. "She wasn't smiling at you. Maybe one of her inner voices told a joke." He looked sideways at the admiral and laughed again. "She's a real flip."

They walked along for a while unspeaking. The *chicharras* in the trees buzzed and clacked like angry schoolteachers; roosters crowed, and somewhere in a house nearby a radio chattered metallically. Their shoes crunched on the stony sand.

"Vickie's pretty wild," Charles said. "You ever read any of her books?"

The admiral shook his head. "No, but my wife has. She seems to think she's a pretty good writer."

"Yeah," Charles said. "Vickie had it made."

A Mexican riding on a burro came along the path toward them, his long legs hanging down almost to the ground, his broad hat tipped forward on his head. They stepped aside for him, but he steered the burro off the path and went by them, head down, not looking.

"A *crudo*," Charles said, chuckling.

"*Crudo?*"

"That's what they say in this village. Boy, am I ever *crudo!* they say. Hung over. *Hombre*, they say."

"Oh." The admiral had thought the man simply did not want to greet them. They passed the fishermen spreading their nets out from pole to pole along the beach, and together regarded the line of black *canoas*, like so many triangles, moving slightly with the ripple at the lake's edge.

"I'd like to sail one of those," the admiral said. "That one with the red sail."

Charles looked at the *canoa*. "Yeah?" he said. He stood still. "No jazz?" he said.

The admiral shook his head. "Very interesting craft," he said.

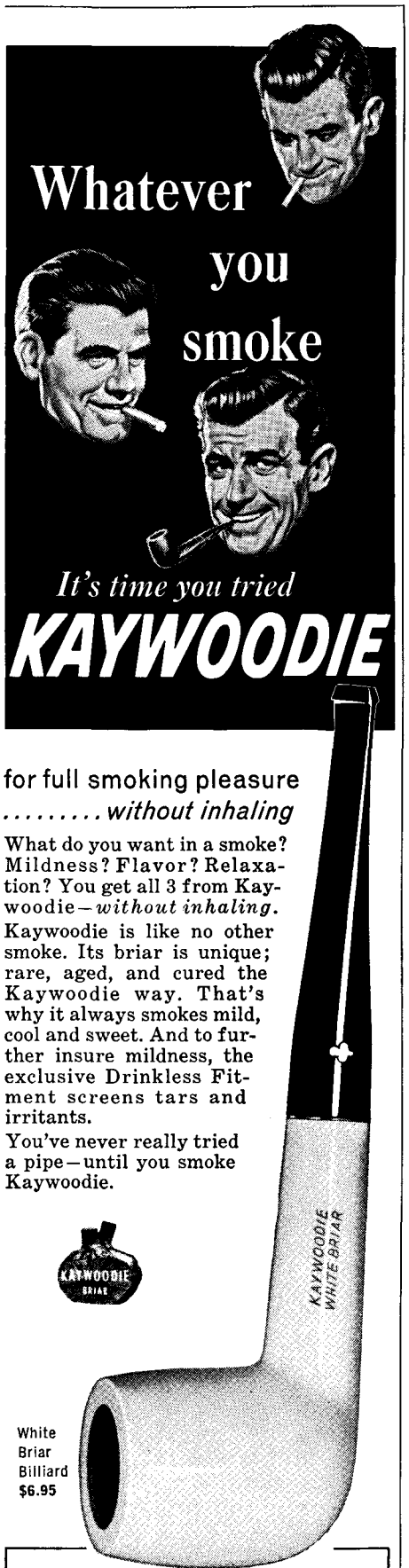
"Want me to fix it up for you, sir?"

A little surprised, the admiral nodded amiably, and waited while Charles sauntered off and talked to one of the fishermen.

He came back and said the admiral could take the boat out tomorrow afternoon if he wanted to; the fisherman would rent it to him for 50 pesos. The *canoa* had been freshly caulked, and by tomorrow the tar should be completely dry.

"Splendid," the admiral said slowly. "Care to come along?"

Charles smiled. "Crazy," he said indifferently. "I'll go tell Nacho it's OK for tomorrow, sir." He loped off again, and the admiral stood there pushing at the coarse dark sand with his shoe, feeling the sun hitting down hard on his head now, and tried to think of a pleasant way to ask this gaunt young man not to call him "sir" in that aging, respectful manner. He could tell him his name was



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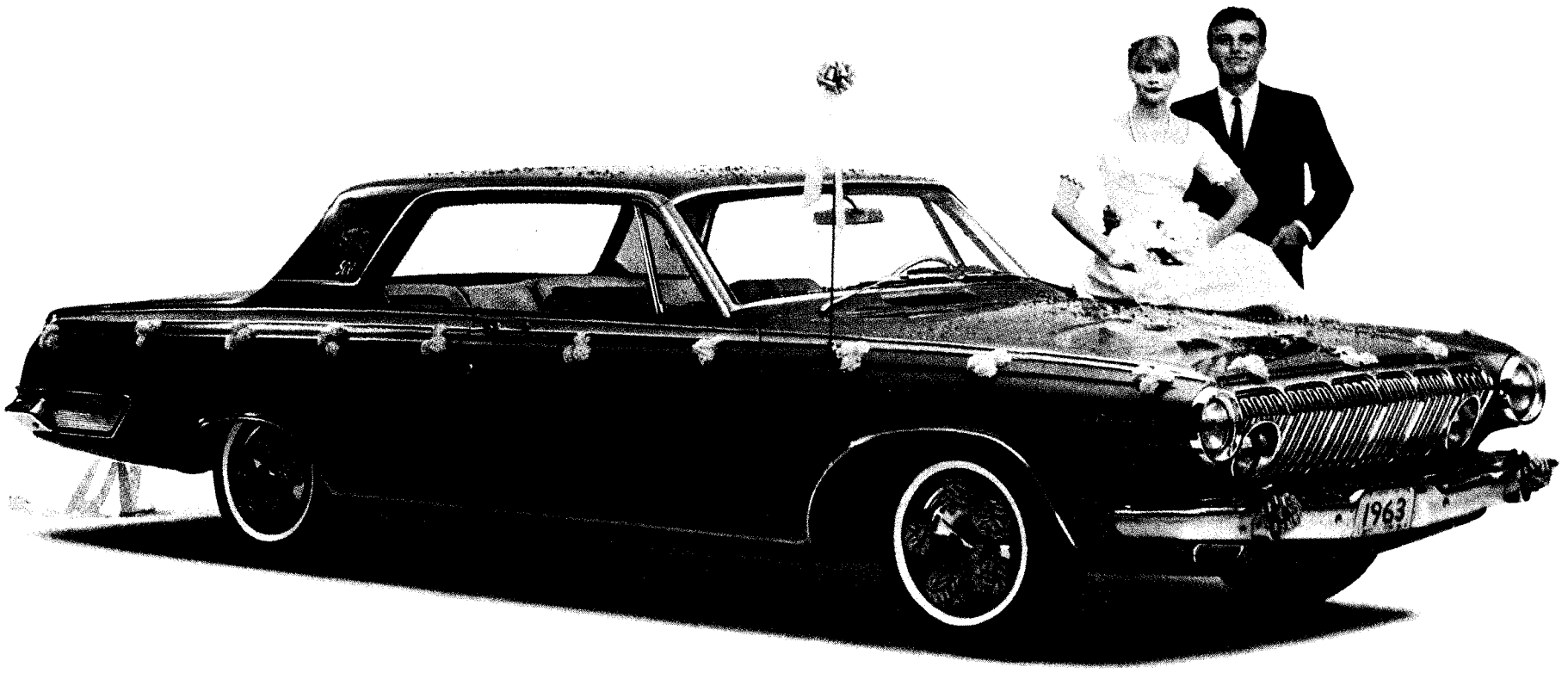

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WHERE'S ANNIE?

Cunningham. Or Andy? No. Andy was too boyish, and he hated "Andrew." He was afraid if he said anything, Charles would just begin to call him admiral or something worse. He decided to wait until tomorrow and see how they got along when they were out in the boat together.

The next afternoon he put on a yachting cap and wore white ducks and an Italian striped T-shirt and cork-soled shoes. He felt young, lean and seaworthy, and he kissed Annie good-bye and set off for the lake. When he got to the shore the fisherman was there, squatting on his heels beside a big rock, but there was no sign of Charles. He paid the man the 50 pesos. The fisherman said something that he could not understand, touched two fingers to his sombrero, slid his brown feet into his worn huaraches and walked away.

The admiral waited three quarters of an hour, and when Charles did not come decided to go alone. He pushed the boat farther out into the water easily enough and waded along until he was in to the waist. He did not like the feel of the lake bottom, which was not clean like the bottom of a mountain lake or the ocean floor, but muddy with slime which eddied thickly about his calves. He got into the boat and began to pole the boat away from the shallow beach. He was caked with drying mud, and the tropical sun was very hot.

He could see Victoria hunched down under the sign at the end of the pier as usual. It seemed to him that she was watching him, but he wasn't sure, because it was hard to tell where she was looking from behind her enormous dark glasses until she waved at him. When she did that, he looked quickly away, not wanting to return her salute, flushing again with remembered embarrassment. There was no sign of Charles anywhere on the shore, and he admitted to himself that, along with being annoyed at the boy's irresponsibility, he was also disappointed; he had rather liked him.

The blow left him dazed. He kept sinking into the dark water.

He soon discovered that the boat was ridiculous. It shipped water at an amazing rate. It was built high and sharp, with its prow off balance, and the colorful red sail was insecurely fastened to the mast. He looked at the hand-hewn mast in bewilderment; it wasn't even straight.

He had thought, looking at the water from the security of its sandy edge, that this was a pleasant lake, something like Arrowhead in California. But he saw, now that he was out on it, that it was riddled with crosscurrents and strange tides; the waves were choppy and ugly-looking, unpredictable; he was the only living thing afloat for miles and miles. Looking at its turgid, chaotic flow, he decided that it was an abnormal lake altogether, which didn't even have honest-to-God fish in it, just some kind of whitefish so thin you could see through them, and catfish. He'd never liked catfish. But the water was so loaded with silt he guessed nothing much could live in it.

The boat was moving along, but there was something peculiar about its motion which troubled and puzzled him, and he was just deciding to give up and go back to shore when it happened. He did not know then, and was never to know, what it was that happened. All he knew was that one moment he was looking at the swirling opaque waters, and the next instant the sail luffed and flapped, and he turned quickly to look at it. The boat swung sharply about as though it were beginning to spin. He felt no shift in the wind, but suddenly he was flung against the spindly mast and heard a cracking noise and a tearing sound and the sucking of waves. Abruptly he was sinking in the shocking cold water. He opened his eyes, looking about him in the dark water, and began to kick his legs. He felt no panic, only a kind of enduring amazement.

The water was not at all buoyant, but his old legs kicked sturdily, as they had learned to do in the cradle, and he rose fast and smashed his head into the *canoa* above him. The blow dazed him, and now all he thought of was getting air. He turned on his stomach and began swimming hard underwater.

At last he came up into the sunlight and tried to gulp in a breath. His lungs would not open at first, and when at last they did, they wheezed like a pair of old bellows. The pain of breathing left him giddy and half conscious. But he sucked in the air, a little at a time, and became conscious of his eyes, which pained him sharply and felt as though they had popped. He blinked and thought he was blind, but after a while he could see light through the red haze of blood. When at last the red faded, he began to look about him for the *canoa*. It was not there. It had sunk and was now no doubt settling heavily into the ancient layers of slime beneath him. Blood was making a red stain near his face, and he put up his hand and felt the cut on his forehead. It was a wide gash.

He rolled over onto his back and tried floating, but he soon found that even with moving his hands and feet con-

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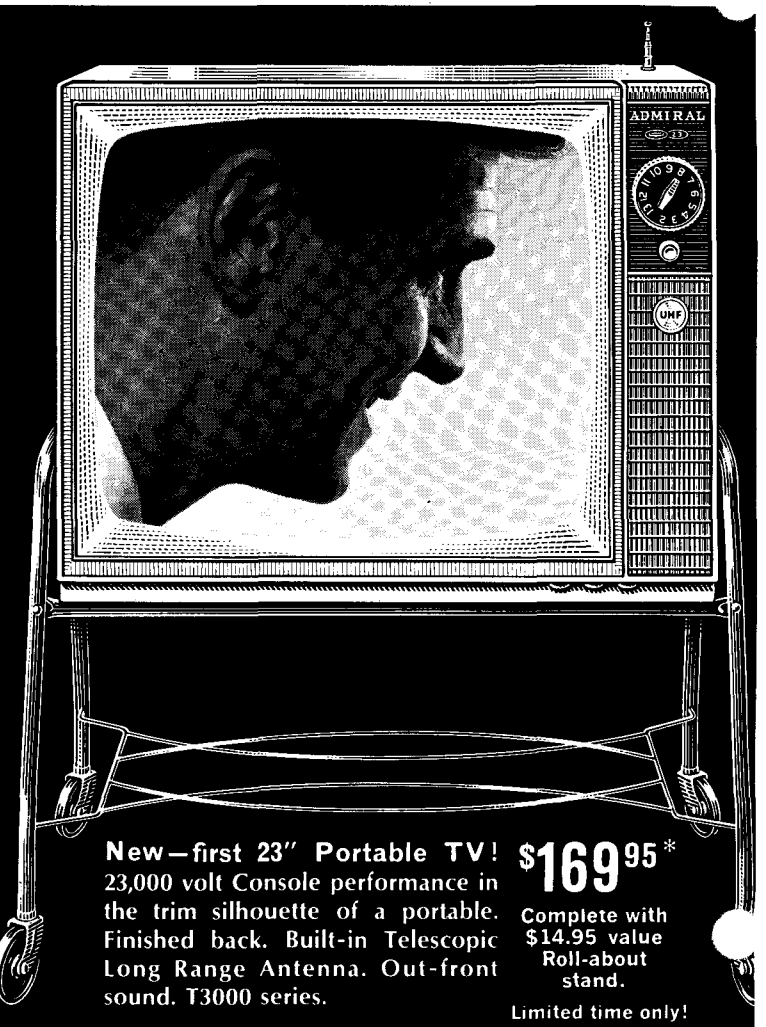

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stantly, he could not stay on the surface. He took a big breath and went down in a jackknife position and got his shoes off and began to tug at his pants. They were caked with mud and he sank low getting them off. Then he was air-hungry again and tired. He came up. He wished he had waited for Charles, and he discovered his eyes were filling with hot tears and unexpectedly he had thought of and wanted his mother.

But it couldn't be that he would drown in this little forgotten lake in Mexico after all the oceans and the wars, could it?

He spotted the white line of the pier. He was close to the middle of the lake, about a mile and a half, he estimated, out from the pier. He blinked up at the rolling white sun. It was going to be a long hard swim, and he probably wasn't going to make it. He turned over and began the sidestroke, long slow motions which he assumed propelled him through the water, but he had no sense of progress, of passing anything.

He had swum about half a mile, pausing often to rest, when he remembered the Navy doctor in San Diego saying to him, "Andy, you have the heart of a lion. It won't come to you that way." But he could swim in the lake until his lion's heart burst. He knew it. He felt his heart tiring right now, pumping hard, forcing him more and more often to lie on his back and drift and lose the yards he had gained by swimming.

He grew overpoweringly sleepy. His skin burned with blood, his head ached, and his eyes, irritated by the silty water, closed and closed, and it was hard to hold to a direction. His legs slowed, and he forced his arms to pull harder, dragging the lower three quarters of his body. His head kept sinking down under the curling waves, and he kept swallowing the damned hateful water.

He was thinking, *It's too lonely, I don't want it this way, I feel awfully sick, this is enough now*, when he got his head up a last time and sucked in air. Then he saw the boat coming toward him with what looked like Victoria in the prow, waving her arms, and he heard faintly over the noise of the motor, like the distant crying of gulls, the voices that shouted to him.

They pulled him into the speedboat, and once he was lying on the bottom and they had covered his twitching purple legs with a blanket, the fat man who owned the boat kept patting him here and there and shaking his head and saying, "For God's sake, admiral!" in a frightened, reproachful way. He knew all this, was aware of all this with a single point of bright perception in all the bewildered, delirious numbness of himself, which shone in his chaos with the single steady beam of a pencil flashlight and showed him whatever caught in its beam and nothing else. When any one of them moved out of it, the voice was lost to him and blurred into a sound like the cawing of birds. In the middle of hearing that sound, he had an abrupt dream, of the kind he had only when he was deeply asleep, in which he was lying under a blanket in bed and itching terribly all over, but when he scratched himself the scratching made a bird-cawing sound, which in turn scratched his inflamed red brain and made him cry out. He awoke from that dream in the grip of a terrible nausea, which was so vivid he was truly conscious for the first time. He was afraid he was going to be sick. One of the birds was cawing distinct words.

Annie seemed gay, slightly different after seeing Clay.

Victoria was saying, "He was showing off. He may not know that's what he was doing, but it was. I know these men who have had glory and lost it. I tell you I *knew* he was going to sink that boat today. *Knew* it. The water must always have been the arena for him where he could prove himself, demonstrate himself, so to speak . . . a retired admiral, you know. Water, you know. . . ."

"Aw, shut up, Victoria!" a man's voice said. Was it his own voice? No, he couldn't have spoken. There ought to be a way he could tell them he was going to be sick. With a tiny, sharp click, the pencil beam of the flashlight went out, and he rolled down into nauseous depths of dark.

They carried him into the patio of the Posada—it was the hotel speedboat which had brought him in—and sat him down in a leather chair. A gigantic grapevine grew over the bare beams above and gave the patio a weighted, grapy shadow which made it as cool as a mountain cave. They rubbed his legs and arms and chest and poured brandy down his throat, and when he was fully conscious—although still gasping for breath and with his eyes rolling—they bandaged his head and smeared iodine on his bleeding shins. He was grateful for the sting and burn of it, because it seemed to wake him up more, but there was still the sound of bird voices, raucous, crowlike and distant—and ringing around his head an ever-deepening halo of darkness. He could hear, but he thought he couldn't, and because of the blackness telescoping his vision, he thought he was blind. He stood up and said he was able to walk to his house, but they shoved him down into the chair again and he fainted.

When his eyes rolled open, seeing again, but still with the black rings outside of everything, he looked into Victoria's face. Her eyes were enormous and luminous, and he looked deeply into them. It was as though he could see into the black pupils, as though they were stages in the distance, and there were small white figures writhing there in some kind of agony. He saw them distinctly and sharply, but as infinitely small. He watched them, and fear crept through

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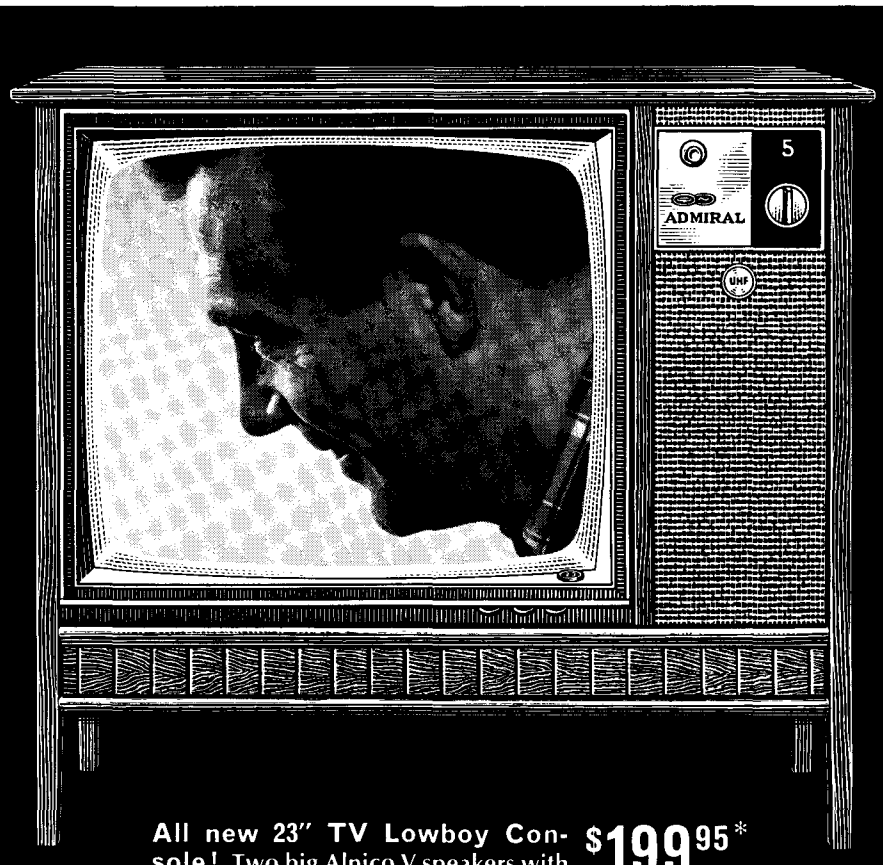

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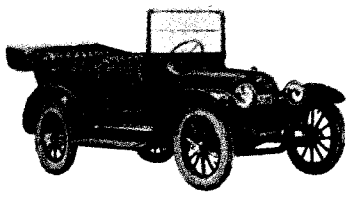
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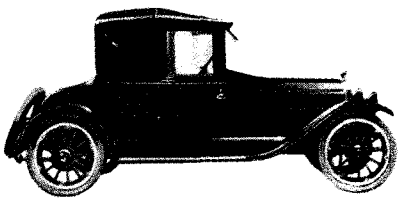
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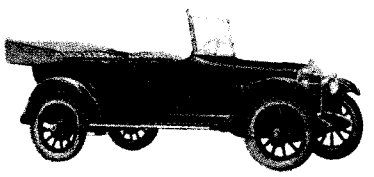
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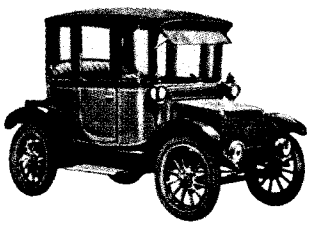
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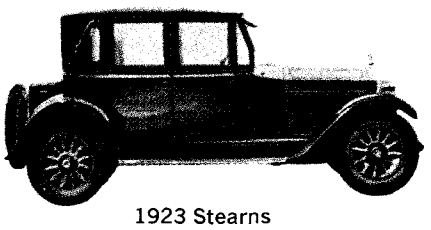
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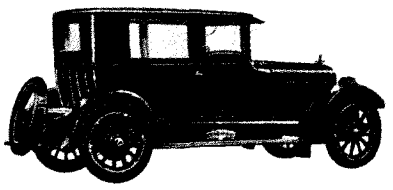
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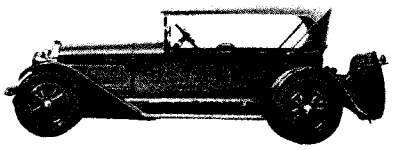
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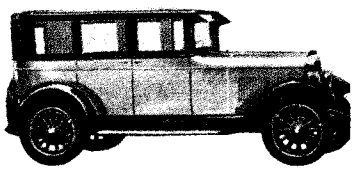
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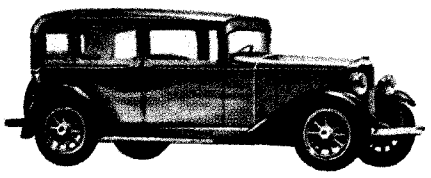
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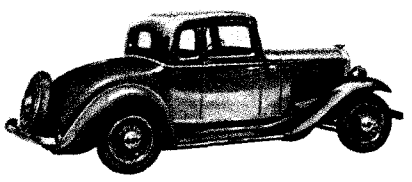
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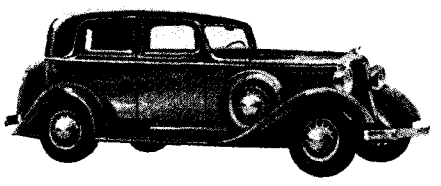
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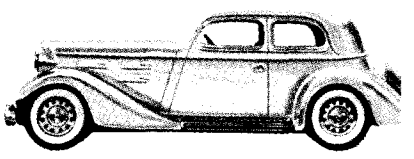
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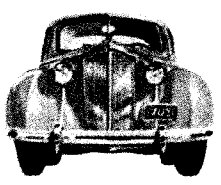
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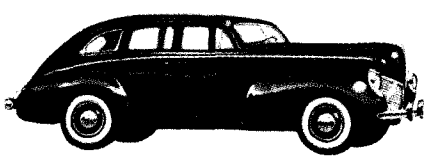
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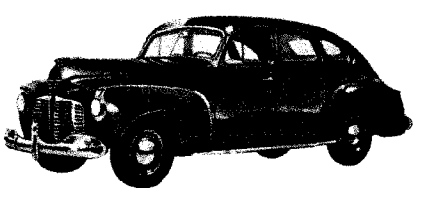
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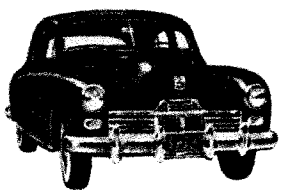
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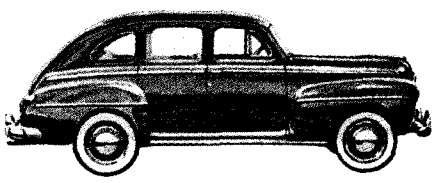
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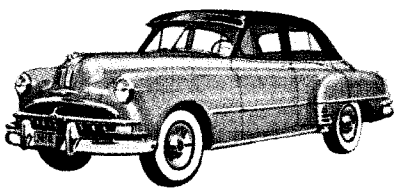
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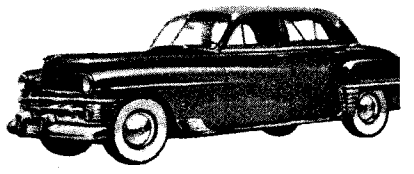
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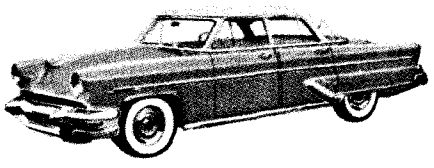
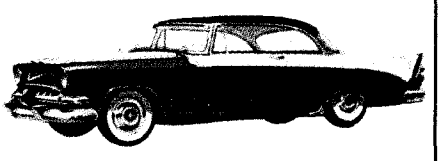
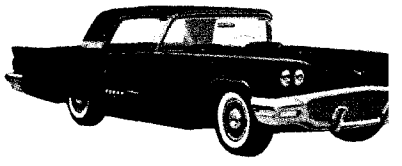

1955 Lincoln


1956 Dodge

1957 DeSoto


1958 Ford Thunderbird

Again in 1963...as in every single year for 48 consecutive years

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

If you would like a full-color reprint of this advertisement, just send a postcard to: The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, P. O. Box 666, Akron 16, Ohio

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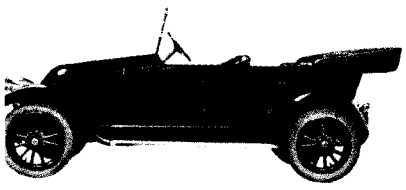
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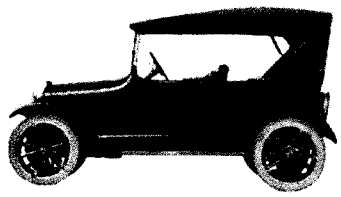
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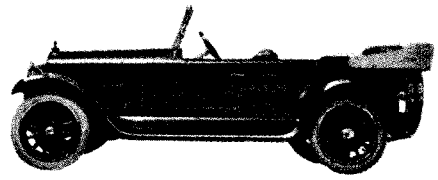
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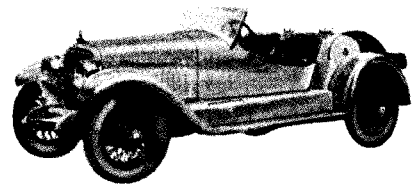
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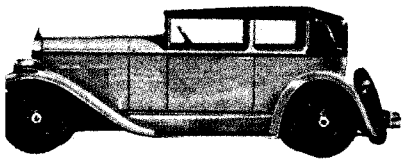
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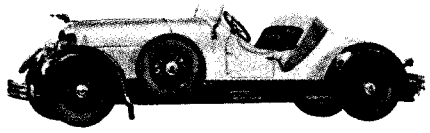
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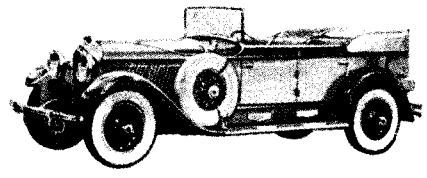
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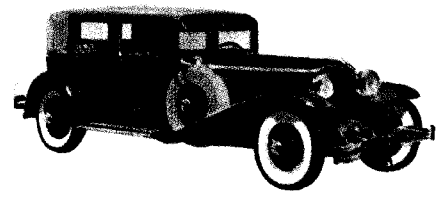
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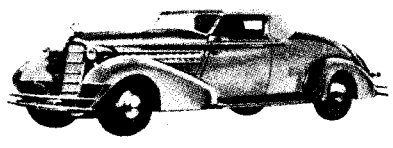
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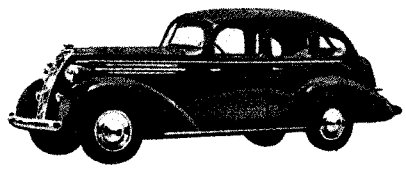
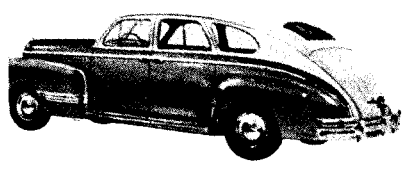

1936 Terraplane

1937 Hupmobile

1938 Ford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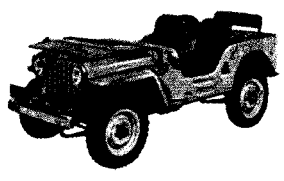
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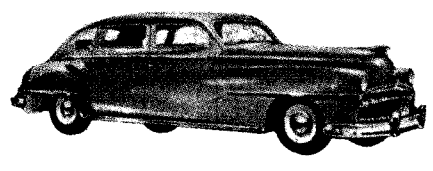
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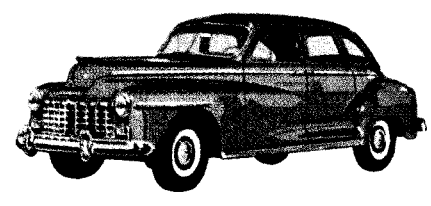
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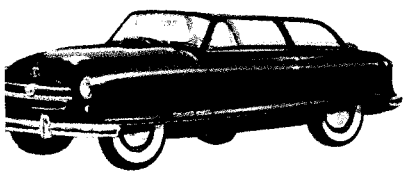
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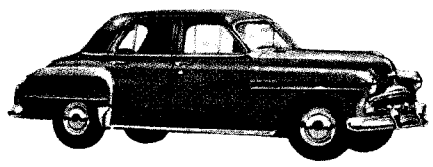
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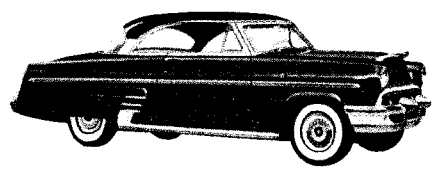
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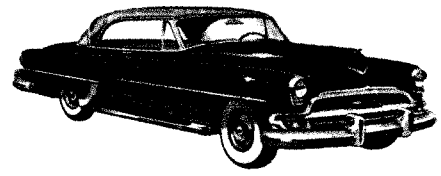
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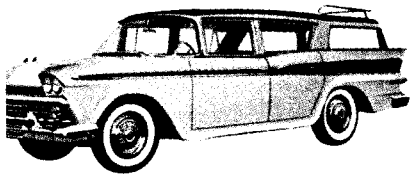
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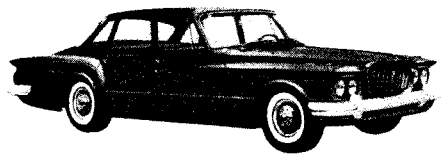
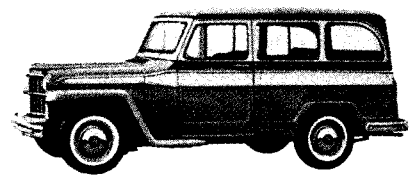

1960 Valiant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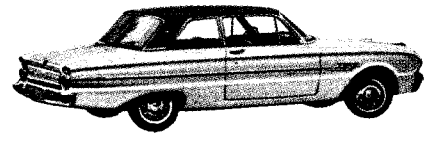
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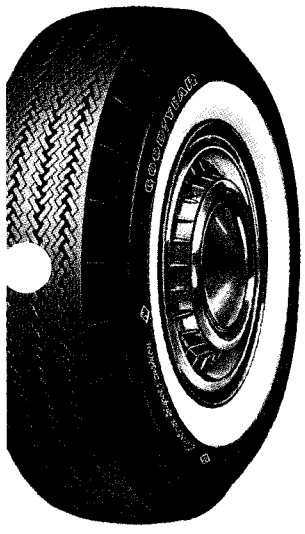

GOODYEAR

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HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL,
Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

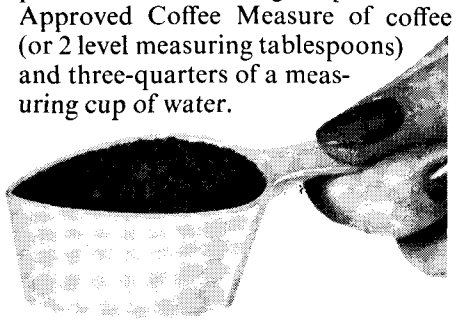
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

When you buy coffee:

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

When you measure coffee:

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



When you brew coffee:

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

When you serve coffee:

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

When you judge coffee:

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

Pan-American Coffee Bureau

WHERE'S ANNIE?

him, and he thought his first really coherent thought—that this was the most frightening of all the things that had happened to him. Hazel's eyes had once presented that look to him, and he had peered into them in the same helpless, sucked-in way, and seen small figures writhing, and it seemed possible now that this was Hazel; in fact it seemed impossible for it not to be Hazel. She moved away, closing up her eyes as she did and his head fell back. He listened, wondering what was it in her face that he had seen?

She said, "He's awake now." Her voice dropped until it was miserable. "I saw great fear in his eyes now. He knows he will live."

There was a silence and then a brisk clatter, and he lifted his head, knowing it was the clacking of her heels on the tile floor. He looked and saw her marching down the corridor and out the door, her back sturdy and small, her head held high. Now that she was gone, full consciousness began to return to him. He struggled to sit up straight.

Carl Rogers, who had a shop near the Posada—he was one of the businessmen-Bohemians—brought out his big blue Cadillac to drive the admiral up the street. A huddle of small Mexican children watched as they helped the blanket-wrapped admiral into the car, and then Carl, a big-faced man with a scraggly moustache and whose hands and feet were dirty, drove him the two blocks to his house.

"You feel all right?" Carl asked.

"Yes, thanks."

There was a pause while the Cadillac spongily moved over the deep ruts. Then Carl said, "Somebody said you're a retired admiral."

"That's right," He said.

"U. S. Navy?"

"Yes."

"No fooling," Carl said incredulously. "Probably a Pentagon admiral, huh?"

"No." The admiral sighed. He swallowed, and pain stabbed in his throat from the retching. "I sailed ships. *Not*, however, homemade canoes."

Carl glanced over at him. "Yeah, that's a mistake all right. I could have told you. Well, the natives get a kick out of it when a *gringo* sinks one of them. Happens every so often." He paused and bit down on his pipe. "Never with an American admiral on board though. They'll have a great laugh over that one." He shook his head.

Before the car jolted to its stop, the admiral had the door open. He got out and stood in his bare feet on the cobblestones, tugging the multicolored blanket closer about him.

He said, "Thanks for the lift."

He turned and strode furiously toward his house, fighting off the closing circle of blackness, scrabbling at the door and getting it open, stepping into the refuge of his home.

Annie was sitting in the flowering patio with the handsomest young man he had ever seen. His eyes were blue, his brows sharp and black, his hair dark and curly, and his skin pink with the glow of youth. He rose from his chair, staring at the admiral in his blanket.

Tears burned into the admiral's eyes and the blackness was closing in. He came forward, looking through the black for Annie.

"I almost drowned, Annie," he said.

For the next several days the admiral took it easy. He resented his tired body's need to rest, and when he called it "taking it easy" in his mind, another part of his mind smiled superciliously at his euphemistic choice of phrase. The truth was that he was full of fear and a sense of being old; the soreness of his ropy muscles and the way his heart labored when he took his slower walks—now they were promenades—argued for admission of his age. But even while he observed the change in himself and knew that in one day he had aged very abruptly, he held the knowledge away from himself. "I'll just lie around the patio today," he'd say, as though it were a decision for today only and not for the shrinking future. "Just take it easy and get some sun." And he lay in the sun, his brain bewildered by its eyelid-reddening heat, by the blaze which assaulted him, and did not—lest Annie notice—let himself check his racing pulse by putting his hand on his wrist.

He cradled the weeping Annie in his arms.
"Knew you were here. Knew it all the time."

When he shaved, he avoided the mirror's summation of his face, and saw it a section at a time, seeing and shaving the beard in this one place, not seeing his white hair—listless now, strawlike, not burnished, handsome silver—not observing the shadowy puffs under his eyes, ignoring the oddly raffish bandage on his forehead. At the table he tried to keep his suddenly tremulous, big-veined hands out of sight, and once in the living room, when he caught himself gazing at his edematous ankle, he lifted his gaze slowly to the height of the mango tree in the patio and did not look down again. He had begun to move rather carefully and to avoid unnecessary activity. He had always dashed about a lot. Well, perhaps not always, but certainly since he married Annie. Then he did it when he didn't need to, because he liked the feel of himself hurrying through a room on his way somewhere. Now he stacked things and carried them in one slow trip, and did without things he wanted instead of rushing off after them. He did not like to ask Annie to fetch and carry. Not yet, he told himself; he didn't have to take her youth and use it as he would use a servant's youth, or a nurse's.

Anyway, these days Annie was not always available. She was, in fact, seldom available. She was busy going places with the handsome young man who had been sitting in the patio with her the day he almost drowned. His name was Clay Patton. Sometimes she didn't go anyplace with him but stayed home, and then Clay Patton visited her. The admiral couldn't decide which was worse. He lay on a mat in the sunlight on the upper patio, hidden by a bush, listening to the lunge and beat of his heart, hearing Annie's laughter. Annie laughed a great deal lately, and her voice was becoming different, a little affected, breathier, younger. She sounded, when she was with Clay Patton, like a stage ingenue, fun-loving and a trifle silly.

Either Clay Patton was a very amusing fellow or Annie was getting feebleminded. He didn't really believe there was anything wrong with Annie's mind, so he began to strain to hear what it was Clay Patton said. But he never heard him say anything funny when he was eavesdropping. He assumed that Clay Patton must be different when he was alone with

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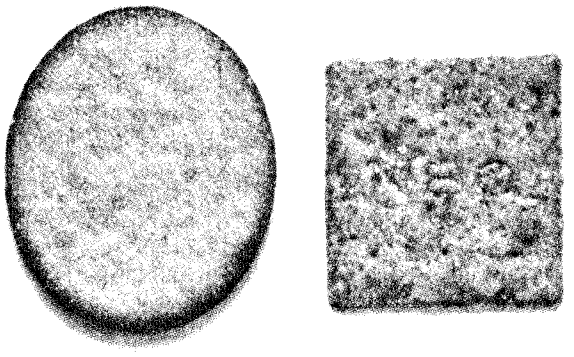
NABISCO

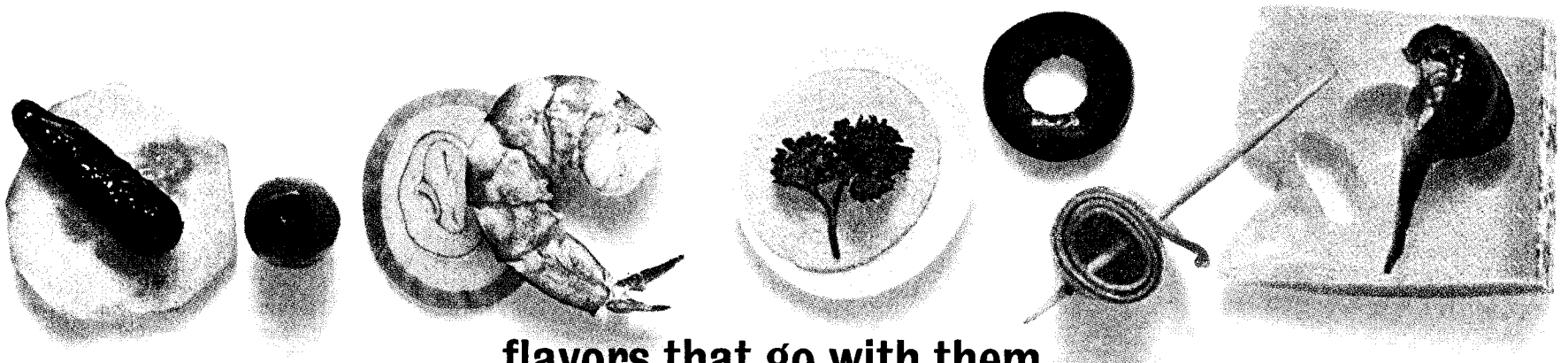
What makes Bacon Thins & Wheat Thins the fun crackers?



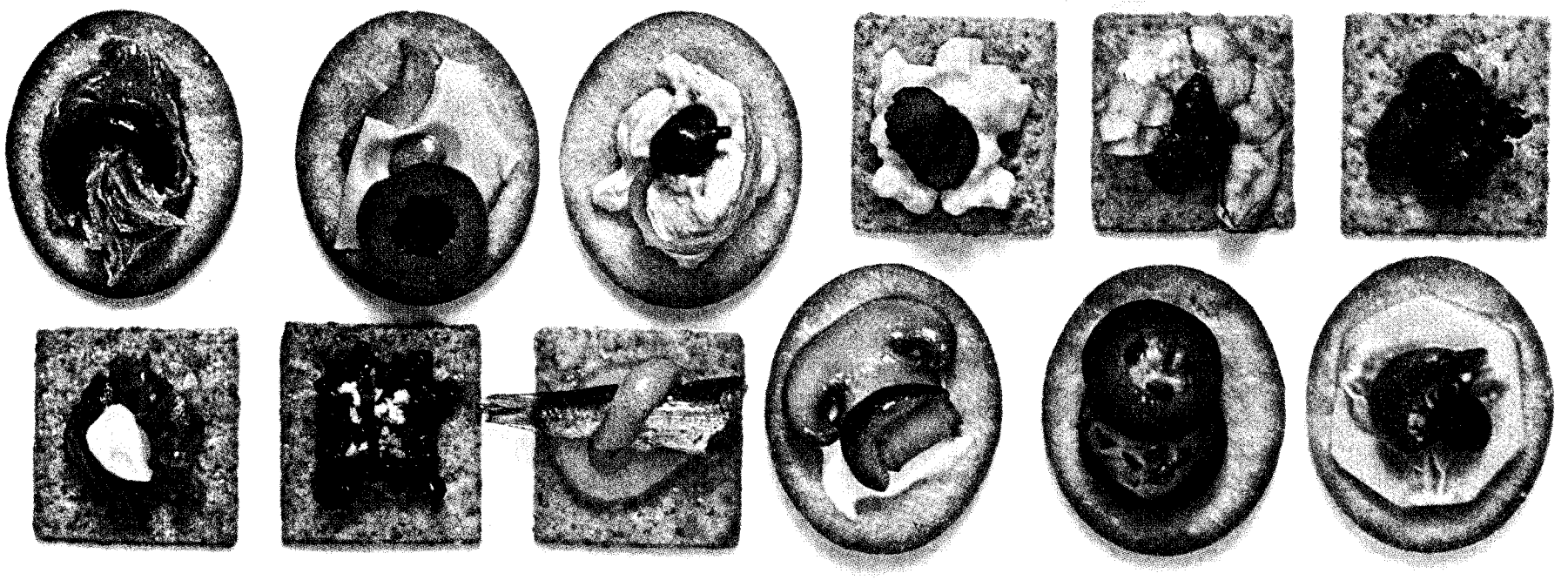
flavor

Savory with robust bacon-smoky taste . . . great just plain, or "snacked up" with all kinds of dips, spreads, canapés. A family favorite all around. That's crunchy, crisp Bacon Thins!

Toasty-crisp with real hearty whole-wheaty-good taste . . . slim as a wafer, and perfectly bite-sized. The finest of flavor partners for every snack at the party. That's Wheat Thins!



flavors that go with them



parties they go to

bright new packages they come in

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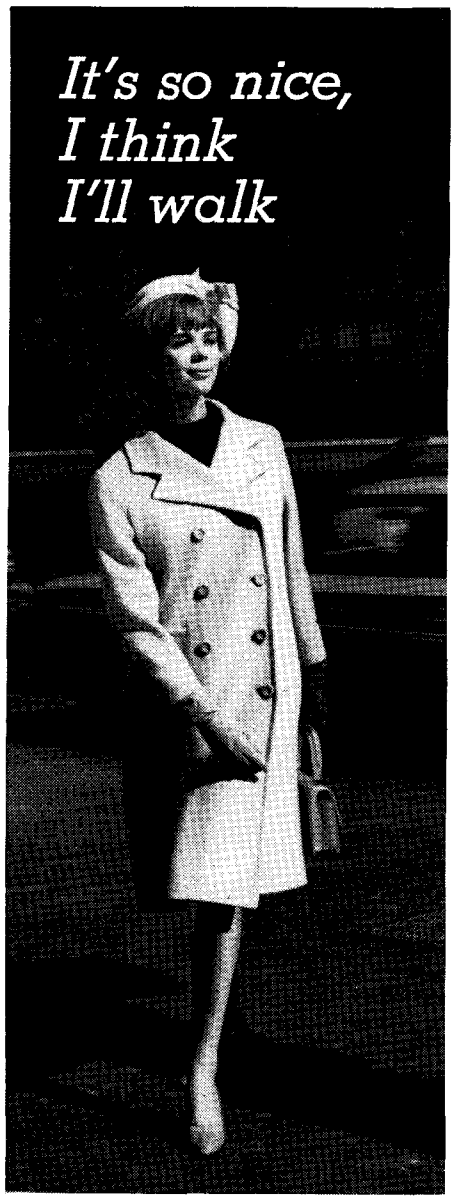


Remarkable how you feel like walking—even on "those days of the month"—when you're a Tampax user.

There is positively no chafing or irritation. In fact, you're not even aware you're wearing Tampax. The freedom after "the other way" is almost unbelievable!

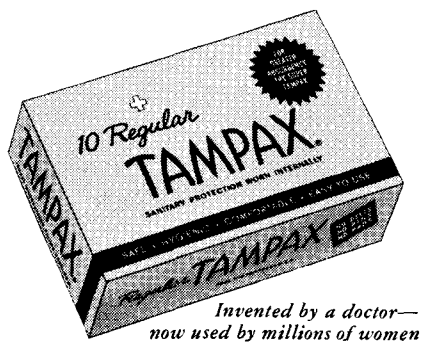
Even when you're doing something more strenuous—like bowling—odor can't form. Tampax makes you feel clean, fresh, immaculate! Tampax is easy to carry with you, easy to change, easy to dispose of. It was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women, married or single, active or not.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Why don't you join the millions of young modern women who swear by Tampax® internal sanitary protection? Your choice of three absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever such products are sold.

Try Tampax this very month. You'll be delighted you did. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

☆*Coat by PRL. Hat by John Fredericks.*



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

WHERE'S ANNIE?

Annie, because when the admiral was around, Clay Patton behaved as though he were in a sickroom or dealing with an august personage of great age. The way Clay said "sir" every few minutes was infuriating. It did not carry the gibe that Charles's "sir" carried; it was gravely delivered, superrespectful. It was the sort he once or twice had got from junior lieutenants—young men who thought him so old he must be incompetent and who, while they were scrupulously polite, with shining, scrubbed faces showing nothing of what they felt, nonetheless had a certain light look in their eyes he considered mutinous. It was necessary to show them that he was no fictional inept officer who could be given a sop of respect and otherwise safely ignored. He managed to reduce them to utter humility in a very short time. He was quite good at it; it was part of his job and it gave him a stubborn, ignoble satisfaction.

But Clay Patton was not in the Navy and neither was he. They were in Mexico, under a democratically pagan blue sky, at the mercy of the golden sun, the balmy nights, breathing the same scented air, in unfortunate equality, gazing at the same beautiful girl.

No, not the same beautiful girl. A beautiful girl of a wife with a slim body and green eyes and long, curling brown hair—that was the admiral's Annie. But what was Clay Patton's Annie? A princess in a tower, guarded by an enfeebled ogre? Or was Clay Patton's Annie a tramp? A pushover who stayed near him as much as she could, brushing his hand with hers, tipping her soul into his eyes when she looked at him—and found him handsome—spilling infatuation and innocent-animal-sexual hunger upon him, as though she poured them from a cup.

In the old days there used to be advertisements in the magazines for Arrow collars, featuring an extraordinarily handsome young man with a perfect profile and a pretty, girlish mouth. Many times in nightmares and daytime fantasies during the three years he and Annie had been married he had imagined a young man he called "Arrow Collars," knowing, with the cold hackles of dread rising on his skin, that one day such a young man would certainly appear—perhaps blond, perhaps dark, perhaps in a cable-stitched tennis sweater, but in any case, irresistible, to steal his Annie away from him. He knew he could not forever hide Annie away from the world, nor from Arrow Collars, not even in Mexico, and time worked against him.

But because he was so tired and so unable to do anything, really, without his heart's increasing its rising drumbeat, he told himself for the first couple of weeks that Clay Patton was just a jerk and all right for Annie to play with while he rested and got strong again. But gradually he found it impossible to keep on thinking this, and the unwelcome, heart-jolting thought came more and more often into his mind and would not go away: Was Clay Patton Arrow Collars?

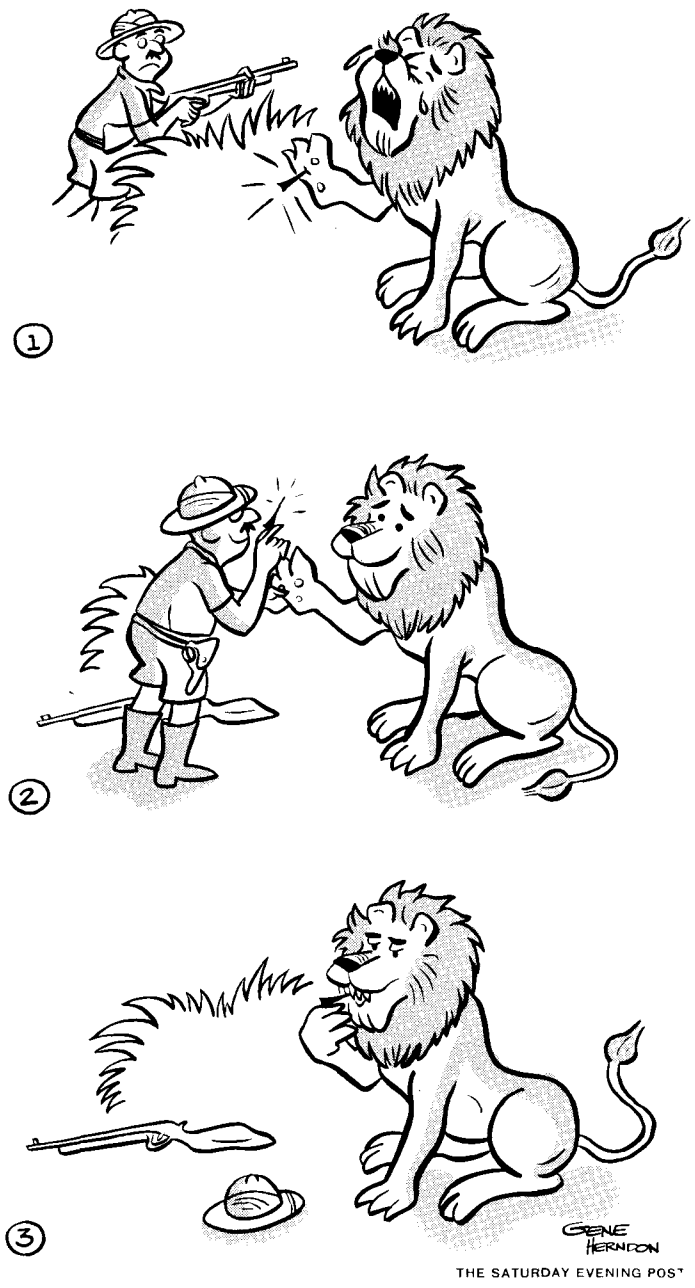
The admiral sighed and reminded himself to stop sighing. It was old and sick and sad to sigh that way. His mind showed him Gauguinlike pictures of the two, beautiful as Polynesians, in bright colors, and when his imagination evoked the memory of Annie's body, there came almost at once the thought of Clay Patton's hand caressing it, and he shuddered. Deadlier than a tarantula, that hand. He gritted his teeth, and his heart thudded within him so that the bones of his body shook with its bound.

Finally, one morning at breakfast he suggested to Annie that they go into Guadalajara for the day, do a little shopping, have lunch at the Copa de Leche, see a movie—all things Annie loved to do. But now she shook her head no, so that the shining brown hair slipped from side to side in a kind of dance, saying she had the day planned. ("Tennis, anyone?" said Arrow Collars in his mind.) She and some people were going to climb the mountain and have a picnic lunch at the waterfall and come back in time for a late siesta. (He'd been almost right.) He sat there, thinking of taking a chance and going with them, knowing he must not do it, not only for the sake of his tired, trip-hammer heart, but because he'd be short of breath, wheezing, perspiring, his legs rubbery, looking like an old man with a ridiculous bandage on his forehead to remind everyone of his ridiculous accident, while Clay Patton bounded effortlessly up the grade, probably singing with all that extra breath he'd have, or making his hilariously unfunny comments. As he sat there, thinking, his hand closed involuntarily on the yellow flower near his plate and tremblingly began to tear the petals loose so that there was a little golden shower of light yellow dust on the tablecloth and the cool wet of the wrinkled, torn petals on his fingers.

"No, no," Annie said, staring at the flower with a horror that astonished him. "You're destroying it. That lovely flower! Look what you're doing, Andrew!" And he looked and saw his old pulpy fingers smeared with the flower's yellow, stained and shaking. He took his hand away. Annie began to cry. She got up from the table and hurried from the room, her negligee clouding around her slim running legs.

He felt a monster, cruel, an absent-minded murderer. He hadn't known he was doing it. But it was only a flower. There were others; it was nothing to get hysterical about. He supposed that to her the act had had some significance and that he must try to understand—she acted as though he had committed murder. He had been thinking, concentrating so hard on Clay Patton, on getting her away with him for a day, and feeling so wearily disappointed to learn that she was committed to a program which excluded him, that his hand had struck out on its own, living its own destructive life. He stood up, frowning, shoved his hands out of sight in his pockets and, even while he said to himself sternly, *No sense encouraging Annie in this kind of adolescent behavior*, he walked, with his guilty hands hidden, into the bedroom where she lay, not sobbing now, but rigid and blank-eyed on the bed.

He explained and apologized and was tender with her and pampered her and won her over to him again. And even as he kissed her forehead lightly and felt the silken brush of her lashes against his cheek, he was counting the beatings of his heart, observing the new rhythm they



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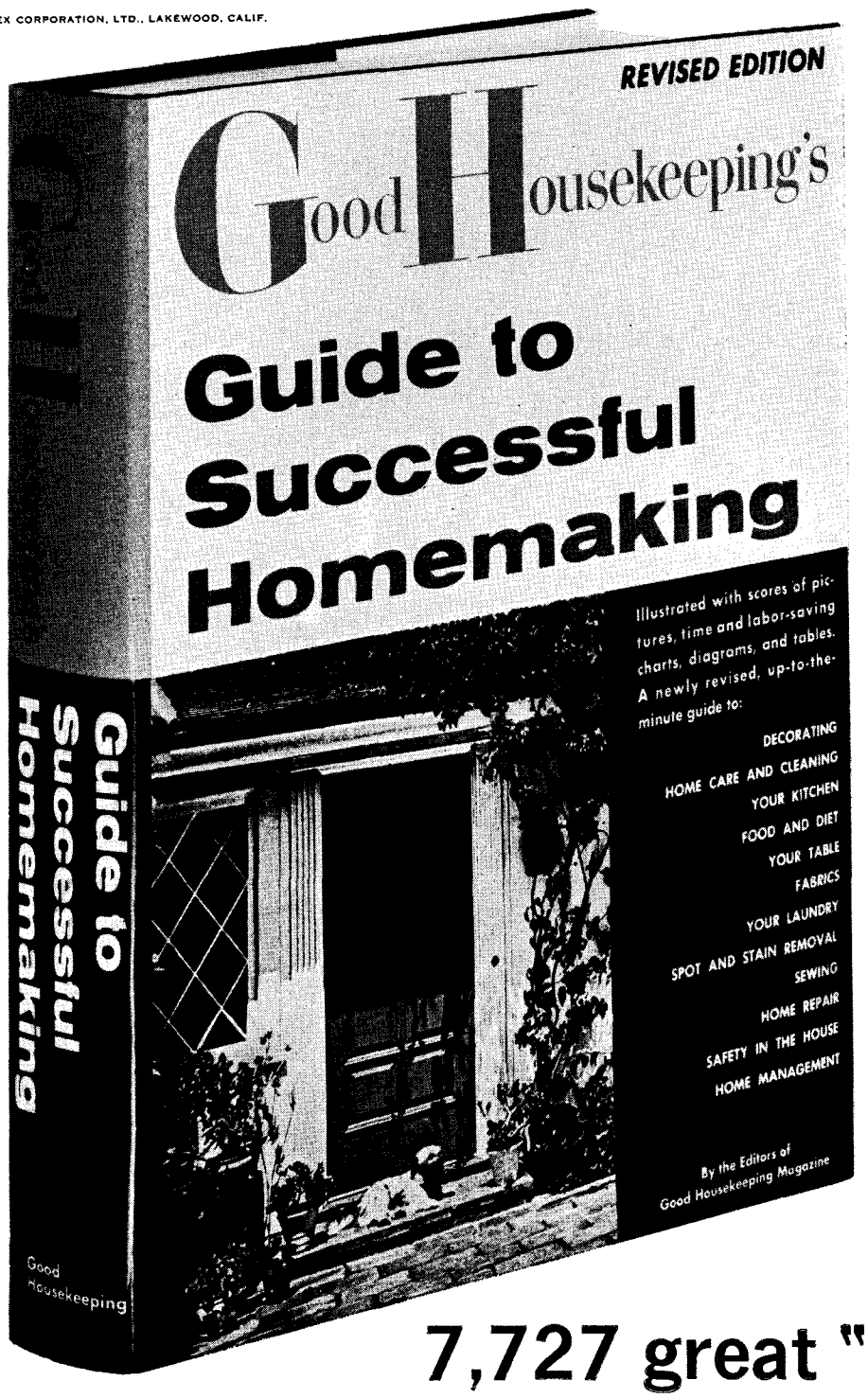

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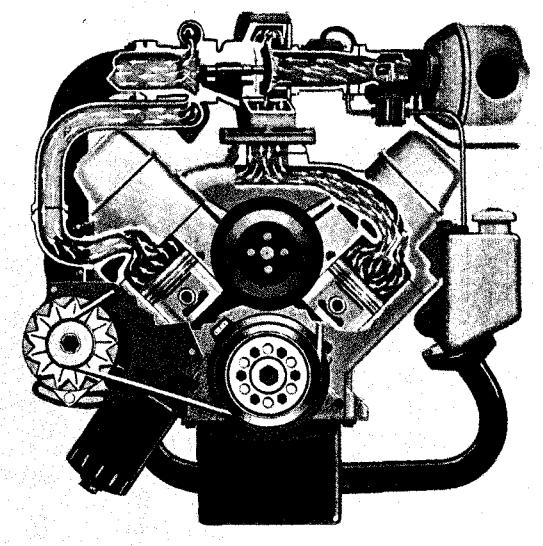

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WHERE'S ANNIE?

were developing, so that every few strokes the whole heart seemed to lift and grate against his chest. Finally he permitted himself to lie beside her on the bed, but not flat, not without pillows pushed up under his head, and she jumped up and said with what must have been false gaiety that she must rush and dress, and he told her to go ahead; and he lay there watching her lay out her clothing, while his heart lunged and grated within him.

"Who's going?" he asked her.

"Oh—some people," she said. "That new couple from Ohio who are staying at the Posada, and the German artist." There was a pause. He listened to it. "And Clay, I think."

The next morning after he was dressed, he stood at the foot of the bed and looked for some time at Annie's sleeping, dimpled face and the shining nimbus of her hair. Then he came out into the dining room, seated himself, rang the little bell and waited for the maid to bring his coffee and orange juice.

Last night, after her long visit with Clay, he had heard her come to bed finally, watched her as she stood at the window breathing in the flower-scented, moonlit air, and he thought he saw a new arch to her body, heard, as she came to bed, a new lightness in her step, sensed an excitement in her. He had pinched his eyes shut tight until sleep had mercifully blacked him out. But now he knew something must be done.

He looked at his hands folded on the table before him in the quiescent posture of age. Even if by some miracle she had not yet fallen in love with Clay Patton, the picture of his face and the sound of his voice now existed within her; and whenever he placed his old hand upon her in a husbandly way, her wayward imagination could summon the image, the perfect face and lean young body of Arrow Collars.

When Annie strolled into the dining room, stretching like a kitten in her peach silk negligee, he stood up and bowed to her with the formality he habitually used to hide his passion. She came to him and kissed his cheek sweetly, and he waited for her to sit down before he spoke. He had decided to use surprise.

"I want," he said levelly, looking into her green eyes across the table from him, "to leave here."

She yawned. "All right," she said placidly. She rang the bell for the maid. "When?"

"Tomorrow," he said, watching.

"The day after," she said with no evidence of dismay. "I promised everybody a big party tonight. The *mariachis* are hired to come and sing. I've ordered the liquor, and Deetsy is bringing her marvelous hot chicken salad. I just know I can't be ready to go in the morning after that. And we really do owe these people a party—they've all been so nice." She tilted her head a little to one side and looked at him like a little girl asking for a present. "Day after?"

"All right," he said gruffly, amazed that she bothered to wheedle, asking himself didn't she know he'd have to stay here forever if that was what she wanted, asking himself how could she possibly be so calm about leaving the day after tomorrow if she were interested in Arrow Collars, asking himself if it could be that she was capable of a duplicity he could not even imagine?

It was after 12 o'clock. The *mariachis* were stationed in the patio, their wide sombreros stark white against the bougainvillaea, their bright-red jackets like larger flowers blooming along the curving white wall. They sang what seemed to the admiral to be a series of identical songs, and he wondered wearily through his headache why, since every song was the same, they had not learned to sing it on key. But the guests clapped tirelessly, and Nicolás, the fat one who played the guitar, and Jesús, who played the trumpet, smiled around during each cannonade of applause with huge, immodest satisfaction.

An American named Harry, one of Charles's clique of ex-servicemen—a big fellow with a broad face and lank blond hair—had brought his clarinet, and from time to time he played it, standing beside the *mariachis* and joining in with them, but with his back to the guests, sending the music like a ball to bounce against the curving white wall. The admiral listened attentively to Harry's music and found it melancholy and spiritless, and when the guests clapped hard after one of Harry's solos, he felt as though somebody had told a joke he hadn't understood.

Through the filter of the music he heard Deetsy talking. Her voice had a nasal twang which had become more pronounced with each drink. The combination of the twang and the lurid Southern accent made her speech oddly compelling. It seemed to penetrate the very walls. ". . . But he coulda washed," she was saying. "Mah gawd, ah tol' Challs, ah said, 'Now damn Sukey, you make that Harry *wash*, heah? Ah doan cayah how good he plays that theah stick, he shouldn't come ta Annie's pahty smellin' lak a goat. . . .'"

He looked at the lacquered hair and full face, once pretty with its cupid-bow mouth and handsome black eyes, now showing 50 years of hard drinking and marrying and spending her daddy's tobacco fortune. Her tongue, long and pink, flicked from her wet lips.

"Wheah *is* Annie?" she said, and her voice narrowed to a sharp whisper. "And wheah's that pretty Clay-boy? Ain't he the cutest thing you evah saw?"

He walked deliberately away from the sound of her and into the bar. He looked around at the faces there, and it seemed to him that the faces regarded him expectantly, even while they talked to each other. He did not know what it was the faces expected of him. He adjusted the bandage on his forehead—it was little more now than a big Band-Aid—and looked everywhere in the bar for Annie, but she was not there. He took a glass and strolled, with careful indifference, toward the living room. He paused in the doorway and looked at the group of women seated in a row on the long couch. Annie was not among them.

"Get me a drink, son," Victoria called out to him, and then, before he could move toward her, abruptly got up and stumped over to the door. "No," she said to him when she reached him, "I'll get it myself." He looked at her, thinking in a puzzled way that she had rather peculiar clothes on, so the blouse didn't seem quite right with the skirt. Her braids were black and shining, and she was wearing lipstick. She looked handsomer than he'd ever seen her look, and he supposed with some really nice clothes on she'd look pretty good. But she was stamping around in an irritating, unfeminine way, and she brushed past him as though he were a footman—with one difference, he reminded himself. She'd called him "son." That was like Hazel.

He searched, walking slowly and deliberately through the entire house. Annie was not there, and Arrow Collars was not there.

He went back into the bar and stood with one foot on the rail and drank straight rum and thought about Annie and the fact that Annie was not there.

It seemed to take only a minute or two, the drinking that he did, and he would have said he'd had only about a full tumbler of rum in all, when he heard himself cry out drunkenly into the lull between the *mariachis*' songs, "Where's Annie?"

They all looked at him, and his voice kept echoing in his ears saying that. It was all he could do not to say, "I take it back, don't listen to me, I didn't mean it." Victoria stared intently into his face for a second and then turned around again quickly and continued talking to Charles. Charles glanced over at the admiral and shook his head slightly. The admiral watched the two of them with heightened perception. He was not surprised when Victoria set her drink down on the bar and walked away from Charles and came toward him.

She said, "Come along and dance with me, sailor."

He laughed at that. Something about the way she said it, with a tough little jerk of her head, like a dime-a-dance girl. He went with her, thinking that she was more and more like Hazel, and he wished to God Hazel hadn't died, and wished that an American orchestra would suddenly be there playing *I'll See You in My Dreams* and he could dance with this little woman and remember Hazel.

Victoria led him onto the tiled floor of the *corredor* and took hold of him and began energetically to dance, sawing her elbows up and down and sliding her feet around on the floor. He swung her in a pirouette, and the world kept revolving around him when he stopped, and he warned himself not to try that again. He clung to her and tried not to step on her feet. Once his shoe scraped her instep, and he heard her suck in a quick whistling breath, but when he apologized she smiled up at him warmly and pressed his hand, and he realized with astonishment that she was not cross with him.

When the music stopped, she moved back from him and clapped her hands. He looked around again in the moving confusion of people, and from his mouth again came, unbidden and very loud, the cry, "Where's Annie?"

Victoria reached out and gripped the shoulder of a girl who was passing them, and the girl stopped and wriggled the hand from her shoulder and put her hands on her narrow hips and eyed Victoria defensively.

"Well?" the girl said.

"Alma," Victoria said, smiling, "you must dance with the admiral. He's wonderful. So—so artless, you know."

Alma looked up into the admiral's seamed, unhappy face.

"Dance with him," Victoria said.

The girl twitched her head around, tossing the coarse black mane of her hair, and looked at Victoria.

Victoria's eyes were fixed upon her, hypnotically.

"I'm really not very good," the admiral said, but the music started, Alma moved close to him and then he was dancing.

Victoria pushed through the crush of people blocking the way to the bar. She was looking for Charles. She strained up on her toes and angled her body first one way and then the other, trying to spot him. He was very tall and, unless he were sitting down, she should be able to see him. She couldn't imagine his sitting down in this press of people and enduring the noise of so many raised babbling voices, but he might. The volume of sound in the room had moved up decibel by decibel, drink by drink.

Through the din she heard somebody calling her name persistently, and she listened to the voice long enough to be sure it wasn't the admiral. Since it wasn't, she ignored it, looking past the comic-tragic drunken faces around her, looking instead at a series of images of the admiral that flashed through her memory. There he was, looking surprised the day she had snapped at him to get out of her way—surprised, not with the small-boy-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, boy! No more calorie counting!"

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WHERE'S ANNIE?

hurt-look of so many American men, but with the real male look of gentleness affronted by a rude woman. And there was the dignity with which he somehow met her viciousness the day he had mistakenly interrupted her to say a civil good morning. That was memorable.

All right. Find Charles. Save the admiral.

She pushed, jabbing with her elbows, through the bodies, ignoring the possibility of inflicting lasting injury (Who mattered? Who the hell mattered now?) the way she had once pushed and jabbed in the subways of New York, grateful that, like swimming, it was a technique which, once learned, was never forgotten. She got out to the roofed-in section of the patio. The night air was sweeter here and, because the *mariachis* had stopped their moronic music for a minute, quieter. She wondered if Charles could hear her if she shouted his name. But just when she decided that was a good idea, there was a loud handclapping to encourage the *mariachis* to play more. She glared around at everybody, but nonetheless the music began again. Jesús, the trumpeter, was not a hopelessly bad carpenter, and his two little boys were nice, and it might be a good, kind thing to go tell him to settle for that and give up trying to be a musician; after all, it could only be a favor in the long run since he played so badly. Nicolás, too, the fat one who plucked at the guitar and—great God almighty—sang, was a bricklayer and good to his mother, and she could warn him too. One day somebody would surely get a mob together and stone them out of town.

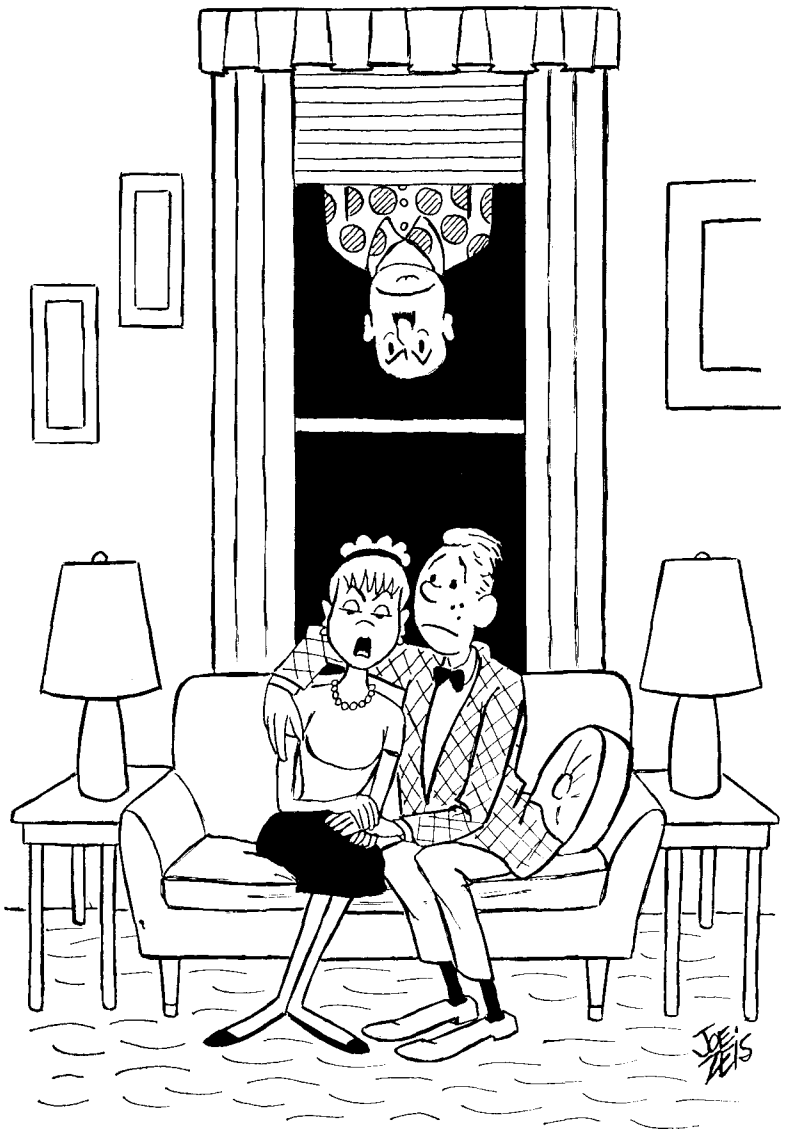
But the potential mob listened now in drunken approval to the dreadful cacophony, for it was a party, and one had to have music at a party. Suppose instead there was a silence? Suppose silence crept through a crack in the wall, like a great gray rat, and sat there frightening everybody? The gray rat of silence at the feast.

That was a good metaphor—and that was the trouble with the way her mind worked, writing everything that happened as it happened, and then going sterile when she was at the typewriter.

That was where she should be right now, at the typewriter, not meddling in the admiral's life, not running around looking for Charles. She shouldn't have come here at all.

In the beginning, when Annie first sent the invitation, she'd written simply in reply, "I'm not coming." That was all she had to do. Everybody knew that when she was working, holed up in her house, she did not accept invitations. She was a good third of the way along in the rewrite of the novel—the comeback novel, the one that would halt the tides, make the rivers run uphill, absolve her from guilt and shame and turn her from the stony paths of self-betrayal, make the world run right, the stars reverse their courses, and give life back to her again. She lived behind her locked doors like a medieval maniac.

Every day she got up from the rope springs and sagging mattress of her bed, bathed, drank scalding coffee, bitter and black to sting her awake, walked alone



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, stop worrying about Daddy—
he went upstairs to bed hours ago."

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WHERE'S ANNIE?

and in silence along the lake shore, with plugs in her ears, wooing the creative spirit, evoking her timid self-confidence. Some mornings she awakened anxiously with her hair soaking wet with perspiration, as though the wet sponge of melancholy had been pressed into her face the whole night, with her eyes gritty still from crying in her sleep, sick with the fear that came in shuddering cramps through her body and brightly lighted her mind with despair. She forced herself up, dragged to the typewriter, driving her blurred, gray, hopeless, despicable self to the typewriter, focusing her feeble strength onto the story, into the people and the world which must be made to exist on these pages, if she were to exist in any world at all.

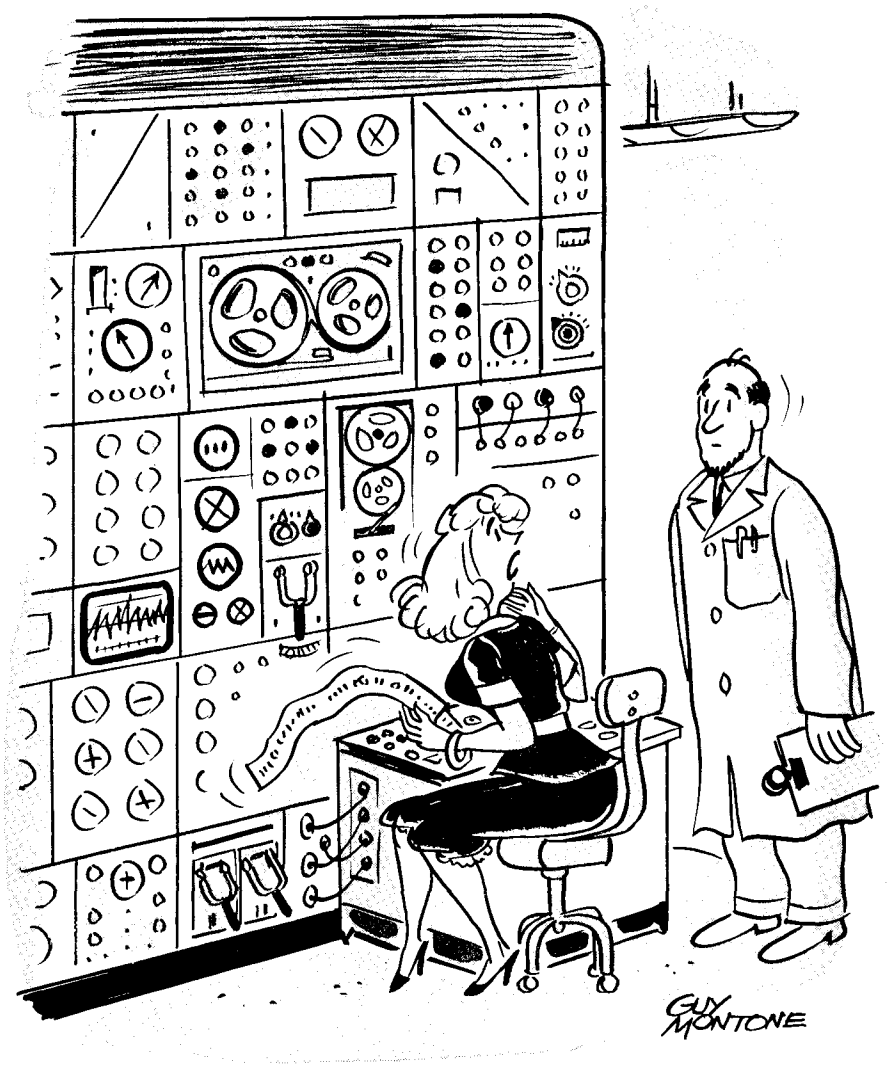
There had been a few times of victory and exaltation, the long-missing sense of the divine to pit against the times of despair. She had, fortified by these few instances, resisted all the familiar demons—sex, alcohol, hunger and physical gratifications of all kinds, not letting herself sink down into the velvet memories of past successes or, most dangerous of all, drift onto the eerie reefs of withdrawal, where fantasy became reality and reality fell downstairs and disappeared.

Then the temptation about the party began. The writing was suddenly blocked, and through the vacuum of these days came the excited talk about the party, voices discussing what would be worn and who was taking whom—as though she cared! Of no use now the shuttered windows, the plugs in her ears; she heard the voices, and abruptly there came the old treacherous sense that, outside her thick walls, life strolled irremediably past, and if she did not now, this minute, run and follow it, she would emerge too late upon an empty street, clutching her tattered, still imperfect pages, to find herself the only living thing in a world long dead.

She began to feel choked, to suffocate. She leaped up from the typewriter, not looking back at it once in the moments that followed, and scurried to her closet to find something acceptable to wear, muttering, "Just for one drink . . . just for a few minutes . . . just to pay my respects to pretty Annie . . . then back to work, refreshed. . . ."

Remembering this now, in its full absurdity, she felt her neck stain with hot shame. There was an abandoned glass on a table, and she went over to it. She picked it up and drained it. It was *aguardiente*, and she had been drinking Martinis, but no matter. It burned her throat. But she deserved it; she was a ridiculous woman. It was not life which she thought strolled past her window, playing his seductive pipes—that was death.

She thought she heard Charles laugh, and she peered about her. Deetsy's voice, threaded with a heavy innuendo, needled in and out of the talk on the patio. Her nostrils twitched as though she smelled something unpleasant, and so she did. She did not permit herself to hate Deetsy. That was too good for Deetsy, raised her to false estate, *honored* her, in fact. She was nothing more than a cheap 10-cent-store edition of Scarlett O'Hara. No, that didn't really say it. She was nothing more than a cheap, second-rate ruin of an imitation Scarlett O'Hara—yes—who lacked the wit to know that the book ended before Scarlett approached the hanging wattles, blue-veined legs and slack-eyed bloat of ugly age.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It says it wants a date tonight."

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She hurried around a large group of Mexican men standing together, watching the *gringos* at play, and spotted Charles slouching along the far wall of the patio toward the steps. She ran to him quickly and caught at his white shirt sleeve. He looked around at her.

"About the admiral," she said. She could not hear herself against the noise of the party, but she could see that Charles heard her, and she pleaded urgently with him, telling him what to do. As he listened to her, he turned his head and looked off in sleepy disinterest at the blue night sky.

"You lushed, Vickie?" Charles said.

"It doesn't matter," she told him, speaking more loudly. "I'm telling you that a man is in torment. *Torment*, do you understand?" Looking up into his averted face she saw no understanding. Her hand twisted desperately on his sleeve, pulling on it in a way she supposed was hateful, but hateful was better than ineffectual. "Torment is a *simplicity*. One can ignore a *complexity*. One cannot ignore a *simplicity*. I ask you to think of torment and remember how it feels. You remember how torment feels, don't you, Charles? You remember torment?"

"I remember mama," he said, laughing.

"Boy—listen to me." She took a breath and ignored the way he was trying to get out of her grasp. "You must help the admiral. He is a good man. There are not many good men, did you know that? Not many kind, good men. You must find Annie for him and bring her back here. After all that he has endured in this village—the cruel loss of dignity ——" She felt the tears coursing down her cheeks. *Ask not for whom I cry, I cry for me.* . . . "Ah, the poor man! The miserable wretch! The torment in his eyes! How could you not lift your hand?"

He said coolly, "It's got nothing to do with me, Vickie. Or you either."

"It has, it has!" she cried. "It's my own torment and yours. Do it for me—do it for yourself." She saw that he was about to walk away from her. She gave his sleeve a wrench and forced him to look at her. He was annoyed. "*I* ask you, Charles. Will you refuse me?"

He reached down and got hold of her hand. "Will you let go of my sleeve?" She did. The annoyance faded out of his eyes and the cynical indifference came back. He gave a little laugh and said placatingly, "I'll brace Harry, see what he says."

He strode off. Harry! He probably had no intention of mentioning it to Harry. He was just getting rid of her. She tightened her hold on her shoulder purse and followed him. He took big strides with his long legs, and she had to take three or four to his one. Hurrying after him, she saw a man's foot in her way, one of the dancers doing a fancy twirl. Hating him and his foot and everything that stood in her way, she kicked the foot aside. She heard as from a distance his outraged complaint, and continued on her way.

She was almost up to Charles. It was dreadful having to rely on him. But who else was there? To whom could she turn? At least Charles listened to her, even if all he did then was consult with his gang boss. What was the matter with these boys—these hipsters or whatever they called themselves—who lived in a world where they were absolutely incapable of individual action, so that they were endlessly consulting each other? What made any of them think that the other might be wise? Only if, in their strange and constant discipline, the others elected to act would one of them act. They were like guerrilla fighters drawing straws to see who'd assassinate somebody, forming a kind of cell, with Harry usually at the motionless center, and the rest of them like arms and legs put forth from the parent body, achieving whatever small thing they had agreed to achieve. But was there a war on? Were they at war? Who was the enemy? Who the ally? Was it the Army which had, with its mass, divisional thinking, done this to them? The regimentation of schools? No, no. Gangdom? Juvenile gangdom? They were always too frightened to do anything, think anything. They were straitjacketed in their incomprehensible code of what was hip and what was square, like children playing criminals. They acted like prisoners, talking with their lips motionless as though they were in a prison yard—but what was their crime? Who convicted them, sentenced them? Who was the warden, who were the jailers?

She slipped on the stairs and damned them all in a groaning voice, reminding herself that the admiral had to be saved at any cost—and wasn't this worse in a way than the day she'd seen his *canoa* sink and had to run to the Posada and alert the stupid Mexicans and persuade the idiot who ran the Posada to put the boat out? Yes, because there she had had only stupidity to deal with. It was said that the idiot who owned the Posada was an embezzler from the States, a fugitive, but she had never believed it. He hadn't the intelligence to have stolen money and made it across the border. (She could see him now, picking up the wrong suitcase, the one with the bricks in it, and rushing headlong to Juarez and getting stopped by a machine-gun barricade at Customs.)

Charles looked around and saw her. He smiled patiently and waited for her to catch up with him. Stupidity was one thing, but perhaps fear was worse, and Charles and the whole lot of these boys were fear-ridden, as immobilized by fear as though they were bedridden with disease. Ah, poor things, poor young things. Not that all they had to fear was fear itself, a statement she had always thought to enclose only a terrifying half-truth, but that along with whatever else they feared—reality, life, their anonymous enemy, themselves, each other, time, death, the warden, incipient homosexuality, or a middle age and old age of attrition—they also had fear itself to fear.

But this was a time of half-truths, half-lies, wasn't it? Of sloganized, philosophical premises, of shadowy, one-dimensional thinking that left out the heart, forgot the emotions, ignored the hungers of the mind. . . .

Harry was hunched over the clarinet with his back to the party—typical; it would delight a newly diplomaed psychologist, this spectacle of antisocial withdrawal—playing into the curving ear of the white wall. While she waited, Charles came close to him, suddenly uncertain, standing back, as though afraid of the moment when Harry must be interrupted. Harry was like a wild beast that had killed something, pulled it into his lair and now picked over it, insatiably hungry, but moaning with grief at what he'd done. That's stupid. There's no guilt and no grief, and animals don't mourn.

Charles hesitated, but he moved into Harry's range of vision and then stood still. Harry saw the lower half of him but did not look up, and Charles put a

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WHERE'S ANNIE?

gentle hand on Harry's shoulder. Harry pulled the clarinet from his mouth and swung quickly around. His broad face was smooth, but he said in a low voice, "You got a hand like a cop, man." He wiped his mouthpiece on the sleeve of his big dirty jacket. When he moved, it was possible to smell him. He was unwashed and there was a stale, rank odor of tequila coming from him. He looked from Charles to Victoria. "Hey, Vickie," he said. "Whatcha say?"

Victoria pointed to Charles.

Charles said, in his stiff-lipped, prison-yard diction, "Vickie wants me to go find the brass's broad. She says the brass is flipping because his broad ain't here. She cut out with Clay. You think we ought to get his broad back for him?"

Harry stared at him incredulously. "What's come *over* you, man?" he said.

Victoria stepped nearer. The guitar was close to her ear, and she raised her voice over it so that she was almost shouting. "Please, Harry," she said. "Please. Say yes." She closed her eyes, ran around the empty corners of her mind, trying to find the words that would reach Harry, make him see. "The admiral can't stand it. He's gotten old and sick since he almost drowned. He's like glass. He's ready to shatter. He can't endure it if Annie's doing this to him. Be Christ-like, Harry. Save him. He's as close to death as he was in the lake."

Harry leaned against the wall and yawned. He did not look at Victoria. He looked at Charles. He said calmly, "I don't care whose chick digs what stud. *You* care, man?"

Charles shook his head.

"We don't care, Vickie," Harry said. He lifted his clarinet ready to blow some more.

Victoria reached up and grabbed him by the shoulders and turned him around. "Look down there," she told him. "Look at his *face!*"

"I've grown accustomed to his face," Harry said. He stared obediently at the admiral revolving slowly past with Alma. "Yeah," Harry said. "The brass is suffering. His face is a mask of drunken suffering. Suffering is an ennobling experience. Did you ever read the *Confessiones* of Saint Augustine?" He stood straighter in his baggy clothes. "I got no use for the brass," he said sadly. He bowed to Victoria slightly and lifted his clarinet again. He smiled derisively. "Right now I got to blow. I'll blow something sad for the brass." He turned his back to her and began to play a haunting, lilting phrase of defeat.

She reached toward him, not caring now if she made him mad, but Charles caught her hand and pulled it back.

"Don't bug him," he said softly.

"But Charles ——"

"Don't—bug him." He drew her away from Harry, holding her by the hand. He was singing softly under his breath, the tune Harry was playing, which wasn't part of what Jesús and Nicolás were playing but fitted in with it, turning his head from side to side in rhythm, with his eyes almost closed.

Victoria stood still, biting her lips in frustration. Now what? Now what? She jerked at his sleeve.

Charles eyed her with exasperation. "You're real juiced up, Vick," he said. "Can't you see how gone Harry is?"

She shook her head. "Oh, what shall I do?" she said.

Charles sighed. He said, "We'll talk to Jim."

She thought, *Oh my God, I've got to go through it again*, and she said, "Jim isn't here. *You* do it, Charles? Just go and find Annie. Bring her back here."

"Jim's here," Charles said.

She saw that he hadn't even admitted to his group-minded consciousness her suggestion that he do it alone.

He led her toward the *corral*. As they passed through the squeaking wooden gate, she could smell the marijuana smoke. She looked toward the back of the walled-in land, and she could see the lighted cigarette passing from hand to hand, moving like a slow firefly in the deep darkness under the mango tree.

Charles called out, "Don't kill the roach—we ain't The Man," and somebody laughed in the darkness. She watched where she walked, because this was a field where animals had been kept, thinking that she never knew what it was these boys were saying to each other in their peculiar language, never, and she didn't really want to know. She had no connection with them, and they had none with her, and in any other place in the world she wouldn't know them.

She could see better now as they drew closer. She saw Jim's almost handsome face turned toward them, and she thought that he had never been handsome really, but he always looked as though he might have gone through a handsome phase, the way some young girls do who suffer from an early blooming and then wash out and look like memories of themselves the rest of their lives. But perhaps Jim

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had never been handsome and never would be, and it couldn't matter anyway, because who was going to look at him and care? Life was not a beauty contest, and he'd been buried in Mexico for three years, not buried really, but bottled up for three years, like an almost handsome fetus in a jar of alcohol. It was not likely that he'd ever get out, ever live, ever walk again on the streets of the world.

Charles took the cigarette when Jim handed it to him, and dragged on it and talked without letting the smoke out of his lungs, so that he sounded like a man in extremis, or like one who'd had a larynx operation and learned to talk with his throat. She was getting more and more nervous, standing there, with the night breeze tugging at her hair and wisping it about her forehead, and her eyes growing large so that she could feel them stretching back her stiff eyelids, with her lips taut and ready for speech—no, not speech, a scream. He was talking about using the London *Times*'s *Literary Supplement* paper to make their cigarettes out of, saying in that sepulchral, operated-on voice that it was tissuey and thinner and finer for rolling the tea than this thick stuff.

"Please, Charles," she said. Her voice shook.

He had forgotten that she was there. Now he turned his head after a second or two and looked at her, and slowly the others looked at her too.

"You gonna turn Vickie on?" somebody said in a sly voice, and there was a little laugh in the group.

Charles looked at her and raised his eyebrows questioningly. He was very slowed down now, even his breathing was slow.

"No," she said impatiently, "I don't want it." It sounded harsh, and she sensed now how the others stiffened. Of course this was not the way to get them to do what she wanted. They were very easily offended; she had noticed that before. She made herself laugh a little and look around with as charming a smile as she could manage. "I don't need it, really," she explained. "You know—I'm self-propelled."

The interest in her subsided, shifted away, and somebody said conclusively, wistfully, "She'd make a great tea-head." This was one of the things they did, ignoring her, really forgetting that she was there, discussing her as though she'd just walked away from them.

Charles said, "Harry said nobody should turn her on until he's there, anyway. He wants to dig it."

There was silence then, and the cigarette went on to somebody else. She said, throwing her voice like a rope into the silence, "Charles, about the admiral. You promised ——"

Charles said, "Sure, sweetie." He moved her closer to Jim and explained. Jim listened impassively, only turning and looking at Charles the way Harry had done, as though he couldn't believe Charles cared about the admiral.

"Lush him up," Jim said. "He won't know what's happening."

"No," Victoria said. "He's drunk now, but he keeps shouting about Annie. Oh, don't you see?"

Jim cut in. "What does Harry say?"

Charles slowly moved his head from side to side. "Harry's stoned."

Jim said. "Well, you know, I like to watch. But I don't want to mix in." His speech was thick, coming from a dry throat. "Who's the square Annie cut with?"

"Clay Patton."

Jim thought about that, staring at the ground, his lips moving in an infantile way. "I put that mother down the most," Jim said with sudden emphasis. "You?"

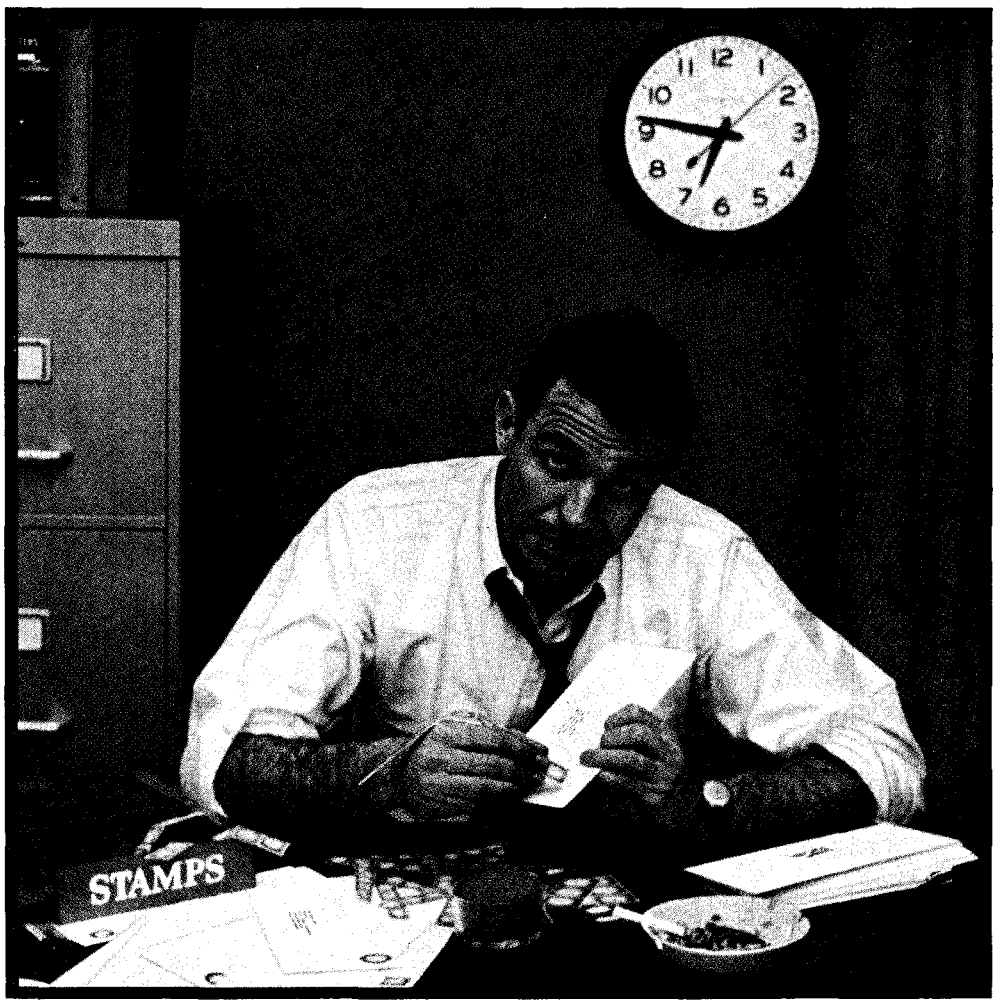
"You know it, man," Charles said.

Victoria realized they had come to some sort of decision. They were going to help her. The three of them came back to the party together, and they told her to go stand near the *mariachis* and watch the front door. Charles and Jim drifted through the press of people—louder and drunker now—and along the *zaguán* out onto the street.

Victoria stood near the *mariachis*, staring at the ground. She felt hopeless, caught in a wash of melancholy, helpless. She leaned against the wall, and the party sounds racketed around her. "I hate everybody," she said in a whisper. "I hate them all."

Then the music stopped, and Harry passed her on his way out to the *corral*. He said, "City mother. Little city mother. The admiral's little city mother. Why do you act like advice to the lovelorn, chickie, when you've really got a heart as big as a peanut?" He began to sing breathily, with his eyebrows raised and his eyes mocking her. "Oh that little city mother Machree . . ."

She laughed, in almost a spasm of laughter because, although he was making fun of her, there was something comic in the baggy burlesque of him. His question was a question she could not answer. But even laughing, she was thinking that Harry was despicable; there



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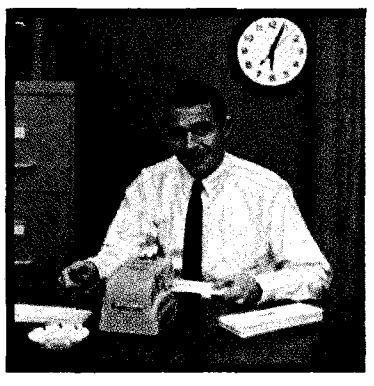

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was something mean about him; he was a destroyer; she didn't like him. Probably, if she thought about him, she hated him, but she didn't know yet. She looked at him with her eyes still half shut with laughter, thinking, *Do I hate you? Would I hate you if I had time to think about you?* And then the admiral's voice came to her like the far bellow of a buffalo, demanding, "Where's my girl? Where's Annie?"

"Oh my God," she said, abruptly not laughing, and pushed past Harry and went looking for him.

For a moment Victoria hesitated at the bedroom door. She had not seen Annie yet. Jim and Charles had brought her back and escorted her to the bedroom, pushed her in and shut the door. Then they strolled to the bar, like two hoods, one on either side of handsome Clay Patton. Clay was pale, and he kept shrugging the collar of his white linen jacket high on his neck and looking nervously from one to the other of them. She did not know what had happened nor where Jim and Charles had found them, only that they had brought them back.

She pushed the door open and saw Annie seated on the bench in front of the dressing table with her arms folded on the table and her head on her arms. Victoria stepped in and closed the door softly behind her. She came toward the girl, who did not lift her head and whose face was hidden by the shining shower of soft brown hair. Victoria saw herself in the mirror and saw with a little shock how really frightful she looked in her shabby dress, with her unhappy face.

She stood behind the girl, erectly, waiting, like a governess. The girl kept crying, making sounds that were desperate and distressing. Victoria tapped her shoulder. Annie turned her head and looked up at Victoria, her beautiful eyes lighter green through tears, her skin pale, blanched of life. Victoria picked up the handkerchief from the dresser and put it into Annie's hand. Annie lifted it up to her eyes. She sat motionless, staring at nothing.

"Lipstick," Victoria said and put it into Annie's hand. Annie looked at it vaguely. "Use it," Victoria said sharply. "Put it on your mouth."

Shakily Annie shaped her upper lip with it. Their eyes met in the tin-framed mirror. "So you know all about it too," Annie said in a choked voice. "The whole town knows it, I suppose. Did they tell you? Did they come and tell it all over the house? Did they tell *him?*"

Victoria watched as Annie colored her lower lip, then glanced up at herself in the mirror. She not only looked like a governess, she felt like one—standing over the girl, telling her what to do. But, when you were this young and you let emotions run away with you like this, when you just said whatever you thought and when you thought such young things, you turned other people into governesses. You maneuvered them into playing the part opposite your part. We're all playwrights—only some of us have no talent.

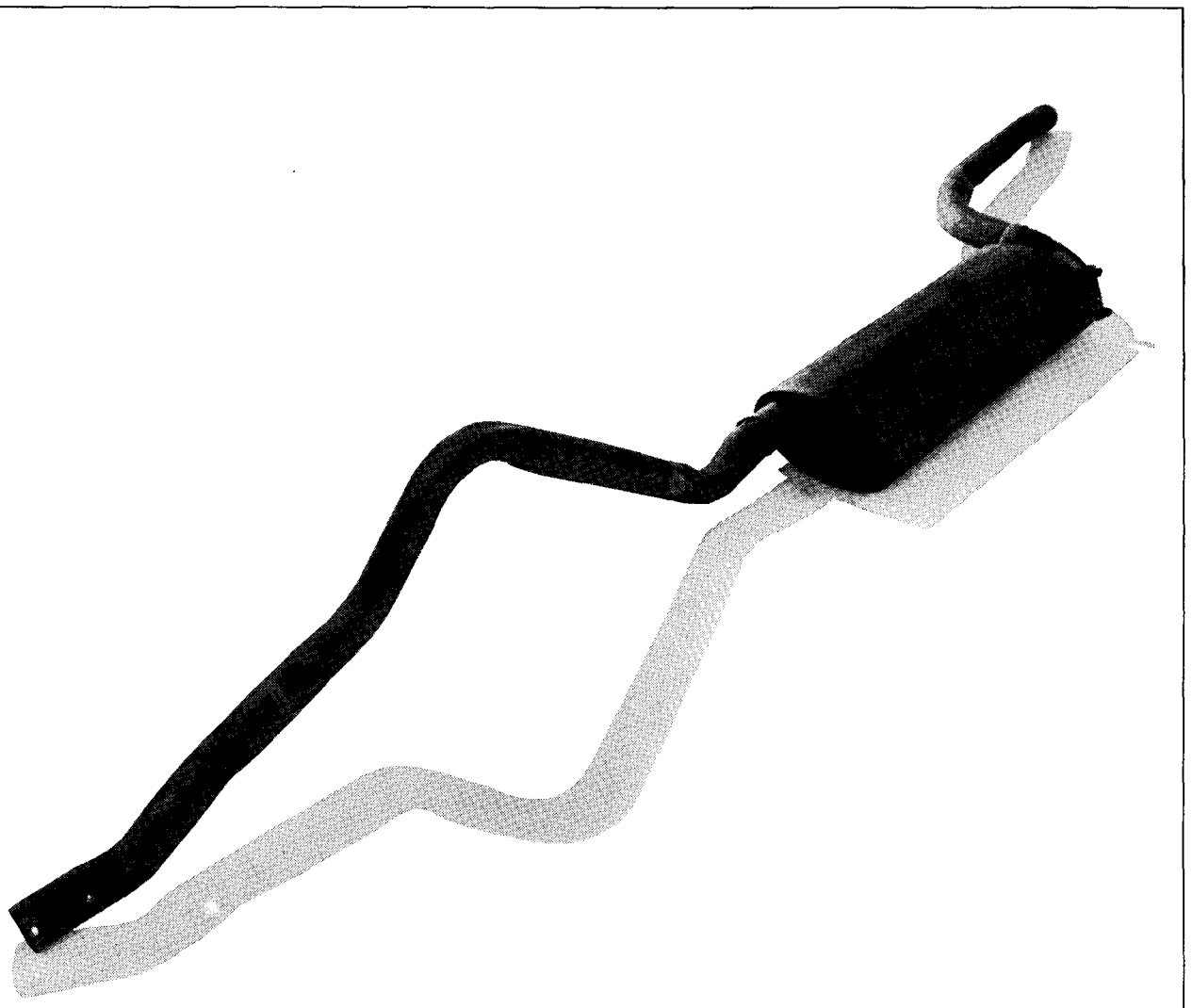
Annie blotted her lips with a tissue, spoke through the paper bitterly. "Those two—crumbs," she said. "Those dirty crumbs."

Victoria heard herself sigh. Was she going to have to go every slow-footed, laborious step of the way with this girl, while Annie worked it out that really she was not a crumb, but Charles and Jim were crumbs instead, because they had caught her doing what she was doing, whatever the hell it was?

Annie looked at the other mouth on the tissue as she took it away from her lips. "What a filthy place this is! What a filthy little town!"

Trying to sound amiable, Victoria said, "My dear, you're very pretty." But when she looked at the mirror to see how that speech affected Annie, she saw herself instead, the dark smudgings life had thumbed in under her eyes, the line of melancholy between her brows, the eyes themselves, large and strained—and there came, like cards falling, a memory of many mirrors and many times when she had looked at herself, evaluating like this, with abrupt clarity of vision. Each time it happened, each time she looked, it was worse, and there was no stopping the relentless march of death, and of course death had already subtly marked her for his own, here with this shadow, there with that gauntness under the cheekbones. She looked away from the mirror and drew herself up. Hers was a perfect face to have said, "My dear, you're very pretty."

She put forth a hand and struck an attitude of prophecy. Oh, she knew what to do and how to hold the attention of a wandering, shocked intelligence like Annie's! "I understand you," she said, speaking hollowly and slowly. "I also understand the importance of timing. Do you know what timing means? It is the essence of successful living. It is one of the simplicities." She let her hand drop, and her voice dropped with it. She picked



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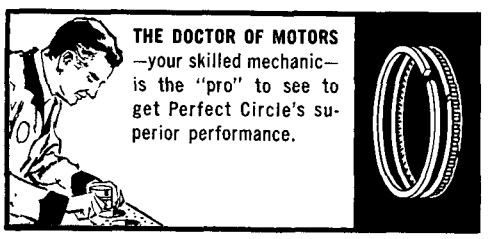

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up the compact of rouge and handed it to Annie. "You need color," she said. Annie stared at it unmoving. She nudged her impatiently. "Put it *on!*" she said, hating having to hover around with psychological aspirin for an immature personality that would always be less than her own. To what are we reduced by the exigencies of our lives? Hadn't the admiral been reduced by this less-than-heroic girl to less-than-heroic behavior, but with an embittered, paralyzing self-knowledge? "Listen," Victoria said, "if the admiral had not sunk that ridiculous boat on that ridiculous lake so that he had to be dredged up out of it practically dead, he would not be without dignity with which to meet this moment—this, I might say, looking at the flaccid lines of your lips, the weakness in your eyes, the loosening of the flesh of your face, inevitable moment." She fixed a look upon the girl, meant to be wise and portentous. "This is what I mean by timing. T-i-m-i-n-g. If the episode of the lake had not happened, if that destruction to his personality had not just taken place —— But it did. He almost drowned. He looked at death the other day. It just happened. That's timing."

Annie closed her eyes, and tears shone in her lashes. "But you see," she said, whispering, "I didn't know. I thought I loved him. I didn't know. This *happened* to me. I didn't mean it to happen." She choked and grabbed the handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes. "He's—so old," she said.

Victoria drew back, shaking her head. "Please," she said. "No confidences. No confession-story confidences. I cannot stand that."

Annie sobbed in a strangled way.

"I do not know what happened. I do not know whether you were caught in—*flagrante delicto*, or whether you and the false young man were exchanging the maiden kiss of your inevitable affair, and I do not care. Nor do I care whether you now believe you do not love your husband, and you do love this other fool, or anything. I do not want to know. I do not, you see, care at all about you. Therefore, no confidences." She reached up with both hands and smoothed her braids.

"I do not stand against nature," she said. "What is natural happens. This, too, is a simplicity. It will happen again. Can you hear me?" She bent over and pulled back the girl's hair so that she could see her suffering face. "All I am saying to you, my dear, is—wait. You have time. He has—almost no time. He went out upon that lake a man and he came back—something quite different. He is a hero, you know, a hero. You are nothing and Clay Patton is nothing. I beg you, for the admiral's life. Let him live a little longer."

The door burst open, and she straightened up and looked in the mirror and saw the admiral standing in the frame of the open door, his blue eyes bright in his face. "*There* she is!" he cried delightedly as though surrounded by a host of people who had doubted that she would be there, ever again. "There's my Annie-girl!" he said.

He staggered a little coming toward them, but then he held himself more carefully, and he got across the room and got his arms around Annie and cradled her against him, rocking her a little. "Knew you were here," he said rocking her, "knew it all the time. Knew you weren't gone. Asked everybody. 'Where's Annie?' I said." He kissed her forehead and Annie did not move out of his arms, although she sat very still and her tears spilled on the sleeve of his coat. "Looked for you," he said. "Everywhere." He waved his arms to include the universe, and the joy twisted and fell abruptly out of his voice. "Where were you all that time, Annie?"

"Next door," Annie said huskily, in tones of truth. "Lying—down."

He patted her hand. "Aw, there," he said. "My girl was all tired out trying to give this big party and everything."

Victoria adjusted her shoulder bag and turned toward the door.

"Hey," the admiral said to her, and she did not answer him, but she stood still for a moment. "Annie, did you know this little lady was the one who saved my life?"

"Yes," Annie said, looking at Victoria.

"I owe her a lot," he said. He smiled, a warm, gentle smile, drunk but loving. "She even—liked my dancing," he said.

Victoria turned and marched out of the room and closed the door behind her. She stood in the *zaguán* staring down at the big green leaves of the plant bordering the wall and fished a torn wisp of tissue out of her pocket and wiped her mouth with it very hard.

When she looked up, she saw Charles leaning against a corner of the wall, watching her. He smiled. She went to him.

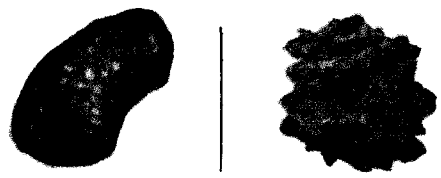
"Buy me a drink, son," she said. "One for the road."

He straightened up, and they walked into the bar. The noisy wave of the party broke over them, and as they walked she fished the plugs out of her purse and stuffed them into her ears. THE END

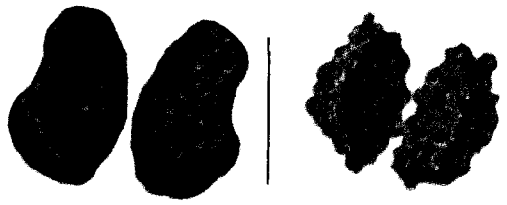
The Shape makes the difference in New Burgerbits

...gives your dog more flavor–more nutrition–more crunchability

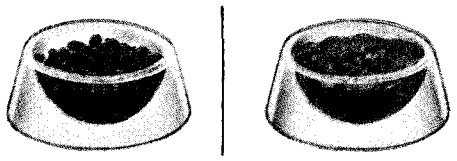
New Burgerbits **Other Chunks**



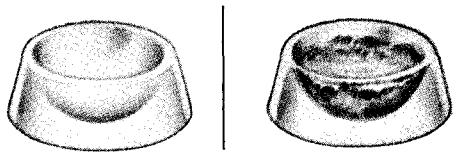
Burgerbits are smooth. *Other chunks are jagged.* The smooth shape permits Burgerbits to be completely coated with tasty natural meat fat. Result—More Tempting Flavor.



Burgerbits are concentrated. *Others are porous.* Result—bowl for bowl, Burgerbits' chunks have more protein, vitamins and minerals—More Body-building Nutrition for your dog.



Burgerbits stay crunchy. *Other chunks get mushy.* Result—More Crunchability even in liquids with Burgerbits to give your dog extra chewing exercise for healthy teeth and gums.



Burgerbits leave bowl clean. *Others can be messy.* Burgerbits are firm so that no sticky residue is left to "cake" in the bowl—no wasteful dusty crumbs are left in the bottom of the bag.

Feed your dog new Burgerbits. See if you don't agree it helps him **look better—live better—play better.**

See the difference New Burgerbits makes to your dog

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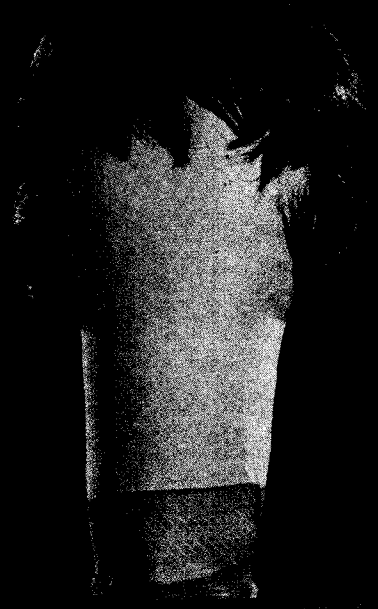
Why women go
WIG-HAPPY

The fad may turn permanent.



With millions sold and sales still rocketing, wigs may become a standard beauty aid like jewelry, lipstick and contact lenses.

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A few months ago a maid at the Beverly Hilton Hotel in Beverly Hills, California, opened a closet door and was confronted by a severed head staring resolutely at her from the shelf. She fainted. Only after a bellman had revived her did she learn the truth: The head was a ladies' peruke, looking life-like and fetching on a Styrofoam block adorned with hand-painted eyelashes and lips. In due course a frantic telegram arrived from a wigless Chicagoan who had checked out, leaving her crowning glory behind.

By now that hotel maid no doubt has become accustomed to seeing heads in closets. At the rate things are going, wigs may soon replace diamonds as a girl's best friend. Men who grumbled that women consider wigs part of their basic wardrobe. First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy and her sister-in-law, Ethel Kennedy, are wig enthusiasts. Jack Paar's wife and daughter have wigs, matching their own hair color and style, for traveling with Jack on short notice. Hillbilly nightclub singer Dorothy Shay has four wigs, including one demure daytime number which she can slap on for early-morning dental appointments without even combing her own hair.

"I figure they've added thirty years to my life," she told me. "I used to spend so much time in beauty shops that I decided I was wasting half my life under the dryer. Now I just drop my hair off at the hairdresser, go on about my living and pick up my hair on the way home."

This, of course, is one reason beauty shops boost wigs: Wig wearers may not have their own hair coiffed as frequently, but wigs made of human hair must be dry-cleaned and set by beauticians. If cared for properly, a good wig will last six to seven years. Beauty shops of any note now carry wigs and have wig specialists trained in styling and setting.

Elizabeth Arden, whose wigs start at $450, provides her clients with summer wigs made on a larger-than-usual mesh foundation to give the wearer more ventilation. Charles of the Ritz has a new jiffy wig in the Mata Hari style and pin-on "lightning streaks," which you can order by mail or telephone, for $15. Helena Rubinstein recently offered 50 wigs as prizes in a contest. And Frederick's of Hollywood, whose wigs sell from $4.99 to $350, gives a bonus record, *I Dig Her Wig*, with each wig sold.

Most women, however, don't need gimmicks to sell them on wigs. Women who wear them have the security of knowing that their hair never looks like leftovers in a blender. Not long ago at a press luncheon a friend I hadn't seen for 10 years came up to me and said, "You remind me so much of Norma Lee Browning. You look exactly the way she did ten years ago." An aging woman can flip her wig over this compliment.

There are certain things you have to get used to with a wig. For example, when dashing in or out of a taxi, you must be careful not to bump your head and knock the wig askew. Neither is it advisable to wear your wig in the rain. Usually the set merely comes out—although one wig caught in a downpour, fuzzed up into a beautiful head of ringlets. If a wig frizzes or curls in rain or a steamy kitchen, it is usually because of the piping process to which the hair has been subjected before being made into a wig. The hair is wrapped tightly around a wooden stick, tied securely, boiled and steamed. This corkscrew-curly hair is then mixed with straight hair to make the wig. The colors are mixed too, then wefted or sewed by hand in layers on a silk-mesh netting.

At Max Factor's wigmaking establishment in Hollywood, one of the world's oldest and largest, some 200 wigmakers and dressers turn out most of the theatrical and fashion wigs for the movie colony. A skilled worker here can hand-make a wig in about three days, but nontheatrical wigmakers often spend as much as 60 to 100 hours of hand labor on one wig. Bob Roberts, assistant director of Factor's wig department, says his business in wigs for women not connected with the film industry has doubled in the past two years. "Some women were just born with problem hair," he told me, "and for them the wig is the only answer. Women are beginning to accept wigs as a necessity, like contact lenses."

Carol Channing, for instance, wears wigs like hats because excessive bleaching has brought trouble with her hair. She always travels with three wigs in special red carriers that match her other luggage. An important outgrowth of the wig boom, in fact, is the mushrooming industry in wig accessories—wig blocks (usually canvas or Styrofoam), wig dry cleaner (Ethel Merman orders cans of wig cleaner by the dozens as gifts for friends) and wig cases, now standard items in most luggage and notions departments as well as beauty shops. Prices range from $10 (for cardboard cases) to $100 (for leather).

Not long ago I stopped at my favorite bird shop in Chicago to buy a new cage for my singing goldfinch. I spotted one I liked in brass and red Naugahyde and asked the price. It was $75. "But it won't do for your goldfinch. It's a wig cage," said the shop owner, Erling Kjelland.

Erling, who designs ornate cages for bird fanciers, explained that a wig dealer had recruited him to convert his cages to wig carriers. He didn't approve, but what could he do? Business was too fantastic. He gets from $50 to $150 for his wig cases, some of them double-headers. I waited six weeks for my bird cage. (My wig travels in a $20 leatherette case.)

The average wait for a wig is 12 to 14 weeks. Blond and gray wigs are the most expensive: starting price, retail, is about $400.

Most women apparently have a secret yen to be blondes. Gene Barnes, while NBC-TV producer, staged a Why-I-Want-a-Wig contest (50 words) on her *Family Show* a few months ago, with a $400 wig as a prize. The winner could choose her own color. Fifty-one percent of the women wanted to be blond; 30 percent preferred brunette, the others wanted the "frosted" look. The trend now, however, is toward wigs that match a woman's own hair color.

But this, too, can run into money. A princess from the Middle East had her hair sheared while visiting in New York, then was called back suddenly to her own country. She ordered an emergency wig from New York hairdresser Michel Kazan. It not only had to match her own hair perfectly but it had to be hip length to conform to the customs of her country. It cost her $1,500.

The wearing of wigs, by both men and women, is a custom of great antiquity. Egyptians, Persians, Greeks and Romans wore them. Cleopatra charmed Mark Antony with an indigo wig. Marie Antoinette's ornate wig rose three feet high. Hannibal wore a wig when he crossed the Alps. Mary Queen of Scots went to her execution with a wig; and her contemporary, Queen Elizabeth, had 80 wigs, which ran from auburn through orange to gold, the colors she made fashionable in her era. The peruke, or periwig—from which the word "wig" was derived—remained fashionable either as a personal adornment or a symbol

Along with wigs, women are buying pin-on streaks, wiglets, wig hats, kiss curls, and glue-on widow's peaks.

the false-hair craze had to be a passing fancy may as well resign themselves to the bald facts. For more and more women, spare hair is now considered indispensable, like that spare tire in the car trunk. The wig boom is only beginning.

Five years ago there were fewer than 100 wig establishments in the country; today there are thousands. The price of human-hair wigs rose 300 percent last year and still soars. Women bought more than half a million wigs during the year, and they're still buying. The false-hair craze has hit dizzy heights with the spiraling Parisian *postiche*, pin-on streaks, wiglets, wig hats, kiss curls, and glue-on widow's peaks. But it's the cover-up wig that is fast becoming a household staple, like the can opener.

Only the price problem is holding some women from the wigmakers, and this is about to be remedied. The new trend is toward synthetic wigmaking, do-it-yourself wig kits, and easy-payment plans, with terms as low as $2.50 a week, no money down and two years to pay.

The mania has hit housewives, schoolteachers and low-income working girls who save pennies to buy wigs because (a) they resent the time and money spent in beauty shops, and (b) they have "problem" hair.

Statistics on wig sales differ, but they indicate that wigs may become more popular than hats, and as necessary as lipstick and make-up. Fashion Tress, Inc., a New York wigmaker, estimates that American women now own about 1,500,000 wigs, worth more than $225,000,000. Sears, Roebuck and Co., world's largest mail-order wig merchant, says 5,000,000 women now wear wigs or hairpieces as fashion accessories, with 1,500,000 using them to cover "problem" hair. (Sales of men's toupees also have boomed. Sears estimates that out of 15,000,000 bald American men, about 350,000 now wear toupees—a fivefold increase in 15 years.) At least 80 percent of all topflight Hollywood and television actors now wear some addition to their thinning hair.

Many an actress these days considers herself decently outfitted only with numerous wigs in her wardrobe. Tuesday Weld has one for each day of the week, to match her moods; Marlene Dietrich has at least a dozen; Eve Arden has 11. Zsa Zsa Gabor had 24 until she lost them in the fire that burned her Hollywood home in 1961. (She's now down to four.) Actress Dorothy Provine (see opposite page) owns three blond wigs and wants another with long hair. Society

Carol Channing, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Dorothy Provine and Marlene Dietrich share slogan: Have wig, will travel.

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WIGS

Today's wigs can be cut, set on rollers and combed out in the latest hair styles.

A wig left at the hairdresser in the morning can be ready for cocktail time. The cleaning costs about $15 and the set lasts about three weeks.

of office throughout most of history. Not until the late decades of the 19th century did the use of hair fashions in society gradually disappear. Wigs became "necessity" hairpieces to cover baldness and, like false teeth, not necessarily something to brag about.

It was Paris couturier Givenchy who brought wigs back into style. New York hairdresser and wigmaker Joyce Markson, who was in on the wig renaissance, recalls that Givenchy wanted more hair on his mannequins as a counterbalance for his straight-line "sack" dress of 1958. Believing America to be the land of miracles, he asked Joyce to send home for those miracle hair growers he had heard about. Tactfully she explained that nothing could grow enough hair on the heads of his models within three weeks—the deadline for his couturier opening. The solution was wigs—set on rollers, dried under dryers, handled and dressed like a real head of hair in bouffant style. Thus the wig evolved from a "necessity" hairpiece to a status symbol for women.

Until Givenchy's bouffant wigs made their debut, wigs were usually set in deep waves with rolled-up ends, then baked in an oven to dry. They looked exactly like wigs. Today's wigs can be cut and set in the latest hair styles; and even your husband can't tell whether you're wearing your own hair or the phony. This is a secret of the wig's popularity.

At the last Midwest Beauty Trade Show in Chicago one wig dealer sold 4,700 wigs in three days. Chicago wigmakers and importers are still too busy to be bothered by interviews. At least half a dozen pleaded with me, "Please, lady, don't use my name. Advertising I don't need. Customers I don't need."

In my business, as well as the wig business, this *is* a new switch. Said one, "I don't want to die rich in the cemetery." Another clipped me off with, "I got nothing but chaos already and eight customers waiting." All were wigmakers in the $350-and-up category. I tried for three days to talk to the wig demonstrator at Marshall Field's. She was too busy. When I asked for the wig buyer, I was told, "He's sick. Awful sick. You would be, too, if you were trying to buy wigs."

The problems for wig buyers are the shortage and skyrocketing prices of human hair. The better wigs are made of "virgin" human hair from European peasant girls who used to wait for the annual visit of the hair buyer. He came around with his cart and scissors and offered the girls a few dollars for a few ounces of hair. Now the girls, reading about movie stars and home permanents, keep their hair short. Wigmakers are paying as much as $350 a pound for the best blond European hair, $10 a pound for oriental hair. Nathan Goldstein, president of Chicago Hair Goods Co., says the price of hair has doubled during the past year. Most American hair is too brittle for wigmaking. The U. S. Commerce Department reports that wig companies imported $807,233 worth of hair through November of 1962, (latest figures available), compared with $279,000 in 1961 and $192,000 in 1960.

Dorothy Provine clowns in her "Ah So" postiche.

Though human-hair wigs start at about $300, hat bars are selling synthetic wigs for as low as $5.98, with the biggest synthetic volume in the $35-$55 range. This includes many repeat sales to old-time customers, bald or balding, who for years have managed with one "necessity" wig.

Some milliners resent wigs, of course, as detrimental to the hat business. Yet one buyer told me that she'd increased her millinery business 36 percent in six months by adding wigs to the department. Many millinery departments have added wigs to their hat counters to stimulate the sale of hats—as well as wigs.

Since becoming a wig addict, I've encountered only one woman who disapproves of wigs. She is Dr. Joyce Brothers, the psychologist, who thinks wigs are a symbol of "dissociation from femininity" and not a good sign in our culture. The woman who dotes on wigs, Doctor Brothers says, does not have a genuine interest in being a woman, and her excuse that a wig saves time and bother with hairdressers is really superficial. Eras of wig wearing, she adds, have always preceded the downfall of the culture.

Well, a wig stays put and is not so easily disheveled as your own hair. Maybe at the guillotine we'll at least be well coiffed. THE END

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Hook your opener over the edge. Lift gently and watch it slice down through the aluminum, slick as you please.

You've just discovered the newest thing in beer cans. The easy opening aluminum top. Many brewers have already switched to tops of aluminum. Look for the brands with the easy opening ends at your nearest store or distributor. Another new convenience from Alcoa—the company that makes good ideas work.

What next from ALCOA

ALCOA

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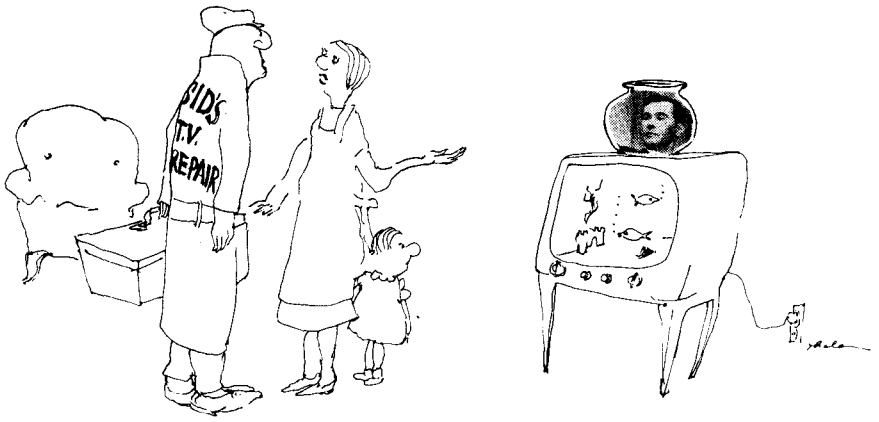
post scripts



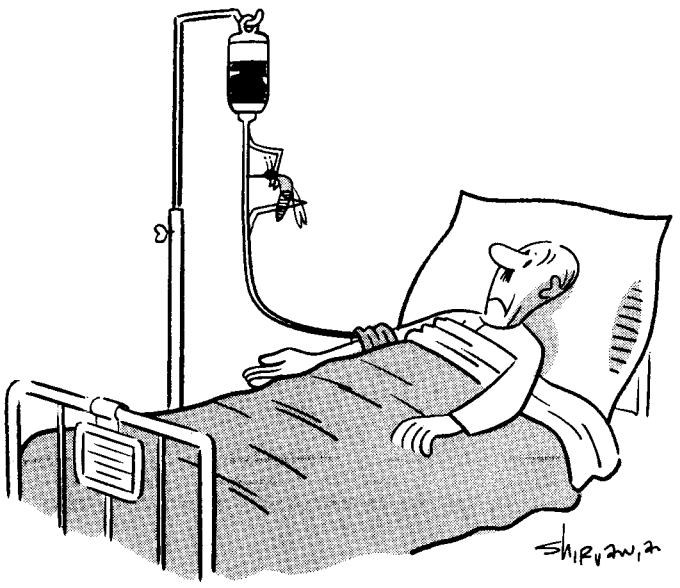
"It happens every time a train goes by."

WET PLAINT

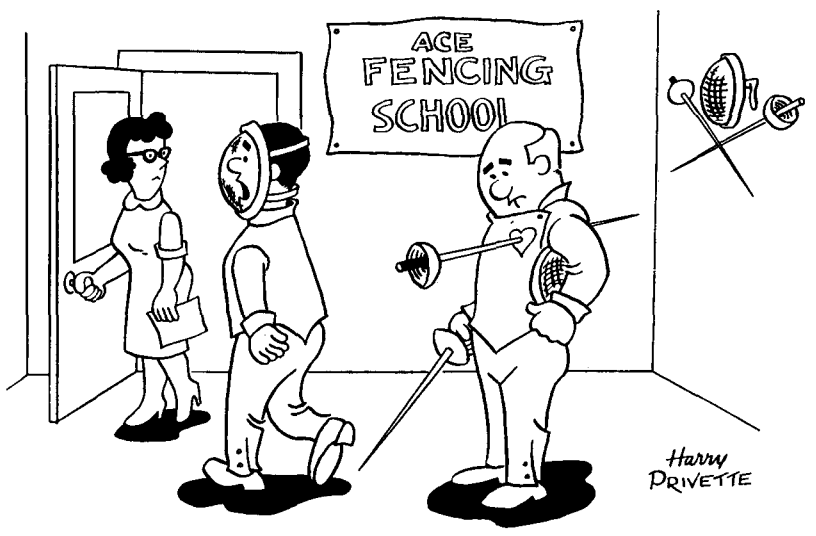
The rain is raining all around;
  It falls on brooks and rivers,
On roof and street and on my feet
  And down my neck in shivers.

It rains on bird and beast and on
  The corner cop, poor fella,
But not, I know, upon the schmo
  Who borrowed my umbrella!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



"I changed the baby. Here's a dry one."



"Oh, Miss Jones—make out a refund check for Mr. Smidley."

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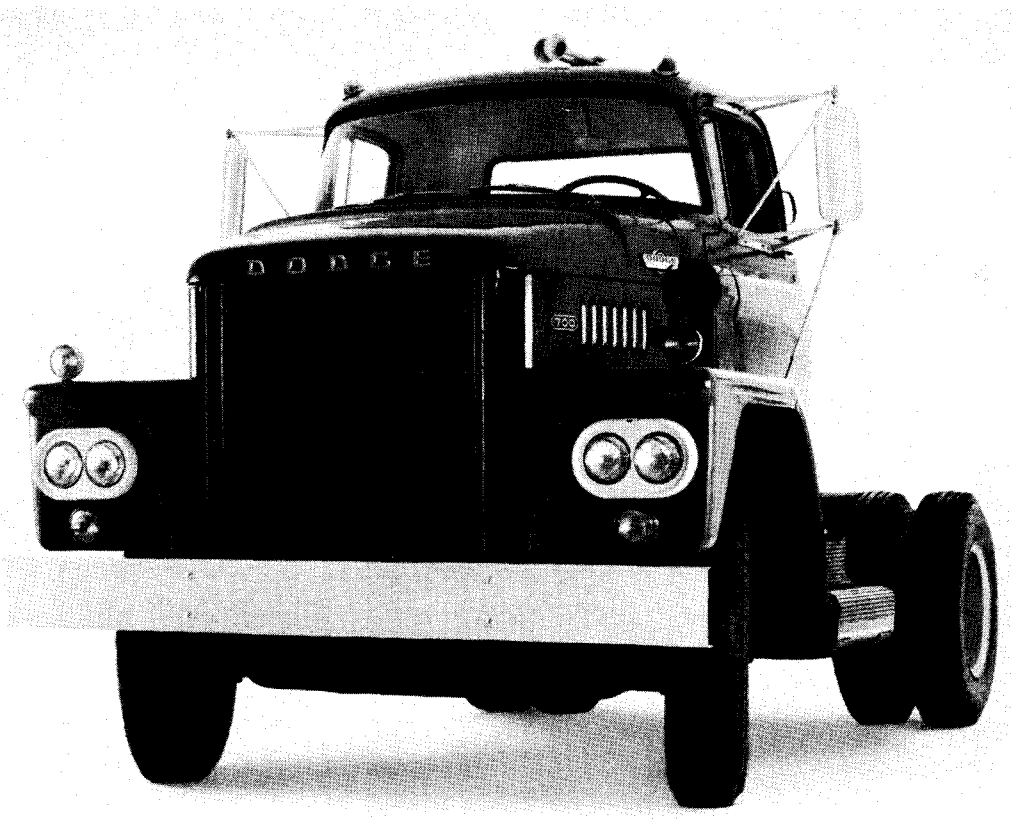
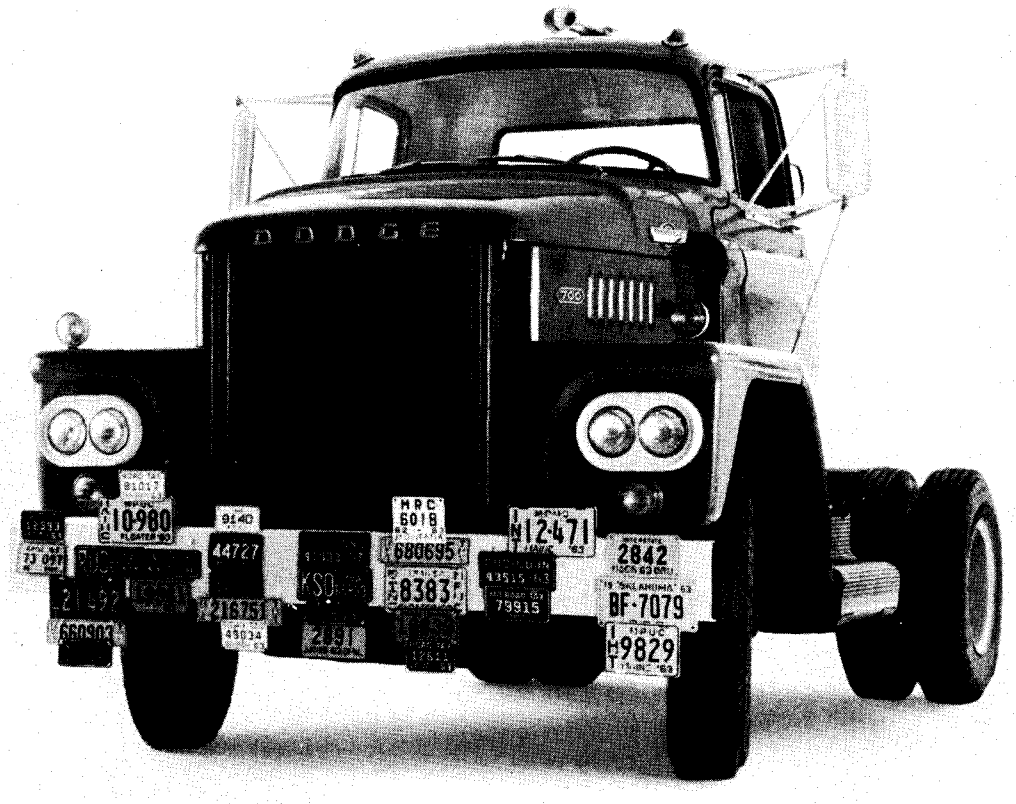


DODGE TRUCKS ARE WARRANTED FOR 5 YEARS



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A truck is a tool. It's bought to make money. The tougher it is, the longer it will last. The more money it will make. That's simple. ☐ Dodge builds tough trucks. That's straight. They're built that way and backed that way. Backed by a revolutionary five-year or 50,000-mile power train warranty*. ☐ That's a lot of miles. A lot of years. A lot of truck. ☐ The two trucks in the illustration are the *same model. Only one difference. The Dodge on top is new. The one on the bottom* is as we imagine it will look some months from now. ☐ It has numerous license plates. A few minor dents. A little dirt. Forty-eight thousand miles on the clock. And the power train is still as thoroughly protected as the day it went into service. ☐ This new five-year or fifty-thousand-mile power train warranty applies to every truck we build. They are warranted that way by Chrysler Motors Corporation to all authorized Dodge Truck Dealers. ☐ This is the longest warranty *on any American truck.* ☐ *Talk to competitive dealers. You won't find a* warranty that even comes close to the one offered by the men who sell Dodge.

*Your authorized Dodge Truck Dealer's warranty against defects in material or workmanship on 1963 trucks has been expanded to include parts replacement or repair, without charge for required parts or labor, for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, on the engine block, head and internal parts; transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch); torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings, provided the vehicle has been serviced at reasonable intervals according to the Chrysler Motors Corporation Certified Truck Care Schedules. Trucks are subject to additional limitations of 1500 hours operation if mileage does not accurately reflect the extent of actual use and operation of parts covered by the warranty. Coverage will not apply to trucks subjected to prolonged power-take-off or off-highway use.

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION **DODGE BUILDS TOUGH TRUCKS**

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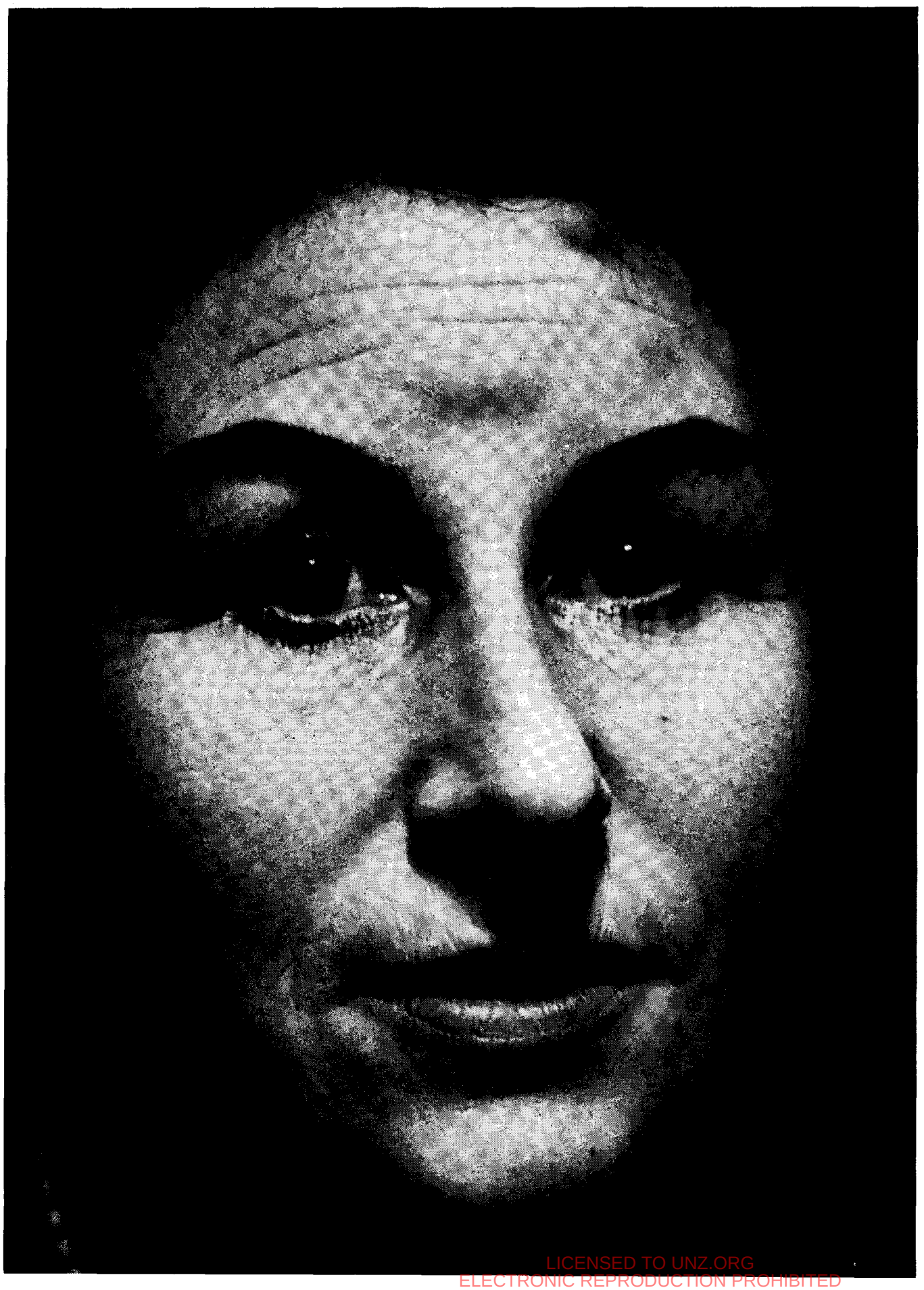
THE DANISH JEWS

How their countrymen saved them from the Nazis

By Roul Tunley



Inge Jensen recalls a moment when her babies' screaming imperiled their escape.

By all odds Joseph Rosensaft should never have escaped Hitler's holocaust. He was an inmate of Auschwitz, worst of the concentration camps. He endured unspeakable tortures at the hands of the Nazis, and he survived only because the Allied victory ended Hitler's plan to put every Jew to death. Now that Rosensaft has created a new life for himself as a successful real-estate man in the United States, he considers Europe a nightmare, almost too terrible to think about at all. But when I recently mentioned one European country, Denmark, his face lit up with a smile. He touched his fingers to his lips and blew a kiss to the world. This stocky, middle-aged Polish refugee had never seen Denmark, but to him and to other survivors like him Denmark represents the one bright chapter in the long, dark story of Nazi oppression.

In contrast to other Nazi-occupied countries which allowed their Jews to be humiliated, plundered, turned into slave workers and finally killed, Denmark managed to save virtually all its Jews. "That ridiculous nation," as Hitler once called it, accomplished this unique and little-known feat by a sea-rescue operation unprecedented in all history, even at Dunkirk. For here a people set out to save not their own skins but the skins of other people.

Why and how did the Danes do it?

I'd learned some of the details during a trip to Israel. To find out more I went to Denmark, where millions still remember the day the Nazis marched in, April 9, 1940. Fighting lasted only a few hours. The Germans were relatively lenient, for they needed Denmark's industrial and agricultural output, and they approved of the Danes as fellow Nordics. Establishing a "model protectorate," they let the Danes keep their king, parliament and even armed forces. And they did little at first about Denmark's 8,000 Jews, a highly assimilated minority which had been in the country more than three centuries. Few Danes knew or cared whether a neighbor was Jewish.

For three and a half years the Danish Jews went largely unmolested. In 1941 some Nazi hoodlums tried to set fire to Copenhagen's lone synagogue, but King Christian X visited the damaged building the next day so that the whole country would know how he felt about such outrages. He also protested strongly. In 1942 the Nazis decreed that Danish Jews, like Jews in other Hitler lands, were to wear yellow armbands with the Star of David. "If this regulation is enforced," the king told the Germans, "my family and I will be the first to wear the armbands as a mark of distinction." The decree was never enforced.

By the fall of 1943, however, the Germans' military fortunes had changed. They were retreating before the Allied invaders in Italy. Sabotage and strikes were increasing in Denmark, prompting Winston Churchill to salute the Danes as "savage canaries." The Germans dissolved the Danish government, took over the army, made the king a virtual prisoner—and decided to round up all the Danish Jews for deportation.

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Secretly the Nazis drew up a plan. On October 1, transports would move into Copenhagen harbor; the Gestapo would seize all Jews in their homes, drag them aboard the ships and carry them off to the concentration camps of Germany. The Nazis planned the raid for Rosh Hashanah, when Jews would be at home for their traditional New Year's celebration.

Three days before the fateful night, however, a German who worked at the Copenhagen embassy heard of the plot. The German, G. F. Duckwitz, warned Hans Hedtoft, head of the Danish Socialist Party, who in turn informed a Jewish leader, C. B. Henriques. When Hedtoft told him of the plot, Henriques retorted, "You're lying!" He had just talked with a high German official who had assured him the Danish Jews would be spared. Hedtoft had to persuade Henriques that the danger was imminent and that the Jews should go into hiding with non-Jewish friends. Next day, the word from Henriques passed through the synagogue. When the Gestapo broke in the doors of thousands of Jewish homes on the night of October 1 they found no one.

Furious, the Germans arrested and interned Major General Gortz, chief of the Danish armed forces, along with other high-ranking officers. They would be released, the Danes were told, if they would tell the whereabouts of the Jews. The officers retorted that they preferred to stay in camp. "We can't see much point in exchanging one Dane for another," said Gortz. The Germans couldn't believe their ears. These Danes, whom they considered "the purest of Aryans," were talking as though Jews were equals.

The military wasn't the only group to take up the cause. From the king on down, people protested the persecution of their countrymen. On October 3 every church in the land read a letter prepared by the Danish Lutheran bishops. "Persecution of the Jews conflicts with the humanitarian conception of the love of neighbors and the message which Christ's church set out to preach," the letter said. "We will fight to preserve for our Jewish brothers and sisters the same freedom we ourselves value more than life."

The Germans were unworried. The Gestapo chief said: "We'll have every Jew in our hands in a week. We'll also have those hiding them." The Nazis knew that lack of food would force the Jews to come out of their hiding places.

The Danes had acted against the sudden threat without any plan for an extensive rescue operation. Yet after the first shock the whole country quickly began to work for the Jews' escape. To the Danes, there was only one thing to do—get the Jews out of the country and across the water to the safety of neutral Sweden.

What happened to a young, blond, ruddy-faced doctor is perhaps typical. Dr. K. H. Koster, just starting surgical practice at Copenhagen's huge Bispebjerg Hospital, began to wonder how he could help the Jews. One of the first things he and his colleagues did was discharge their Jewish patients and immediately readmit them under other names. They put other, healthy Jews into doctors' and nurses' gowns and temporarily consigned others to bed as patients. Doctor Koster knew they'd be safe—for a few days. But this was only a stopgap. "There's no future in keeping people in bed," he remarked.

Some doctors had been working to arrange transportation to Sweden in small fishing boats. Within several days Koster learned that boats were available for 40 people. Immediately he notified 40 Jews who couldn't be "hospitalized" that they might escape if they showed up at the hospital next day. To avoid suspicion he told them to dress as for a funeral. At the appointed hour people came on foot, in taxis and on buses, all dressed in black and bearing wreaths and other flowers. But they brought friends and relatives. Instead of 40 no fewer than 160 appeared in the hospital chapel. Aghast at the turnout, Koster quickly led the refugees through an underground passage to the cellar of the hospital's psychiatry building. There they waited until he could figure out what to do with them.

A child waved good-bye

Forty, of course, could head for the boats. When it was dark, they piled into a hospital truck and hid behind the truck's canvas curtain. Koster accompanied them as far as the main gate, but just as the truck turned into the main street something went wrong. A little girl, grateful for Koster's help, stuck her hand outside to wave good-bye. Koster went rigid when he saw a Gestapo agent, sitting in his car outside the gate, suddenly start his motor and follow the truck.

An intern who had been helping Koster jumped into his car and followed the Gestapo agent. He was determined to ram the German's car, if necessary, so the truck could escape. Through the darkened streets the intern pursued his quarry while the gap closed between the German and the refugees. Just as the Nazi seemed ready to overtake the truck and the intern nerved himself for the crash, the Gestapo car turned down a side street. He hadn't been pursuing the truck after all.

At the hospital, meanwhile, Koster arranged for the remaining 120 Jews to be housed in the nurses' quarters. The next morning at least 100 more showed up. Overnight more transportation had been arranged, and from then on Jews began to move steadily through the hospital to the coastal villages and across to Sweden. In some cases Danish rescuers rowed the whole distance, which varies from three to 17 miles, but most of the Jews went in small fishing vessels. (All pleasure craft had long been banned from the coast.) Most fishermen were paid for the job, but there is no record of any one being refused because he had no money. For a fisherman, the risks were enormous. If caught he stood to lose his boat, his livelihood, his life, perhaps even the lives of his family.

Because of its size Bispebjerg Hospital—a complex of buildings spread over hundreds of acres—was ideal as a staging area for the flight to freedom. It quickly developed into the largest single avenue of escape. It also developed a regular routine. Arriving Jews went to the apartment of the head nurse. Hospital workers screened them and assigned them to various nurses' quarters. They slept on floors, in bath-tubs, in cellars—wherever they could until transportation was ready.

In the early occupation, Army Chief Gortz (right) publicly kept step with the Germans. But when the persecutions began, he stood up to them.

Considerable money was necessary, of course, to pay for taxis, boats, food. Jews could contribute little because they dared not go to their banks or cash checks. The exodus had to be financed secretly. This proved easier than expected: All over Denmark people understood—and responded. They poured money into the hands of the expediters without a receipt or even a nod of recognition. On one occasion a woman stopped Doctor Koster on a train and said, "I know you can use this." She pressed 10,000 crowns into his hands. (A crown was worth about 21 cents.) One rich lumberman, knowing a group of Jews needed money in a hurry, pedaled on his bike through pouring rain to deliver 150,000 crowns. Large gifts came secretly from banks, labor unions, businesses and the Danish Medical Association. At one time the Bispebjerg Hospital had 1,000,000 crowns hidden in its "bank"—the oven of the head matron.

Koster, who had once pondered for weeks over whether to spend 100 crowns, now found himself spending thousands without thinking twice. A few days after the hospital's rescue operation got into high gear, for example, Koster had arranged for a large fishing schooner to take 175 refugees to Sweden. One foggy night the doctor took the group to the coastal rendezvous in 50 taxis, staggered so as not to arouse suspicion. Finally assembled, the fugitives walked down to the shore. Hearing the motor of a boat, they signaled what they believed to be their schooner. In return came a burst of gunfire. The vessel was German.

Koster hustled his band back into the taxis. They raced down the coast to a castle where they knew they could be sheltered in an emergency. While the group waited, Koster rushed to a fishing village nearby. He asked the owner of the first trawler he saw to name the price of his boat. The fisherman was speechless. "Hurry up," implored Koster. "There's no time to lose—if you know what I mean." The owner said his boat was worth 150,000 crowns but he hadn't planned to sell. Koster pulled 150,000 crowns from his pocket and told the fisherman to sail quickly to a spot near the castle. Within a few hours 175 more Jews had safely landed on Sweden's shore. When the taxis arrived back at the hospital in the morning their meters were still running. The fares (about 300 crowns each) came out of the head matron's oven.

Not all excursions ended so happily. One night 200 Jews were taken to the fishing village of Gilleleje. When the time came to rendezvous with the escape vessel, the group signaled by flashlight. A

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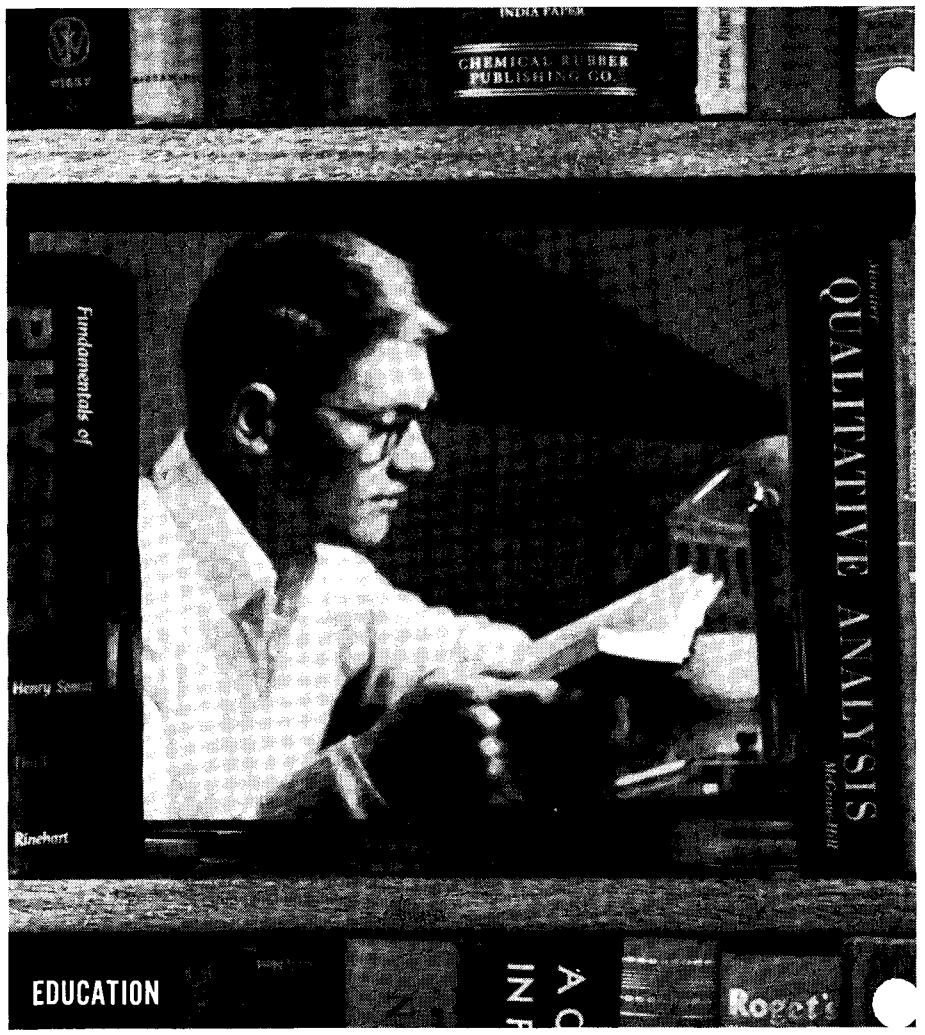

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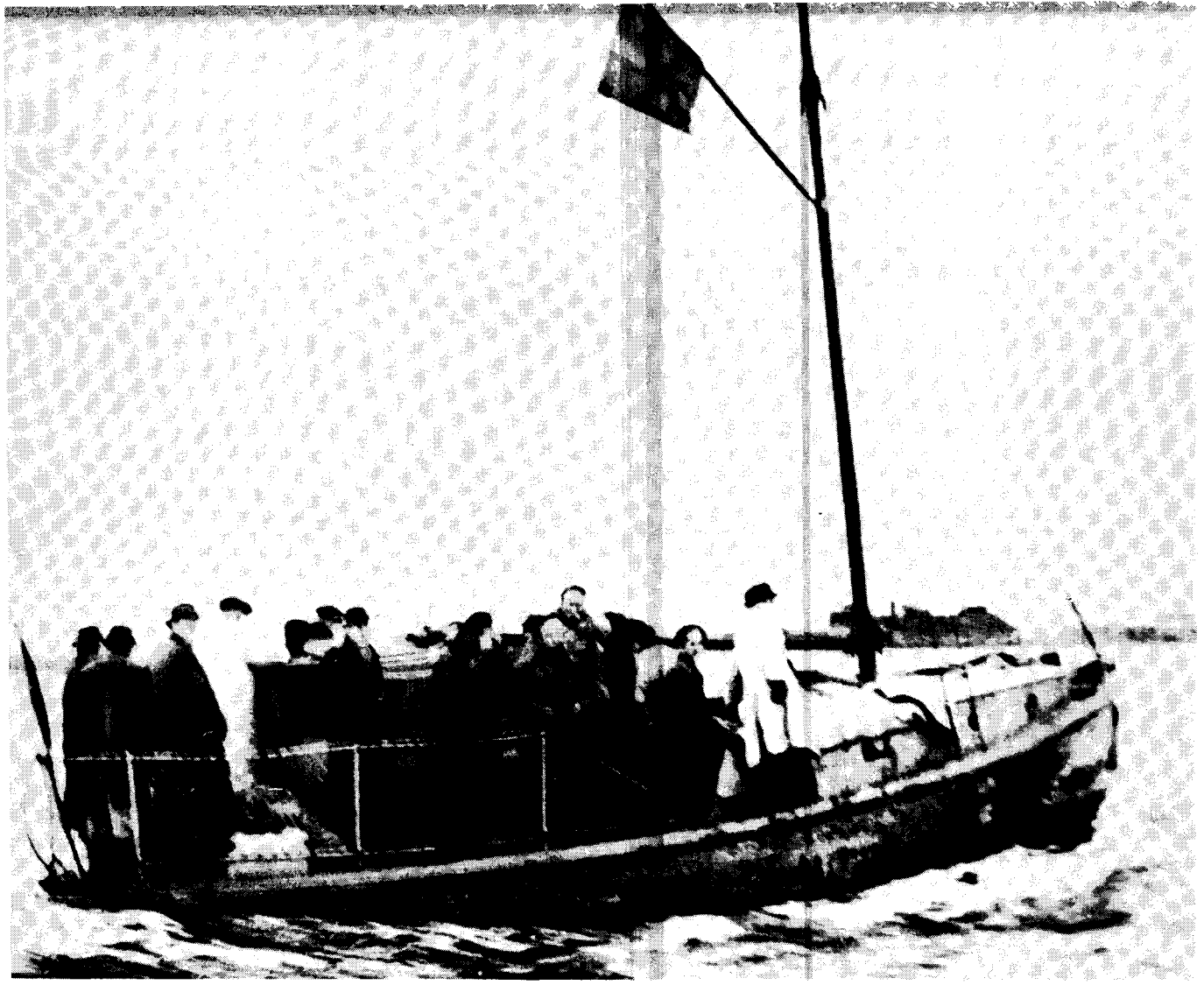

A fishing boat full of Jewish refugees nears the Swedish coast after a night of dodging German patrols.

More than 7,000 escaped; only 472 were captured.

DANISH JEWS

boat approached and bathed them with a powerful searchlight. It was a German patrol vessel. The Jews fled to a nearby church and hid in the attic for hours. Eventually a Danish woman with Nazi sympathies betrayed them to the Gestapo. The Germans took the entire group to a German concentration camp at Theresienstadt, Czechoslovakia.

Although Bispebjerg Hospital helped the largest number of Jews to escape (about 25 percent of the total), other groups performed outstanding feats. Among them were Danish Rockefeller Institute professors and students led by a biochemist, Dr. Richard Ege, and his attractive wife. One of the most important members of this group was Dr. P. Brandt-Rehberg, a physiologist whose principal hobby had been tending his rose garden. Dr. Brandt-Rehberg, a powerfully built man, was eventually captured by the Germans. To extract secrets from him, they broke his chinbone and whipped his back to ribbons. They were not successful. A scientist to the core, Doctor Brandt-Rehberg used the time between beatings to make notes on the behavior of his torturers.

"I don't think they're really sadists," he wrote. "They don't seem to enjoy what they're doing but appear intent on doing what they're told."

Danes in all walks of life did whatever they could. Housewives cooked food and carried it to Jews in hiding. Hairdressers dyed the hair of the fugitives blond so they'd be less conspicuous. Clergymen prepared baptismal certificates with only the names left blank so they could be filled in whenever a Jew needed "proof" of Christianity. But perhaps the most important single contribution to the exodus came from a Copenhagen dentist. Knowing that the Gestapo used dogs to track down hidden Jews, he invented a mixture of dried blood and cocaine. When this was sprinkled at the entrance to a cellar it would destroy a dog's sense of smell for hours.

Despite all this help, it still remained for the Jews themselves to go through the nerve-racking experience of crossing the swift currents of the Sound in the dead of night. One of the refugees, Mrs. Inge Jensen, a dark, slender, attractively dressed woman now in her mid-forties, told me what it was like.

"Why should I hide?"

Herself Jewish, she had married a non-Jewish Danish officer named Jensen in 1939 and she was apprehensive when the Germans occupied the country. But since nothing much happened to Denmark's Jews she soon lost her fear. Just before the Gestapo made its October 1 raid, friends told the Jensens to go into hiding. Mrs. Jensen's first reaction was disbelief. "Hide? Why should I hide?" she asked. Finally, she and her husband decided that their 18-month-old twin daughters, Marianne and Brigit, should be taken to a friend's house. Jensen, who was active in the underground, had to remain in Denmark. But Mrs. Jensen soon arranged to flee with her two daughters and her brother-in-law.

On the appointed day Mrs. Jensen, her hair dyed blond, went with her children to Snekkersten, a point on the coast only three miles from Sweden. There they met four saboteurs whom the underground had decided to get out of the country. The eight refugees drove to the house of a known friend, a doctor, to prepare for the voyage. Mrs. Jensen had her first real scare as they approached the house. A flashing light from the house warned them it was unsafe to enter. They drove around for an hour, the children growing more and more restless. Finally the signal light indicated the coast was clear.

The doctor gave the children injections to keep them quiet during the crossing. All the refugees changed into black clothes so they could blend into the night. After it was dark they went to a small wharf and boarded a rowboat. A fisherman was to row them to the fishing vessel that would take them to Sweden. But when they reached the rendezvous there was no fishing boat. They searched for it in vain. At last, they decided to make the crossing on their own.

The night was cold and black. It began to rain, and Marianne cried. The drug hadn't worked well enough. The night was so silent that the child's screams echoed across the water. From time to time the escapees saw the red and green lights of German patrol boats. When this happened, they crouched in the bottom of the boat. At one point, while hiding in this way, they felt a sudden, sharp crash. To their horror they saw they'd bumped into a German ship. They waited breathlessly. No one appeared on deck. Finally the fisherman whispered, "Now we must row for our lives!"

For a few minutes they rowed in desperate haste—and then both children began screaming. The chief saboteur declared, "There's only one way to save our lives. Throw the girls overboard!" Mrs. Jensen went numb. She understood the logic of the man's words, but she knew she would never give up her children. Her brother-in-law supported her. Two of the saboteurs stuffed the little girls deep inside their thick coats. Thus were their cries muffled. For eight hours they rowed—and then they saw the lights of Sweden. By this time, however, the current of the Kattegat, flowing into the Sound, had grown so strong the boat was unable to make any headway at all. They could go neither forward nor backward; they were thoroughly exhausted. It would be light in a few minutes and then the Germans were certain to find them. There was only one thing to do—signal the next boat they saw and pray that it would be Swedish. It was a fifty-fifty chance. The first streaks of dawn lighted a vessel. They signaled—and waited. One of the saboteurs was the first to shout at the sight of the Swedish flag. In minutes they were safe.

In Sweden, Mrs. Jensen rushed her daughters to a hospital. Marianne was unconscious and scarcely breathing. She had been virtually smothered. She recovered consciousness two days later, but it took three years and treatment by hypnotism before she stopped having screaming nightmares. Today these twins—now 21—remember nothing of their experience.

During that memorable October Mrs. Jensen and her daughters were among more than 7,000 Jews who made it safely to Sweden. Only 472 fell into the hands of the Germans, who sent them to the Theresienstadt camp. Even those prisoners eventually escaped with their lives—all of them except a few elders who might have died naturally in Denmark. There was a special reason the Theresienstadt prisoners survived: The other Danes sent them food and clothing. Also, the king and other officials applied pressure to assure the Jews good treatment.

Today, most Danes are reluctant to talk about their efforts in this exodus. They say there was nothing unusual in their behavior. "As Christians we could not have done otherwise," says Aage Bertelsen, who headed an escape organization of teachers in a Copenhagen suburb. Bertelsen believes it important not to apotheosize the Danes so much that they become supermen. Not all, of course, were angels. Some Danes became Nazis, some betrayers. Others made fortunes by trafficking in human misery.

Human nature being what it is, not all Jews were easy to deal with either. Some, even while being fed under the most difficult circumstances, refused to eat anything but kosher food. Some refused to travel on the Sabbath. Others insisted on carrying more luggage than the single handbag allowed each escapee. One Jew, asked to shave off his beard so that he'd be less recognizable, said he couldn't use a razor because it was against Hebraic law. And one party of Jews who made it safely to Sweden were so incensed at being charged $4,000 by a profiteering fisherman that they denounced the man in a Swedish broadcast. The Germans picked up the fisherman, and he implicated others who were active in transporting Jews. This closed one avenue of escape.

Yet the overwhelming majority of Jews and other Danes behaved in a way that has been called "an ornament to history." And not all the benefits were on the Jewish side. As Boerge Outze, one of the country's leading editors, told me, "The Jews helped to unify the country. They also helped make the resistance

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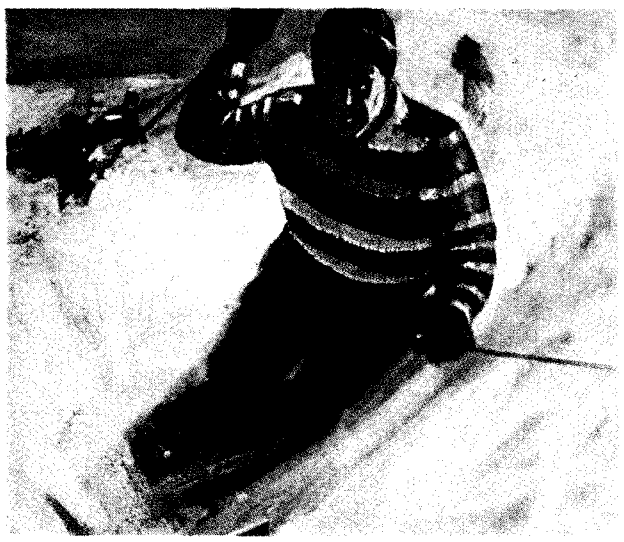

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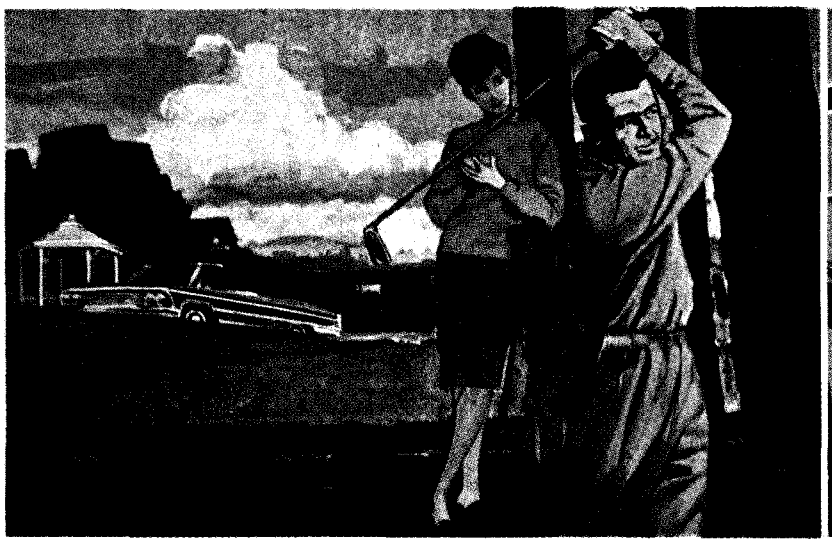

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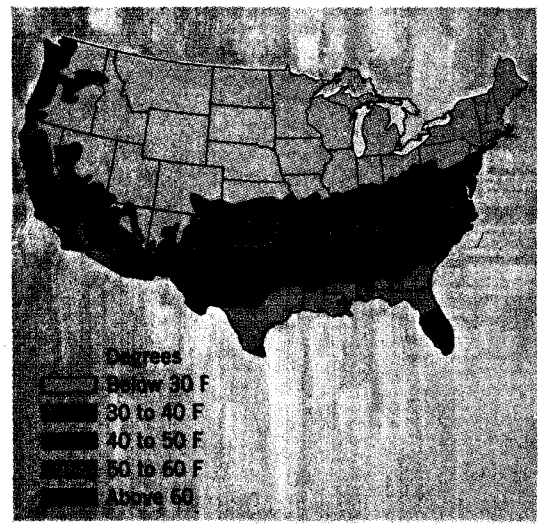

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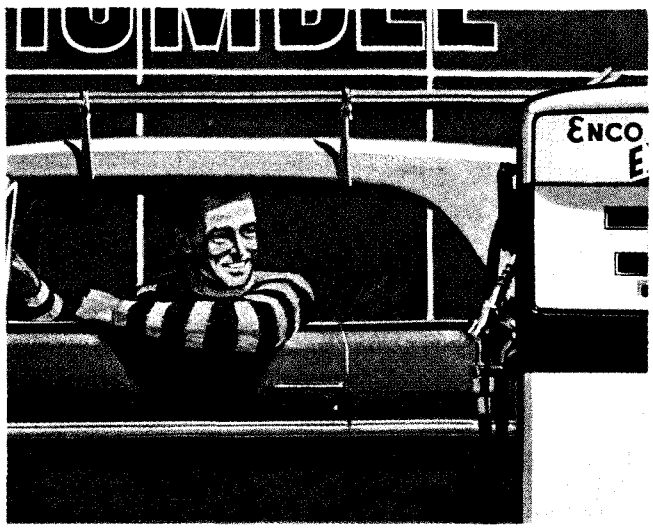

Enco Extra gives you extra-quick starts, fast warm-ups and long mileage wherever you are — and in cool, damp weather helps prevent stalls due to carburetor icing.

America's First Choice...make it yours, too!

Wherever you go, you'll find the same dependable service. Let your Enco dealer check your battery, change your oil...

to Uniflo®, first all-weather oil.

At 30,000 stations, in the sun and in the snow, you'll find the driving weather's better at the "Happy Motoring" sign.

HUMBLE OIL & REFINING COMPANY ... America's Leading Energy company

ENCO

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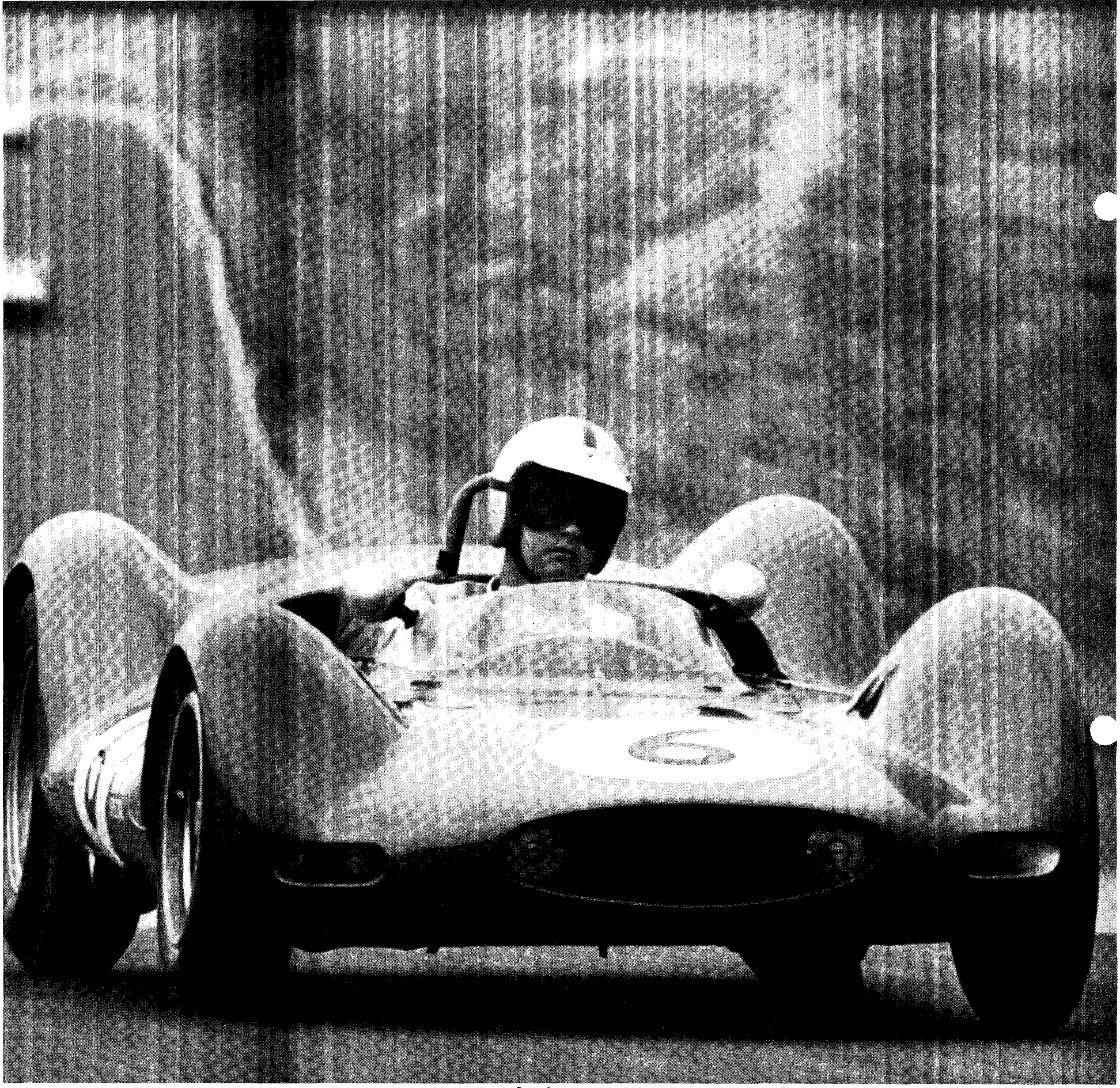
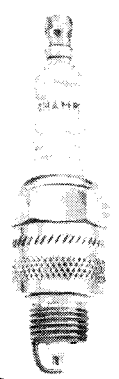


Roger Penske wins the 1962 Riverside Grand Prix in his Zerex Duralite Special—sparked by silvery-plated Champions

The overwhelming majority of men
who stake their careers on engine performance
choose Champion spark plugs, because Champions
have no equal for power and dependability.
Why settle for less in your car?



CHAMPION

To feel new power in your car, instantly, install new Champions now and every 10,000 miles

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After the war the Danes welcomed the Jews back.

respectable. Up to that time many people believed the underground was criminal. But after what happened to the Jews, it was easier to collect money for the resistance. A month after the Jewish exodus, sabotage of the German war effort reached the highest peak of the war."

Outze gives some Germans a share of credit for cooperating in the rescue operation—at least passively. After all, it was a German who tipped off the Danes about the October 1 raid. And many members of the German armed forces so disliked the Gestapo's methods that they deliberately looked the other way when Jews were trying to escape. In one well-documented story, a German officer was at a waterfront bar when a sergeant rushed up to report that people were boarding a boat outside. The officer grunted "So what!" and took another drink. "But sir," insisted the sergeant, "they're probably Jews—escaping!"

"Damn it!" shouted the officer. "That's the responsibility of the Gestapo, not ours." That group of Jews got away.

Remarkable as the Danish rescue operation was, even more remarkable, in the opinion of Denmark's chief rabbi, Marcus Melchior, was the way in which the Danish Jews were brought back home.

"After all," said Rabbi Melchior, "the Danes could have done what they did as a defiant gesture at the Germans or because it was a convenient way to get rid of their Jewish population. But when the time came for us to come back, they acted as though they really wanted us."

Why the Danes did it

Not only did the Danes urge the Jews to come home but the government paid the expense of the return. In their absence the Danes had kept their Jewish countrymen's homes, property and bank accounts intact, and their jobs open. And quite often, just before a Jewish family returned, neighbors slipped into the house, cleaned it and left a meal on the stove and flowers on the table.

Why did the Danes do so much?

One answer came from my New Jersey neighbor, Mrs. Grethe McCorkle. A petite and charming young woman, she was living in Denmark when the Jews were saved. Recently she met a Trenton rabbi at a reception. When he learned she was Danish he said to her, "Mrs. McCorkle, I want you to know how grateful we Jews are to the Danes for saving our people during the war." She looked at him with surprise. "You are mistaken, Rabbi," she said. "We saved *our* people."

Perhaps an even better answer was given by Rabbi Melchior just before I left Denmark. Asked why the Danes had saved their Jews when other countries under Hitler had lost most of theirs, he smiled and said:

"When a man loves a woman, or a woman a man, neither one can give you a valid explanation as to why they do. If they can they probably don't really love each other. The real reason is—it's just part of their nature." THE END

King Christian X, here riding in public in May, 1942, set an example by defying the Nazis' anti-Jewish orders.

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Squinting in the sun at Denver's Stapleton Field, Continental Airlines' president sees a new mass market for jet travel.

The highflying ROBERT SIX

His maverick tactics stir airline controversy.

by Robert L. Whearley

Back in 1928, when Robert Forman Six worked as a bill collector for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, he often had to call on rural farmers. Sometimes they weaseled on payments, and, when this happened, Six resorted to a simple means of persuasion: He shinnied up poles and cut the farmers' wires. Six no longer scurries up poles, but he still employs that blunt approach. And because of it he is one of the most successful—and most controversial figures in aviation today.

As president of Continental Airlines Inc., second smallest of the eleven domestic trunk carriers, he has coupled his directness with a flair for razzmatazz and a granite-hard business sense to earn his company healthy profits at a time when the airline industry has been losing millions. Competitors do not dispute his personal success, but they do take issue with his methods. They howl.

Last month that howling crescendoed anew. Bob Six petitioned the Civil Aeronautics Board to extend its approval of his experimental fare-reduction plan that sets up three classes of jet travel: first class, business class (at prices 15 percent below first class) and economy class (at fares 20 percent below standard coach rates). First introduced on Continental's Chicago–Los Angeles route last August, the scheme has been rocking the industry ever since.

According to Six, the plan is exceeding expectations. "Earnings for the first several months of 1962," he says, his bushy eyebrows arching over the rims of a pair of dark glasses, "were below comparable figures for 1961. But, since September, revenues have climbed dramatically. We had the best final quarter in our history. There is no question that the new fares stimulated the market."

Yet other airlines, forced to adopt a similar plan to keep pace, tell a different story. They feel that juggling jet seating configurations just to offer three separate types of service is pointless; they insist further that increased profits from economy-class passengers are being offset by a drop in first-class revenues. "Three classes of service is just plain silly," snaps American Airlines' President C. R. Smith; "it's uneconomic." Adds another airline official, "Continental is leading the industry down the road to disaster."

This is not the first time that Continental and its heavy-lidded, blunt-spoken boss have found themselves at loggerheads with competitors. The larger carriers have long complained about the upstart airline's operations, particularly when they've been forced to follow suit.

In 1955 the CAB awarded Continental—then a small although prosperous feeder airline—permission to fly between Chicago and Los Angeles. "All we had to do was buck three of the country's four largest airlines on that route," Six recalls, "and nobody had ever even heard of us. We had to do something to attract attention fast."

While other carriers relegated coach passengers to DC-6s or Constellations, Six used faster DC-7Bs, and further wooed his customers by serving them drinks and, for the first time in coach history, even supplied a choice of hot meals. Competitors screeched.

In 1959, when Continental first began using jets, Six introduced "in-flight ticketing" to help passengers sidestep reservation waiting lines. To each flight crew he added a director of passenger services, an airborne major-domo responsible for arranging auto and hotel reservations. And, for customers who wanted to connect with other flights at major terminals, he offered a limousine service. Again the protests—from carriers that didn't want to reciprocate—were vehement.

Six displays an uncanny—some say unscrupulous—ability to turn such protests into business gains. In 1961, when the CAB rejected Continental's first bid to lower fares, he bought full-page advertisements in metropolitan newspapers to wail that his effort to provide cheaper transportation had been foiled by the "loud and angry cries of our competitors." This none-too-subtle tactic hardly endeared him to the other airlines, but it didn't hurt Continental's public image.

That image is a curious thing. On the one hand Six goes all-out to impress passengers with a "we-can't-do-too-much-for-you" approach, and he frocks his planes and services in seeming luxury. Airport ground crews wear white gloves and don gold-colored crash helmets and coveralls. The fuselages and tails of his jets are striped with gold. Hostesses wear gold-colored smocks and serve golden champagne for breakfast. The interior décor sparkles with gold trim and the color scheme extends even down to the lavatories. "I've gotten several letters about that," Six grins. "People want to know where they can buy our gold-colored toilet seats."

Yet all the opulence is a front. Continental is in fact one of the nation's most cost-conscious carriers. The company's main offices in Denver—dubbed "the cellblock" by employees—are located in an ancient hangar at Stapleton Field. Offices are shabby and—for a major airline—sparsely populated. "Most of our competitors," Six explains, "fall victim to Parkinson's Law. We have no room for men who walk around making work for one another."

Continental's fleet is almost as small as its roster of key personnel. Although his routes connecting Los Angeles, Denver, Houston, Dallas, Kansas City and Chicago total nearly 7,000 miles, Six has fewer than 30 aircraft. "Our equipment,"

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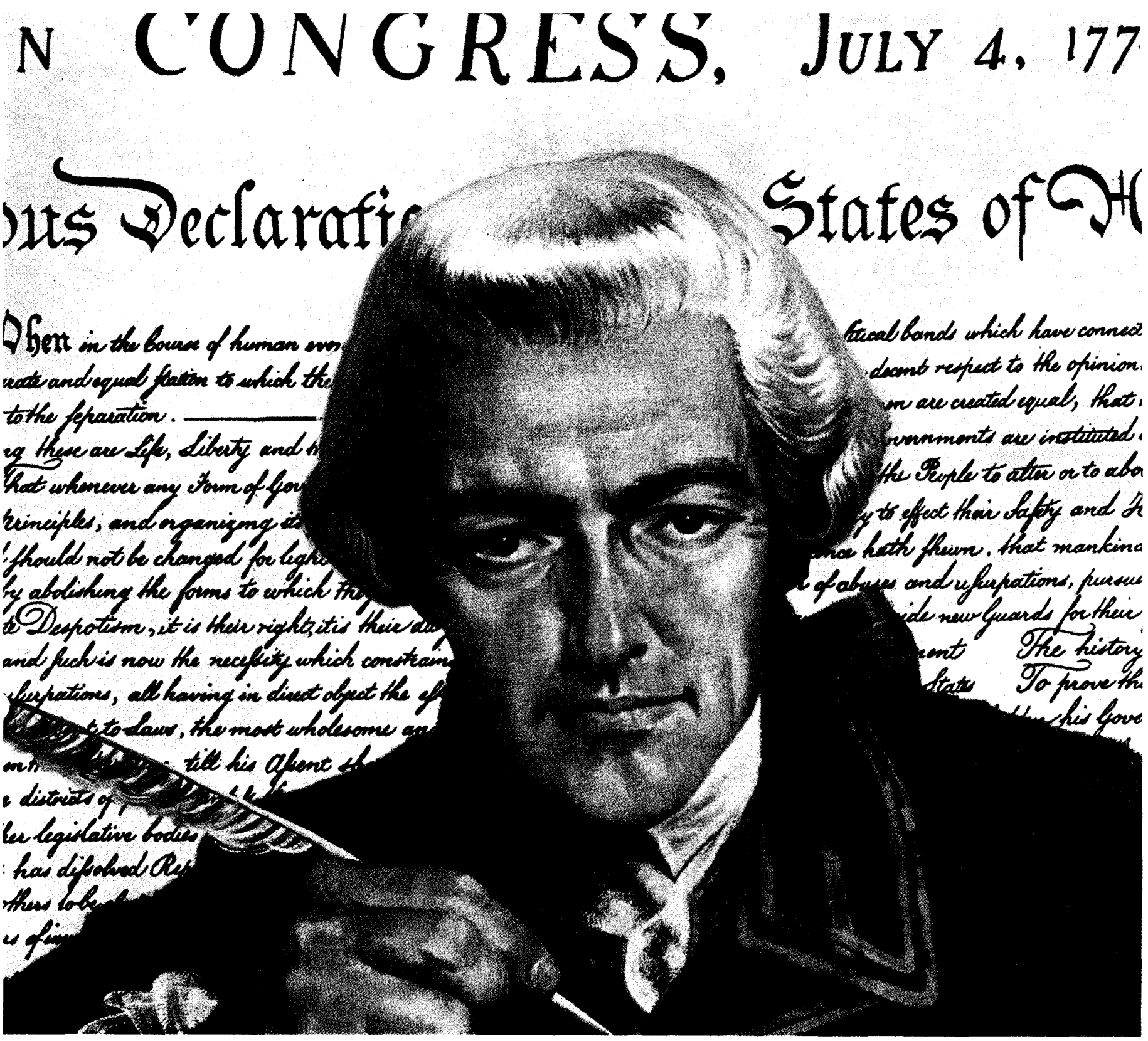
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He gave us a lesson in independence...

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. John Hancock had a fine home. A prosperous business. A future solid and secure as any man's. Why should a man like that want to change things?

But you open the book of our fight for independence, and there he is on every page. You come to the part about the Boston Tea Party, and he's right in the thick of it. Paul Revere's Ride? That's to warn Hancock and his friend Sam Adams that the British are marching to Lexington.

The Declaration of Independence? It's his own death warrant if he signs it. But he puts his name down, big and bold.

Then you think about it for a while and it makes good sense.

You know what grips a man when he first gets a whiff of the fresh, clean air of independence. After that he can't live with the stale smell of tyranny in his nostrils.

So you know why John Hancock wanted to change things. You understand because you've grown up in the same fresh air of independence, and it's made you the same kind of man.

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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"I'm running an airline," he says, "not a popularity contest."

ROBERT SIX

he likes to say, "is eighty percent jet-powered. The other airlines are still living in the piston age and getting their ears pinned back because of it."

Modernizing his fleet was not as easy as Six makes it sound. Continental could not buy as many jets as its better-heeled competitors, and, in order to offer comparable schedules and services, Six had to find a way to keep his aircraft in the air for longer periods of time. Rearranging his flight schedules, Six came up with a plan that lets each Continental jet roll into a Los Angeles repair shop every fourth night, receive the necessary maintenance and be ready to fly again the following morning. The plan has not affected safety: Continental maintains an excellent safety record. Yet, because of this continuous maintenance, the airline's 707's and 720's stay in service for 12 hours each day, compared with the industry's average of nine. Thus, with more seats available, Six can make money even when his planes are only 42 percent full. Other carriers need a load factor of between 50 and 55 percent before realizing a profit.

Six also saves money by insisting that pilots expedite landings and takeoffs and, whenever possible, plan their flights to slice off extra minutes. "Every minute a jet is in the air costs you $12," he points out; "every minute of taxi time costs you another $6. Be a little careless here and there, and you wind up losing $1 million a year." By paying such attention to detail, Continental boasts the lowest jet operating costs in the airline industry.

Despite his frugality at the office, Six has earned a personal reputation as a free-spending playboy. For years he has mingled with show-business celebrities, wound up in countless gossip columns and has been known to purchase thousands of dollars worth of art, sight unseen. Last summer, for example, a Beverly Hills art consultant named Edgardo Acosta wrote Six from France extolling an expensive painting (by Maurice Utrillo). The letter caught up with Six in Honolulu. Six telephoned Acosta and gave him an immediate order to buy.

Currently Six is trying to decide whether or not to hang some of those works of art in the first-class sections of his jets. If he does, it would not mark the first time that his personal hobbies have drawn attention to Continental.

In 1959, hearing that Colorado Gov. Stephen L. R. McNichols sought ideas to promote the state's Rush to the Rockies celebration, Six purchased a brace of pistols and perfected a fast-draw in the basement of his $79,000 Denver home. Then, "deputizing" five of his vice presidents, he formed a shooting posse known as the Six-Guns, and set out to blast his way into headlines. Six no longer slaps leather in formal competition, but his Colt Peacemakers still hang in holsters on an office hat rack, and two miniature golden gunslingers adorn his walnut desk.

Six's nuptial adventures have attracted another kind of attention. Divorced by his first wife in 1951—after 17 years of marriage—he wed brassy songstress Ethel Merman, set out to interest her in the airline and even worked out some mutual promotional schemes. In 1956, for example, while Miss Merman was appearing in the Broadway musical *Happy Hunting*, Six tried to peddle tickets to the show at Continental counters. The musical closed after a modest run; so did the ticket promotion, and, in 1959, so did the marriage.

In August, 1961, Six married comedienne Audrey Meadows. With time out for an occasional television appearance, she has given up her career to travel with her husband and, in the process, has startled him with her grasp of his business. "Right in the middle of a cocktail party," says one long-time friend, "Audrey will talk about the intricacies of aerodynamic theories. People still don't know what to make of it."

Audrey has also given Six some embarrassing moments aloft. In New York not long ago she bought some imported cheese as a surprise for her husband and placed it—wrapped in cellophane—in her shopping bag. She met Six at Idlewild and they flew, uneventfully, on a competitor's jet to Chicago. There they changed planes for the jaunt to Denver. Just as the Continental jet streaked up over Iowa, a strange odor began to fill the cabin. Passengers sniffed, turned their heads and glowered at a thoroughly befuddled Six. Finally Audrey showed him the cheese. "Dear," he said, "your sense of timing is perfect."

Despite his ability to attract public attention, Six is in many ways a conservative. He smokes and drinks sparingly, enjoys cooking (he prepares his own luncheons in a small kitchen adjacent to his office) and wears dark, two-button suits. At home his conversations are singularly business-oriented. Says Paul MacNamara, a Hollywood friend, "You get tired of all that airplane jargon, so you try to bring up a new subject, like dogs, for example. Sure enough, Six will manage to tell you how he put some cocker spaniels on a cargo plane, and what a great plane that was."

Six has always been interested in aviation, but 30 years ago it seemed highly unlikely that he would ever have an airline of his own to discuss. The son of a Stockton, California, surgeon, he quit high school after his sophomore year and went to sea on a merchant ship. Back in port, he wangled a job as a bill collector. His boss didn't approve of his young employee taking flying lessons on company time. Six was fired.

Aiming next for a career as an airline pilot, he entered flight school. He was expelled, this time for racing planes on weekends and persuading mechanics to soup up engines. "You'll never have a future in this business," one instructor told him; "you're not the type."

Six became a pilot anyway, flying the Peiping-Shanghai route for China National Aviation. When that job collapsed he became in rapid succession a day laborer in a cement plant, district circulation supervisor for a San Francisco newspaper and a dealer in private planes.

One day in 1936, a friend approached him with an interesting idea. Varney Speed Lines, a puddle jumper hauling mail between Pueblo, Colorado, and El Paso, Texas, needed money badly. Six persuaded his father-in-law to invest $90,000 in the company and, significantly, to assign the stock voting rights over to him. He left California immediately and went to work in El Paso.

Recalls Hollywood restaurateur Dave Chasen, who catered for the line in Albuquerque, "Bob was a real monkey in those days, cleaning wings and motors himself and rushing everywhere to ask passengers how they liked their trips."

In 1937 the airline moved its headquarters to Denver and changed its name, optimistically, to Continental. In 1938 Six became president. At the time he had all of 16 employees but thought his prospects so encouraging that when the time came to purchase some two-motored Lockheed 12's, he offered his own home as security.

Gradually the line expanded, and as it grew, Six began to show a willingness to take risks.

In 1955, shortly after receiving Chicago-Los Angeles route certification from the CAB, he gambled twice. First, in order to acquire an extra 1,800 miles of routes in Texas and New Mexico, he purchased troubled Pioneer Air Lines. Then, with the new routes in his pocket, he went shopping for money to finance the jets. His total assets stood at $14 million; the new equipment cost $64 million. Bankers OK'd his requests for loans but imposed stiff terms; several competitors mused that Six might have overreached himself at last. "It's ridiculous to play with money you haven't got," said one airline spokesman. And another airline president held him up, in staff meeting, as an example of a man who was leading his company into bankruptcy. "We could easily have gone broke," Six admits today.

Two years later, still deep in debt, Six took another risk that raised the industry's eyebrows. He voluntarily dropped an $807,910 Federal subsidy that for years had helped him expand. On the surface this move seemed foolish. Yet, because he had refused the handout, Six was in a better position to ask the CAB to let him cancel schedules to small, unprofitable cities.

Predictably, his willingness to cancel schedules to such towns as Plainview, Texas; Dodge City, Kansas, and Pueblo, Colorado, didn't earn him friends. Six doesn't care about the public interest, critics charged; all he wants is the cream. Retorted Six, "I'm running an airline, not a popularity contest."

The plans he has for that airline are ambitious—he has already asked the CAB for permission to fly to Cleveland, Philadelphia, New York and Hawaii. He is talking also about supersonic aircraft. Since 1959 he has had a staff committee meeting monthly on the subject, and he likes to say that he was the first airline president to go up for a ride in a Mach II Delta Dart.

A solid test of Six's theories is likely to come long before the first supersonic airliner whooshes off a runway. If the CAB approves his fare-cutting plan on a permanent basis, the effects on the industry will be enormous. Competitors will scream. But Six has his arguments ready.

"The day is gone," he says, "when airlines can appeal only to a privileged few and still survive. We are simply tailoring our product to appeal to a larger proportion of the public. Hotels don't offer a single price for all their rooms, and auto manufacturers don't charge the same price for all cars. By lowering our prices we think we can generate an entirely new mass market. All we want is the chance to prove it." THE END

"Scalpel."

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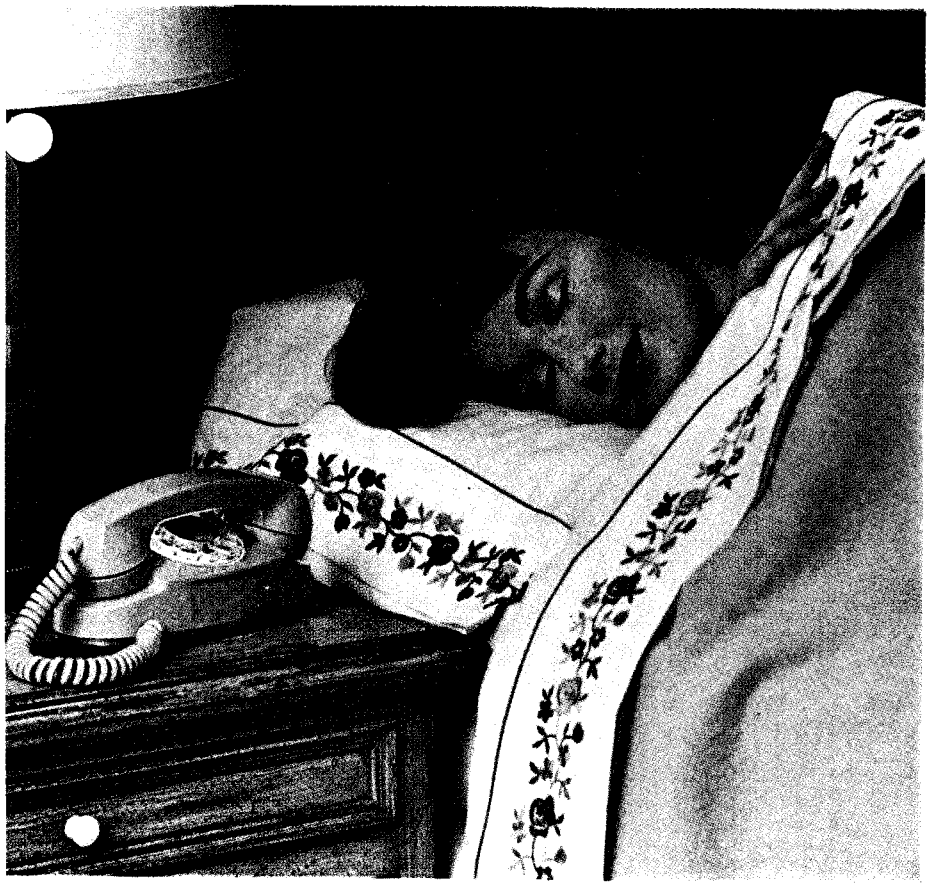
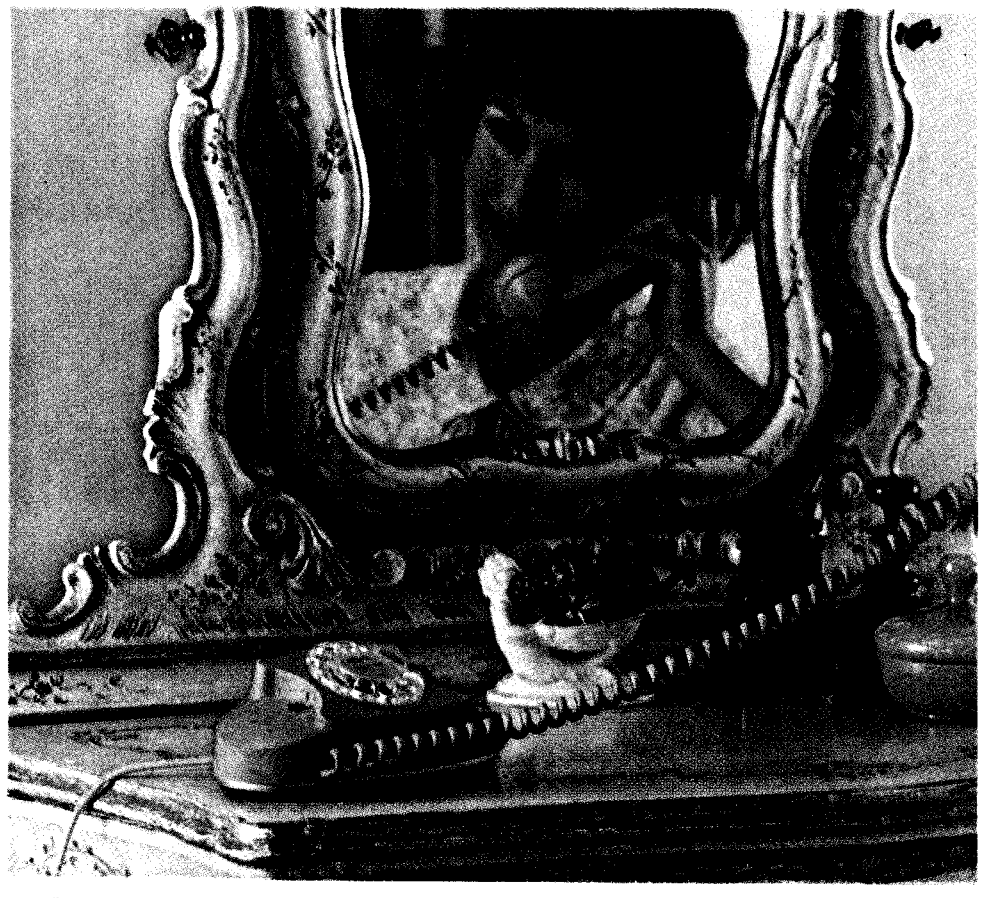
Where will you put your bedroom phone?

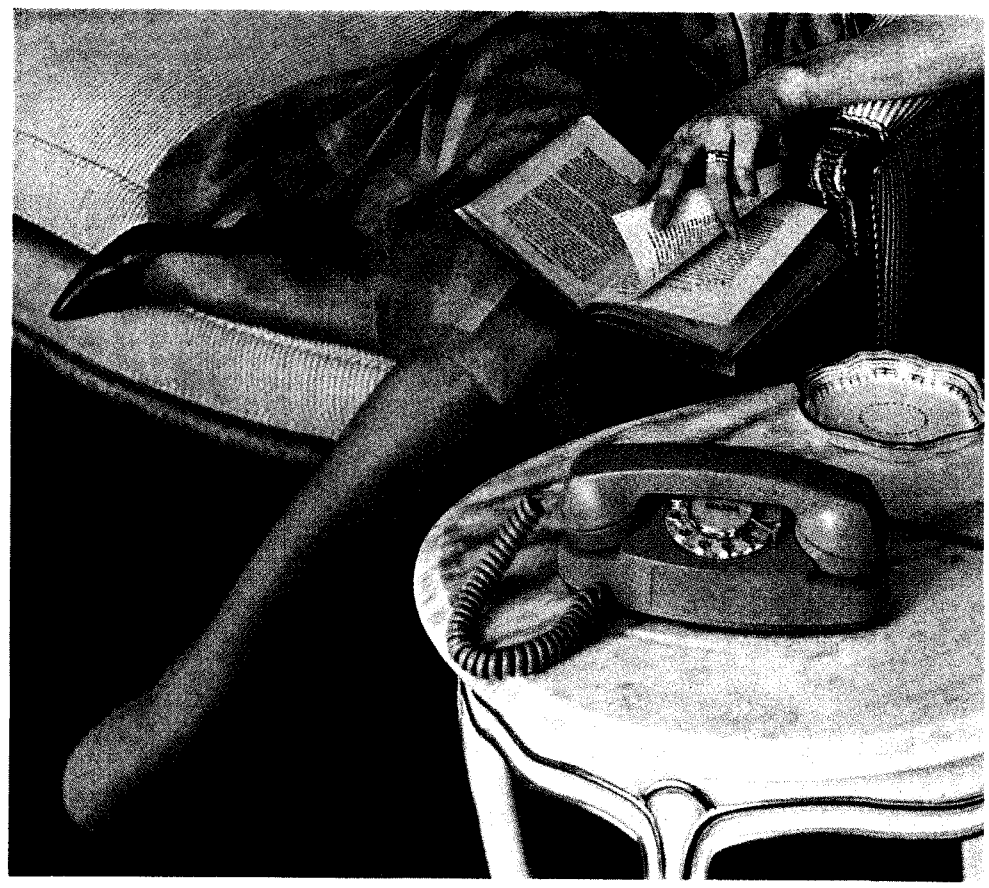


At your bedside, within arm's reach of your pillow?



On your dressing table to save you time and steps?

At your elbow on your desk to aid in running the home?



By a chaise or a chair for comfort while you're calling?

No matter where you choose to put it, we know one thing for sure. You'll find a bedroom extension can be wonderfully convenient. By day it's a handy phone. It lets you make and take calls in comfort and privacy. By night it's the silent guardian of your rest. You sleep secure, relaxed, knowing the phone is nearby. Extensions cost so little and they're so easy to order. Just call the Business Office or ask your telephone man about them.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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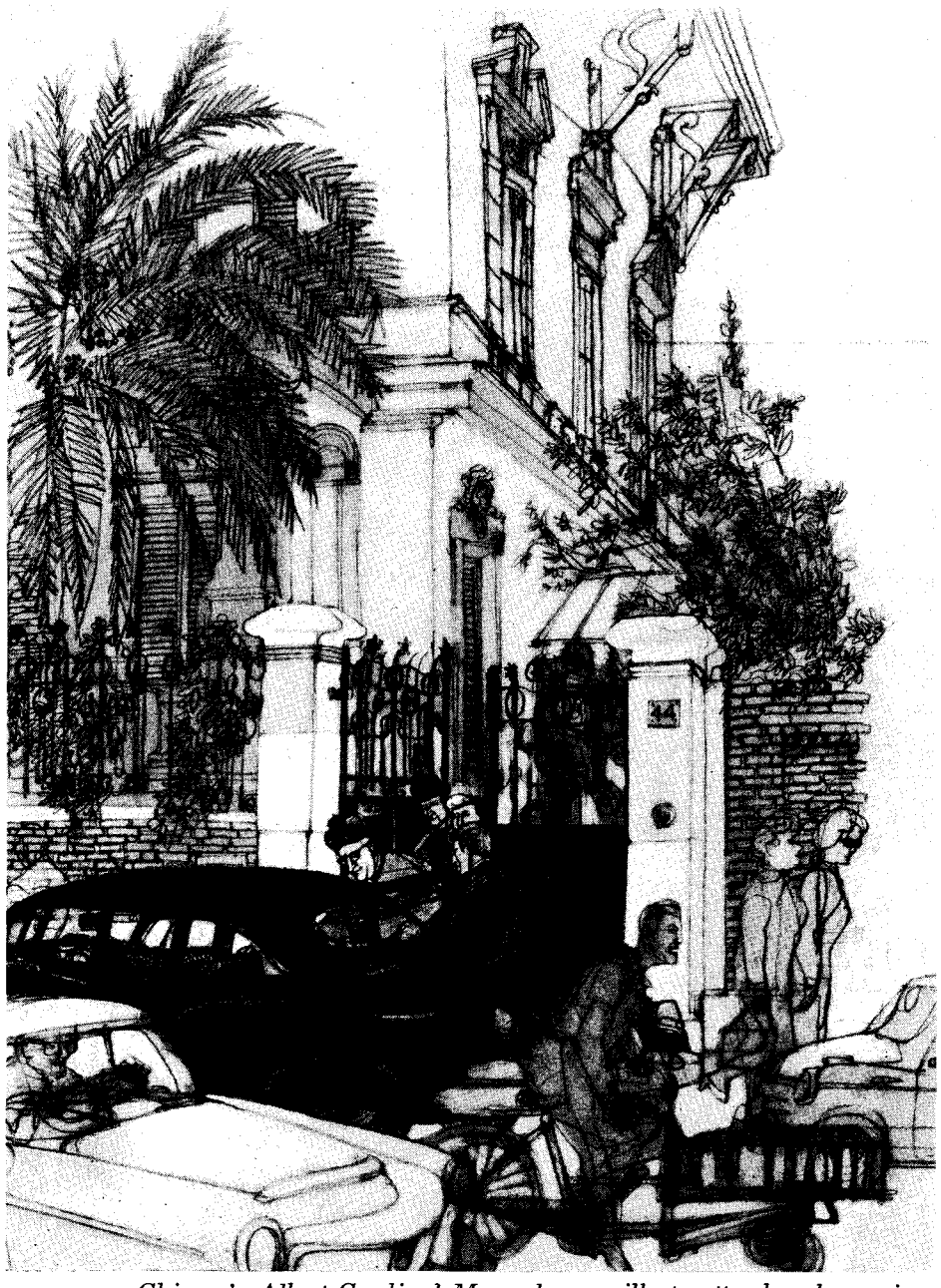
A progress report from behind the scenes

THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL

By SANCHE DE GRAMONT

with illustrations from Rome by Franklin MacMahon



Chicago's Albert Cardinal Meyer leaves villa to attend early session.

"And the Lord said unto him. 'This is the land. . . . I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither.' So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the Word of the Lord."

(Deuteronomy, 34: 4, 5)

Like a new Moses, Pope John XXIII is leading the Catholic Church toward a promised land of church renewal and Christian unity. Like Moses, Pope John must remain behind. At 81, he is in failing health. But he has set the goal and pointed the road toward it. That is the basic lesson from the two-month first session of the Second Vatican Ecumenical Council.

When the fathers reconvene next September, they will still have the bulk of their work ahead of them. Only one of the 73 "constitutions" prepared for discussion was voted on at the first session. But as the Vatican today continues its preparations for the second session, it is already clear that the council's future decisions will be tempered by the profound conviction that a new era in the history of the church has begun.

From the start, in brisk early October, when 2,540 out of 2,908 eligible cardinals, patriarchs, bishops and abbots arrived in Rome, it was apparent that this would be a council unlike any other. The sheer weight of numbers showed that. There had been only 600 to 700 fathers at the First Vatican Council, which proclaimed the infallibility of the Pope in 1869–70. At the 18-year-long Council of Trent, which condemned the Protestant Reformation in 1545, there had never been more than 62 fathers. This time, there were 230 fathers from a country which had been mission territory until 1908—the United States. The American group was second only to the Italian which had 430 members. There were 230 Africans, 61 of them Negro, and more than 300 from Asia. Among the cardinals were two tall, youthful figures who wore their scarlet vestments with special majesty: Valerian Cardinal Gracias and Laurian Cardinal Rugambwa, the first native Indian and African cardinals. Some fathers came from countries with overwhelming Catholic populations, others from dechristianized countries where the church is persecuted. They had never before attended such a massive gathering of church leaders, and they were certain that this was the only ecumenical council they would ever attend.

The magnificence of the four-hour opening ceremony was unforgettable. The white miters rippling into St. Peter's Basilica, the portable throne of the Pope bobbing over them like a royal barge and flanked by two rustling ostrich-feather

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A clang of cymbals and a boom of drums echo in the square as the band plays the Papal March. Now the Pope (at right), preceded by cardinals and bishops, approaches on a portable throne. Jubilantly, the crowd waves handkerchiefs.

fans, the medieval stateliness of the helmeted Swiss guards and black-cloaked secret chamberlains, the grave beauty of *Tu Es Petrus* (Thou Art Peter) sung by the Sistine Chapel choir as the day's first sunlight shimmered through the high dome—these splendors were enough to overwhelm everyone present.

Yet it was in their reactions to this opening ceremony that some of the council fathers first showed how closely and how critically they planned to scrutinize every aspect of the church. One of them, Bishop Manuel Larrain of Talca, Chile, said he was "shocked by the church's display of wealth and the luxury of its ceremonial" when half the world is living in poverty. Bishop Paul Gouyon of Bayonne, France, noted that "nothing is too beautiful for honoring God, but . . . efforts should be made not to shock the popular imagination through exaggerated ostentation."

A group of Western European bishops called for a dramatic gesture in favor of the underprivileged people of the world—a collection of the bishops' pectoral crosses, many of which are made of gold and studded with precious stones. Some of the Protestant observers invited to the council were also critical of the ceremonial pomp, but, as one remarked, "I forgot my objections when I saw the humility of the Pope."

Pope John wore a white miter like the other fathers, instead of his heavily jeweled triple crown. He refused to be carried down the center aisle of St. Peter's, lined with the bleachers-style rows of seats for the members of the council. "Do you want to humiliate me in front of my brother bishops?" he had asked his advisers. Instead he walked most of the way to the gold praying-stool at which he heard the Mass. With this simple gesture, the Pope was emphasizing the collegial leadership of the church by showing himself as a bishop among bishops, first among equals.

The Pope's opening speech was a strong mandate for a "predominantly pastoral" council rather than a "doctrinal" one. This meant a return to the early Apostles' purpose of seeking truth and learning how men may receive it. It meant viewing the church as a community inhabited by the people of God rather than an ecclesiastical body governed by a hierarchy. It meant stressing the spiritual life of the church rather than its administrative aspects.

Most previous councils had been called as defensive acts, to protect the church against heresy. The Council of Ephesus in 431 condemned the Nestorian heresy that Christ had two separate identities. The Council of Trent (1545–63) reaffirmed the validity of indulgences, questioned by Luther, and built a doctrinal fortress against the Protestant Reformation. Pope John showed that Vatican II was called not against, but for something. He gave

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"The lines were now drawn between two main groups of bishops."

equal importance to the two meanings of the word *ecumenical:* universal, as in ecumenical council, and unity of Christians, as in ecumenical movement.

When the fathers sat in their green upholstered folding chairs for the initial working session on October 13, their first task was to elect members to 10 permanent commissions. On their desks for "guidance," they found lists of the members of the preparatory precouncil commissions. All these preparatory commissions had been directed by cardinals of the Curia, the Vatican-based, Italian-controlled church civil service. The "guidance" lists, thoughtfully provided by the council secretariat, suggested to the fathers that everything would go more smoothly if they elected the Curia-favored experts who had done the preparatory work and would know how to steer the draft constitutions through the council. Implicitly at issue was the question of who would run the council—the Curia or the fathers themselves. And implicit in that question was the even more fundamental question of how open the Vatican would be to influences from the outside world.

It did not come to a vote that day. A slightly stooped, white-haired, hawk-nosed figure rose from the presidency table of ten cardinals, facing the two long rows of council fathers. "We will not accept the lists of candidates prepared for us before the council opened," he said. "On the other hand, we have not had time to pick our own candidates and we request a delay to make our own dispositions."

The request was seconded and approved and the meeting broke up, having lasted less than half an hour. The man who made the motion was Achille Cardinal Liénart, 78-year-old archbishop of Lille in northern France, known in some circles as "the red bishop" because of his forceful statements on controversial political questions. Cardinal Liénart had spent six months preparing for the council. What many fathers interpreted as a harmless method of speeding up the elections he recognized as a maneuver to give the council a special orientation. But the council showed it would not simply approve the decisions of Curia specialists. When it elected the 10 commissions two days later the final list was balanced and international.

The lines were now drawn between the two main groups of bishops, who became known as "conservatives" and "progressives." The Vatican's press office objected to the political terminology, pointing out quite rightly that the council was not a parliament. Unlike political legislators, the council fathers are not elected, and their decrees are binding for all time.

And yet the two tendencies were clear. On the conservative side, said Father Francis J. McCool, a Jesuit Bible scholar from Maryland, were "those who see in the future a threat to the past." On the progressive side were "those who see in the future the promise of the future." The two conceptions collided on almost every issue.

If there was one man who represented the conservative view it was the erudite 72-year-old Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani. Born in his father's bakery in the Trastevere section of Rome, Ottaviani has spent most of his life inside the one square mile of the Vatican. He is in a sense the prisoner of his function, which is to keep watch over the purity of doctrine and to condemn heresy. In the pontifical yearbook, his name is listed 23 times, and he is a member of seven congregations, two commissions, one tribunal, and is protector of 22 religious orders. His critics say he feels everything new is wrong. He says everything new is not necessarily right.

An "anti-Roman" cleric

The progressive clerics had no single leader but gathered around a remarkably able group of cardinals from Germany, France, Austria and the Low Countries. Typical of them was Jan Cardinal Alfrink, the tall and athletic primate of Holland, who appears younger than his 62 years. He has maintained such continuous contact with the Protestant "separated brethren" in Holland that one Italian newspaper branded him "anti-Roman."

Many conservative prelates had not wanted the council at all and referred to it privately as "the Pope's folly." They tried to sabotage and delay the preparatory work, for they thought the council would harm the church by revealing its internal differences. They were determined to keep intact the decision-making powers of the Curia, under the control of Italian prelates proud of their parochialism, men like Bishop Pericle Felici, who once boasted that he had never been north of Milan. Progressive council fathers spoke openly of the "damage" being done by some of the men surrounding the Pope. One said: "*Non timeo Petrus, sed timeo secretarium Petri*" (I do not fear the Pope but his government).

The fathers expressed themselves in Latin that was not always Ciceronian, with scholarship that was sometimes haphazard and repetitious, but with complete freedom. One day after a turbulent session a conservative cardinal remarked sadly, "How many things I hear in the council for which I could never grant the imprimatur" [the license showing that a work is free from heresy]. After one heated exchange a speaker addressed himself to the observers' gallery and said, "As our separated brethren can see, we may say what we like without being punished or excommunicated."

Not everything was controversy, of course. One by one 600 fathers came before the microphones during this first session to give the council their views on subjects ranging from the needlessness of genuflections to the sacking of Constantinople by the Crusaders in the 13th century. Some were practiced orators. Others were so elderly and feeble they had to be helped to the microphone, and their votes were often void because they could not apply enough pressure to the special pencils that set off the electric computing devices.

Often the council fathers showed their approval with applause, and it was said that a speaker's success could be measured by the distance the applause traveled along the center aisle. It usually started near the bronze doors, where the youngest bishops sat. If it traveled the full 90 yards to the cardinals' chairs, the speech was a triumph. More rarely, the fathers expressed disapproval of speakers who flagrantly abused the 10-minute time limit or indulged in harsh language.

Latin was the "esperanto" of the council, but Maximos IV Saigh, Melkite patriarch of Antioch, insisted on speaking French, saying that "Christ, after all, spoke in the language of his contemporaries." Because of unfamiliar Latin pronunciations, many fathers found it almost impossible to follow the language of the church. They rated the Americans and Spaniards about equal as the most unintelligible. Latin was such an obstacle, in fact, that a United Nations-style simultaneous-translation system is being studied for the second session.

In an effort to start with an important but relatively uncontroversial question, the council moved the problem of modernizing liturgy from seventh to first place on the agenda. This involves such questions as whether to say Mass in local languages rather than in Latin, whether to make the Mass a dialogue between priest

Jamming St. Peter's Square for a night procession, thousands of pilgrims sing hymns and pay homage to the Pope.

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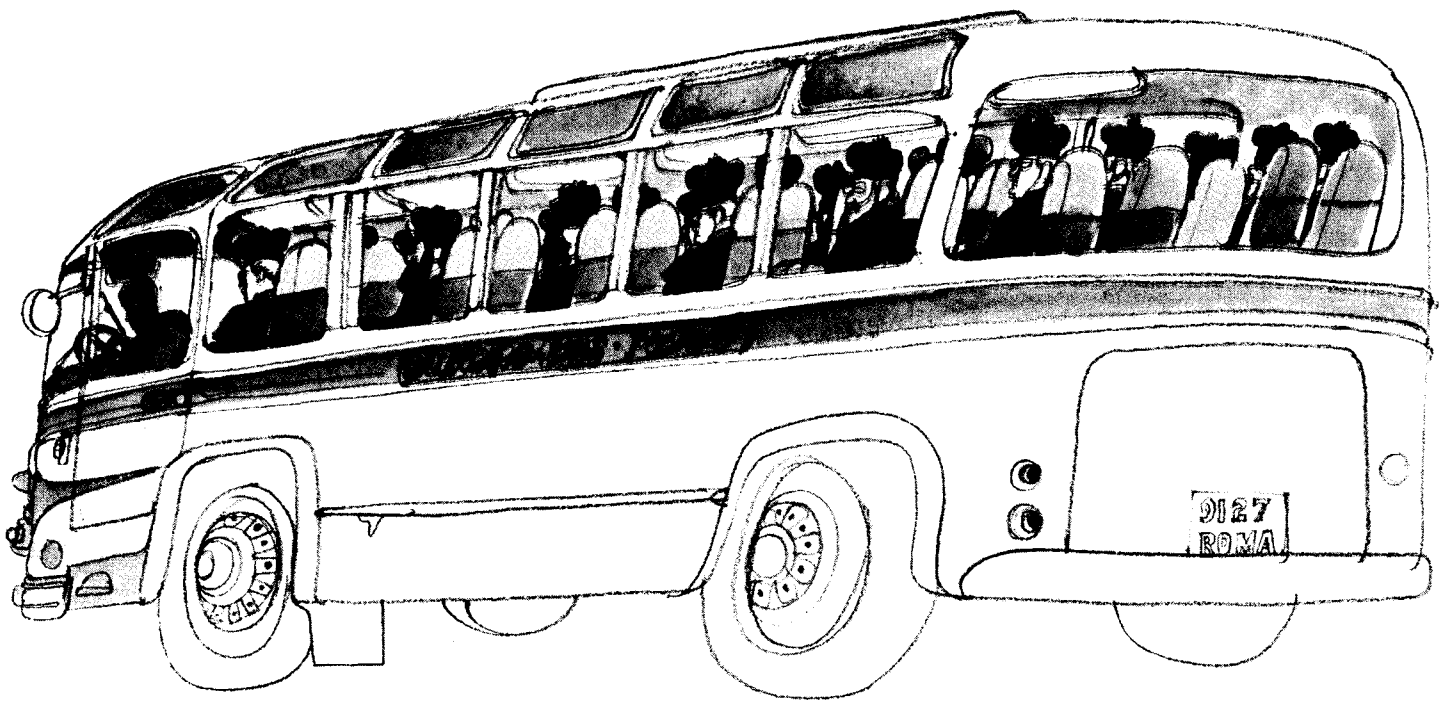

Purple-capped bishops board roomy buses each morning for their journey to the council hall.

and worshippers and whether to use local music and traditions in religious ceremonies.

At one point the fathers themselves saw some novel rites at the morning Mass in St. Peter's, to show what could be done to make the Mass meaningful to people of non-Latin cultures. They watched Ethiopians dancing and jumping around the altar to the accompaniment of handbells and drums, while the priest said the Mass in an unlikely language called Gheez. Bishop James H. Griffiths of New York reported later that he heard a clipped British voice behind him remark, "I say, the natives are restless today."

The bishops who serve as missionaries made eloquent appeals for adapting Catholic liturgy to the needs of people who already have their own customs and civilization. Bishop Guillaume Van Bekkum, a Dutch missionary who has served on the Indonesian island of Flores for 30 years, said he had learned more about liturgy "from the old men of my diocese, some of them non-Christians," than at the seminary. He said he had set up a liturgical commission including unbaptized Indonesian tribal chiefs, and that they had devised forms of worship consisting of all-day functions rather than hymns and prayers. Sunday service might include blessing the village well, saying Mass, visiting a dozen or so homes, chatting with the village elders, public prayers, and finally "a liturgical feast followed by a liturgical nap."

More conservative prelates showed dismay at such innovations. Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York, for one, spoke out against the dialogue Mass. Cardinal Ottaviani, the conservative leader, argued strongly for the maintenance of Latin in the Mass. The liberal Cardinal Alfrink of Holland, council president for that day, listened to Ottaviani with stopwatch in hand and cut him off when his time was up. Applause greeted Alfrink's move, and Ottaviani was so upset that he didn't return to the council hall for more than a week.

The discussion over the use of sacramental wine brought out the need for diversity in liturgy. Paul-Emile Cardinal Leger of Montreal was strongly in favor of it, but a number of Indian bishops opposed it as a violation of India's prohibition laws. Besides, they added, members of different castes would never agree to drink from the same chalice. This variety of opinions, however, provided the "reformers" with a strong argument for less centralized control of the church. They argued that local bishops should be given power to make minor changes in the liturgy, according to local needs and customs, without having to get special permission from the Curia in Rome.

The council finally adopted, almost unanimously, the preface and the first chapter of an eight-chapter "schema" on liturgy. The text voted on insists on the need for greater participation of the faithful in public worship and encourages the use of local languages and customs. The rest of the schema was postponed until the second session next fall, but Archbishop Paul J. Hallinan of Atlanta, a member of the liturgical commission, called this first vote "a victory over inertia and archaism." The size of the majority was also a victory for the progressive fathers. The Curia, however, has not yet conceded. It is preventing Bishop Van Bekkum, the only missionary on the liturgical commission, from attending a scheduled meeting just after Easter, when the commission will put together the final draft of the seven unvoted chapters. His Curia superior, Gregory Cardinal Agagianian, prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, told the bishop not to return from his distant Indonesian outpost but to send his views in writing.

A chapter of the next schema on the agenda was called "The Two Sources of Revelation," and its title indicated its failing. Prepared by the theological commission under Cardinal Ottaviani, it was an effort to return to the Counter-Reformation view that church tradition is a source of revelation equal to scripture and independent of it. This insistence that the word of God is partly transmitted through the live tradition of the church, in the teachings of the popes and councils, was a subtle deviation from Pope John's declared aim of working toward greater Christian unity. Protestants recognize only scripture as a source of revelation. One Protestant observer confided that if the Ottaviani schema were accepted in its original form, he would leave the council, "for if tradition is placed on the same level as scripture, we can expect no renewal from the church."

Many bishops immediately began criticizing the draft, however. They used such strong terms that Cardinal Ottaviani felt compelled to say in his own defense that he was not the personal author of the draft and only directed the work of the commission. But Bishop Joseph de Smedt of Bruges, Belgium, revealed that Cardinal Ottaviani had refused to accept the cooperation of the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity in drafting the schema. "I regret to inform the council of this," he said, "but it is the truth. That is why the schema notably lacks ecumenical spirit. We do not have the right to smash the hopes of those who feel the time has come to say, 'And let them be one.'"

Questionable doctrines

Bishop Pietro Parente, assessor of the Holy Office, the Supreme Congregation which guards the Catholic faith against heresy, defended the schema by charging that some of the council fathers might be propounding false doctrines. "Not everything that has been heard inside the council is free of error," he said ominously.

The day after Bishop Jean-Baptiste Zoa of Cameroun spoke out against the schema he received a visit from Bishop Parente, who asked the young Negro bishop, "Why did you say you were speaking for the African episcopate? Some of them do not feel the way you do."

"I said I was speaking for many African bishops," Bishop Zoa replied.

"How can you make pronouncements like that?" asked Bishop Parente, adding, "Remember, I was your teacher in theology. Now, do you really believe there is only one source? Is that what you are going to tell your people?"

"What I am going to tell my people," Bishop Zoa replied, "is not whether there are one or two sources, I am going to tell them the teachings of Christ."

When it came to a vote, the fathers who wanted to scrap the schema needed a two-thirds majority. They fell slightly short. But Pope John intervened to correct what he considered a procedural injustice. He appointed a mixed theological commission to redraft the schema, including the previously ignored Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, thus insuring that the revised draft would not offend the "separated brethren." The implications of such an apparently procedural move were enormous. One theologian called it "the end of the Counter-Reformation." By intervening at this point, Pope John showed clearly that he was willing to work with the majority of progressive bishops. This was instrumental in deciding some of the uncommitted bishops and changing the minds of others. Finally, the Pope's move was a departure from his announced intention not to interfere in the discussions of the council.

Pope John had not attended the council since the opening ceremony, but he followed it minute by minute over closed-circuit television in his library, and he told visitors, "Sometimes I would like to say a few words myself." When receiving the French episcopate, however, he said he was like Jacob watching his sons quarrel and that "in silence he considered them." Actually he broke his silence several times. One of the most notable interventions came after the Pope heard an elderly Yugoslav bishop urge a more important role in the church for St. Joseph. Ernesto Cardinal Ruffini of Palermo, Sicily, rather abruptly cut short the bishop and told him that it was not his function to lecture the council on the merits of St. Joseph. This stirred the Pope to action. He decreed the insertion of St. Joseph's name in the canon of the Mass, the first change in the solemn central part of the Mass since the seventh century. Although the move had little to do with the great issues of the council, one Vatican expert said, "The Pope made the decree to show this was the kind of minor gesture the council did not have to trouble with, and that it should get down to the real problems of the church."

The last three weeks of the council were taken up by discussions on church use of mass media, the dissident Eastern churches, and the unity of the church, but one sudden crisis overshadowed them all—the Pope's illness. Members of his entourage had long known he was not

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"The council is still like the world in the first chapter of Genesis."

well. On his train trip to the shrine of Loreto before the council opened, Eugene Cardinal Tisserant was sitting next to the Pontiff and saw him suddenly clutch his stomach and writhe in pain.

He worsened after saying Mass on his birthday, November 25, and was bedridden for several weeks. None of his doctors would make a diagnosis public but it was believed that he was suffering from a prostate condition and a stomach tumor. Curtailed in his activities, restricted to a one-meal-a-day diet that has taken about 30 pounds off his portly frame, the Pope said courageously, "My hour will come during the night, for during the day I govern the church."

How he governs it was clear from the Pope's last decision of the first session. He set up a supercommission to rework 73 cumbersome and overlapping schemata into 20 broad themes, which the fathers will take up next fall. The Pope thus discarded the original proposals of the Curia-controlled preparatory commissions and made sure that the vital work being done between sessions will follow the council's pastoral aims.

Beyond the warmly compelling figure of the Pope and the recorded statistics and results, the fathers had much to remember as they awaited the second session. There was the gentle authority of Augustin Cardinal Bea, the 81-year-old German Jesuit who headed the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity. He seemed so frail under his cardinal's cape that one had the feeling he would crumble at the slightest touch, and yet he wielded great power. Thanks to Cardinal Bea, the Protestant observers received copies of the secret schemata, and the Secretariat for Unity was raised to the status of a commission. It is certain to remain a permanent body of the church, in charge of contacts with non-Catholic Christians. It already includes some brilliant prelates, such as Msgr. John Willebrands, who, after exchanging coded messages in true cloak and dagger style, spent a week in the Zagorsk monastery outside Moscow arranging for the arrival of two Russian orthodox observers.

Groups as well as men made a special impact on the council. The Iron Curtain bishops were notable partly because of those who stayed behind. As Archbishop John C. Heenan of Liverpool said, "We listened to them and thought of the others in prison, and the ones who had not been able to come, and we realized that those who were here might not return. It gave a new meaning to the church militant: Our devils are nebulous, theirs are visible and entrenched."

Archbishop Hallinan of Atlanta said that one of the most dramatic and moving moments in the work of the liturgical commission came when the three members from Iron Curtain countries explained, "We have no Catholic schools, no press, no lay associations; our teaching sisters are robbed of their religious dress; we have only the liturgy to communicate with the faithful."

It was perhaps the mission fathers more than any other group who provided the "fresh air" the Pope said he wanted to bring into the church. After the stuffy debates on doctrinal fine points, listening to these men from desolate, unchristianized parts of the world was like hearing an account of battle from a soldier who has fought in it. The physical hardships and spiritual anguish of the missionaries contrasted strikingly with the comfortable and cloistered lives of many Vatican prelates. The missionaries told of priests who make the rounds like country doctors, reaching distant villages only once or twice a year, and able to stay just long enough to deal with the backlog of baptisms and marriages. They described the problems of the church in recently decolonized lands, where it is too closely identified with the former colonial rulers. After hearing them, an American bishop said, "The mission fathers are the conscience of the church and constantly remind us of the ecumenical challenge."

Somewhere in the midst of these contrasting extremes was the American episcopate, which brought no bold program but a capacity to learn and a well-established reputation as efficient and successful pastors. "We've been so busy building schools and churches we haven't had time to keep up with the scholars," said Bishop Albert R. Zuroweste of Belleville, Illinois.

"A sense of humility"

Bishop Griffiths of New York, a member of the theological commission, explained that "we came here with a true sense of humility. We weren't suffering from omniscience. And as the council progressed we began to wonder how some of these high-powered European bishops write books and run a diocese at the same time."

In place of the intellectual sophistication of the Europeans, the American bishops offered refreshing candor. Archbishop Joseph T. McGucken of San Francisco admitted that he really hadn't understood the schema on the two sources of revelation very well. "At first I thought it looked good," he said. "Then they started tearing it apart and I had second thoughts."

Bishop Thomas K. Gorman of Dallas, Texas, confided after a session of procedural intricacies, "Some of these fellows could teach a Yankee pitcher how to throw curves." The American bishops sometimes enjoyed picturing themselves as innocents abroad, but under the thoughtful leadership of two Midwesterners, Joseph Elmer Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis and Albert Cardinal Meyer of Chicago, many of them rallied to the progressive banner.

In the eyes of many fathers, there were three major achievements in the first session. Heading the list was the presence of the 40 non-Catholic observers. Father Yves Congar, a French theologian, said tears came to his eyes the first time Secretary General Felici intoned the "*ex ante omnes*" (everybody out) that signifies the start of a secret working session, and added "*possint remanere patres, periti et observatores*" (the fathers, experts and observers may remain).

Many fathers began their remarks with a salutation to the "*carissimi observatores.*" It was, as Cardinal Bea observed, "a miracle, a true miracle." The Swiss theologian Father Hans Küng hailed the presence of the observers as the council's most important result, saying, "It does not mean the start of interchurch negotiations, but neither is it a mere courtesy visit. It shows that the church no longer wants to exist in splendid isolation, treating its neighbors with suspicion. Reunion is no longer the domain of a theological *avant-garde*, admired and praised by some, pitied and ridiculed by others. The state-of-siege theology has been replaced by a theology of mutual encounter."

The observers agreed. One, Methodist Bishop Fred W. Corson, even referred to "our" council, and said that no Protestant meeting had ever generated so much interest. Orthodox observers, whose churches had broken with Rome over the issue of papal primacy, found themselves praising the Pope for his benevolent leadership. While grateful for the red-carpet treatment, some observers warned that it was too early to draw conclusions about unity. "The council is still like the world in the first chapter of Genesis," said Dr. Douglas Horton of the International Congregational Council, "without form, like a void. These are the beginnings of conversations that might eventually produce a kind of union. But as far as getting new definitions of Catholic doctrine that Protestants would approve, they're whistling in the dark. To get a definition of the papacy acceptable to non-Catholics, they would have to change doctrine, and they can't do that."

A second major result of the council is the reversal of the Augustinian theory of the two cities, the city of God in lofty remoteness from the city of Man. Archbishop Benedict Gregorios of Trivandrum, India, was one of the many fathers who declared it futile for the church today to separate religious and secular matters. "How," he asked, "can the church propose to the large mass of human beings in India the high standards of living of a Christian moral and spiritual life, if the conditions in which these people live make it almost impossible for them to live up to these standards?" Leo-Josef Cardinal Suenens of Malines-Brussels, Belgium, disclosed that Pope John is sympathetic to a plan to study four of the most urgent world problems. The next session is likely to include a secretariat on war and peace, poverty, social justice, and the population explosion. Lay experts on these subjects may be asked to address the council.

The third major council achievement concerns the powers of the bishops. The bishops have forever dispelled the notion that they are "errand boys" of the Pope and the Curia. The first Vatican council, which defined papal infallibility, never got around to the complementary subject of the powers of the bishops. Paradoxically, the bishops have been subjected to the disciplinary sanctions of the Curia, although their teaching authority is far greater than the Curia's.

In principle, the bishops are the successors to the apostles just as the Pope is the successor to Peter. In practice, the bishops must refer to the Vatican for many trivial matters, which are handled by "clerks who have taken over the management," as one council father described the Curia. If one of his communicants is sick, the bishop must ask the Curia for a dispensation from the obligation to go to Mass. By the time that dispensation arrives, the communicant will probably be either cured or buried, for cases referred to the Vatican have been known to take as long as eight years to be resolved. The unwieldy and sometimes restrictive practices of the Curia have made the bishops seek far greater authority to settle their own problems.

These achievements are still in the "intangible" stage, for they will not be specifically acted on until the second session next September. In this sense, the first session was something like a dress rehearsal. Its real importance was to show the world that the council fathers, and their Pope, are determined to face modern problems in modern ways. THE END

At prayer Pope John meditates on the new challenges facing an old church.

Under the vast dome of St. Peter's, the fathers trade divergent views.

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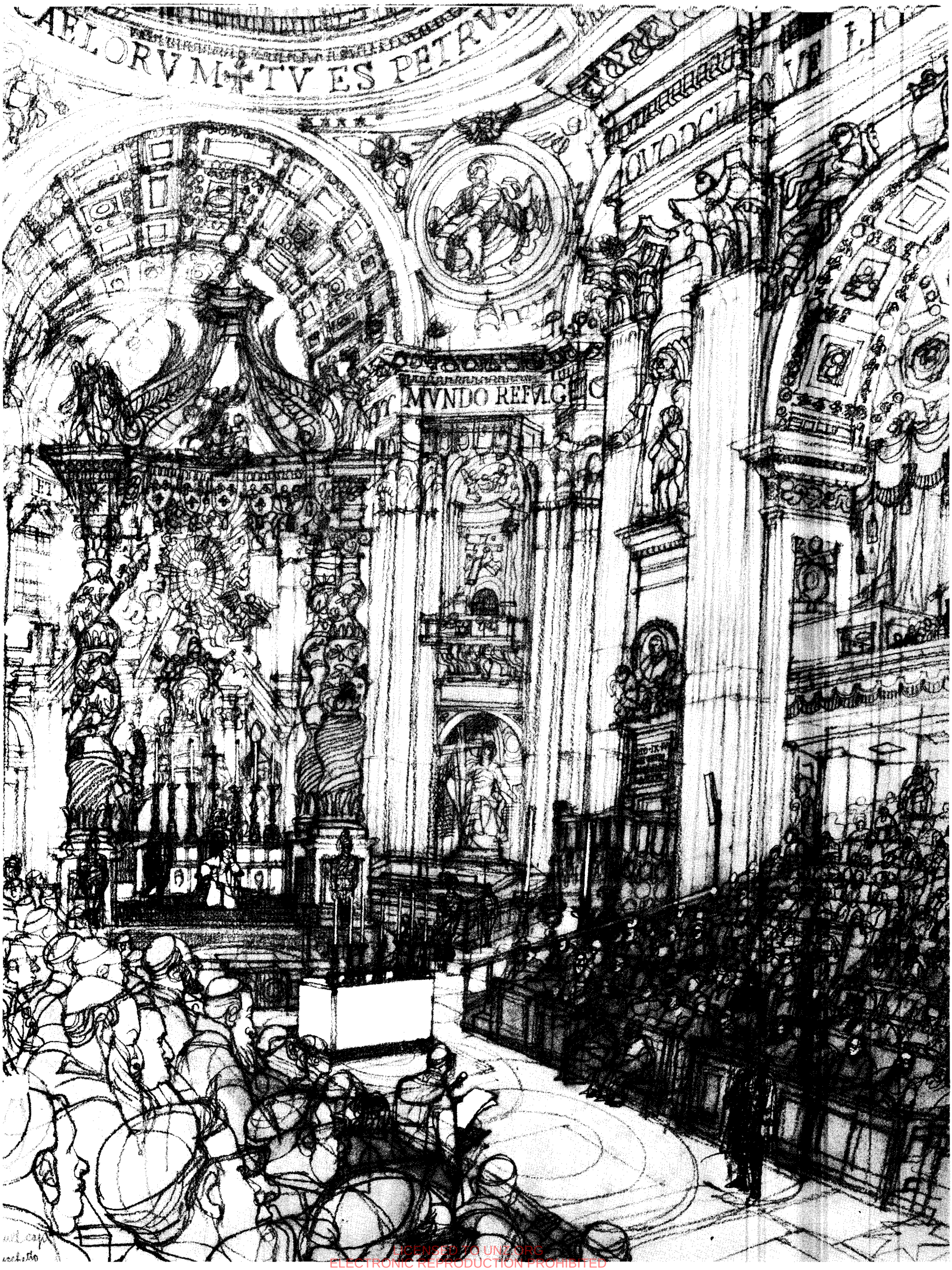

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EDITORIALS

Let's clean up college basketball

A seedy gambler named Joe Hacken (Page 18), who has admitted fixing basketball games, points the finger at his accomplice. "Look," he says, "you could say I'm bad. All right, I'm bad. But what about the colleges? Are they clean? They're in this just as deep as me. Only I have to do time in jail. The colleges, all they have to do is go out and get a new team."

The depth reporting beginning on Page 15 of this issue of *The Post* shows that there is all too much truth to Hacken's bleat. The colleges are as responsible for the sordid basketball scandals as the fixers. The difference is that the colleges go scot-free.

Basketball scandals have been with us for so many years now that the colleges should have purged themselves of this malicious malady long ago. Nearly two decades have elapsed since four Brooklyn College students confessed that they had thrown a game to the University of Akron. Twelve years have passed since nearly 50 students from half a dozen different universities were implicated in the 1951 basketball scandals by the New York district attorney. The colleges have been on notice for a long long time, and only a few weeks ago they were reminded again when the master-fixer, Jack Molinas, was convicted in a case involving so many players that experienced detectives could not keep an accurate count.

Tragically, however, the colleges have done almost nothing to remedy the situation. "The basketball scandals which staggered the nation in 1951 have never really stopped," says Jimmy Breslin. "Instead, the practice of fixing games has become more widespread. So much so that any coach holding a job in a college of any size today must take one thing for granted: Dumping has become a part of college basketball, and it probably is here to stay as long as colleges continue to run the sport as they do now."

We do not intend to knock the game of basketball. Played sensibly, it is a healthful, invigorating and exciting sport. More than that, it is the most universal of all the sports created in America. Basketball was invented in a Massachusetts gym in the 19th century and today is an Olympic event played by Chileans, Frenchmen, Israelis and even six-foot-ten Russians. But the colleges, with their hysterical emphasis on winning, their ridiculous preferences and favoritism for boys who can toss a leather sphere through an iron hoop, have perverted the very meanings of education. They have created a climate in which it is possible for the gamblers and thugs to operate—a climate that makes blackmail, gambling and murder threats a part of everyday life.

The recruiting system detailed by Milton Gross (p. 20) is absurd beyond belief. The colleges approach long-legged, swift-running boys and offer them everything under the sky. Many of these boys don't belong in college in the first place. They are tragically unequipped to handle the attention, the glamour and the heady hero's role that is foisted upon them. When the crooks come around and cajole, beg, coerce or blackmail them, only unusual boys have the strength to resist. And all this continues while these boys are in college, an institution whose purpose is commonly supposed to be to educate our youths, enrich their character and prepare them for the vicissitudes of later life.

Apologists for basketball blame Madison Square Garden, the big crowds and the pressures of important games. They might as well blame the ball.

The critics frequently ask the old question: Can American colleges teach? The question, in the light of the recurring basketball scandals, should be rephrased to read: Can they learn?

The answer since 1945 has been "No." The public has waited long enough—too long, in fact—for the colleges to set things right. It is time for decisive action to clean up this sorry, corrupting mess. The best way, we believe, would be to appoint a blue-ribbon committee to conduct an exhaustive investigation. The committee should include men like Gordon Gray, a respected public servant and former president of the University of North Carolina; Dr. Albert Jacobs, president of Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, who left the University of Denver because he couldn't stomach the ridiculous emphasis on athletics; Coach Joe Lapchick of St. John's University, who is a dedicated enemy of the bribers and has firsthand knowledge of the way they work; Henry Petersen, Justice Department expert on organized crime and racketeering, and George Mikan, voted the greatest basketball player of the first half of this century, now an attorney in Minneapolis. The committee should study the whole sordid situation from top to bottom. If it can't agree on a cleanup solution, then there is just one thing to do with big-time intercollegiate basketball—abolish it.

The ice age cometh

As if there were not already enough big trouble in this world, science writer George Getze, of the Los Angeles *Times*, recently reported that another Ice Age is bearing down upon us. It is due to arrive here in a mere 10,000 to 20,000 years. "Glaciers will cover equatorial Africa and South America," says Getze. "Much of North America, Europe and Asia and the southern tips of Australia and South America will be buried under thousands of feet of ice."

It hardly seems fair that another Ice Age should be threatening us, when we just got over the last one 27,000 years ago. But Getze says that the cooling has already begun. "Long before the next Ice Age reaches its farthest advance," he writes, "whole species of plants and animals may disappear as they find it impossible to adapt either to the gradual cooling or to the accompanying period of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes."

We are determined not to let this news upset us. In this century the world has survived big wars, small wars, floods, pestilences, atomic bombs, hydrogen bombs, Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini and Joseph Stalin. The prospect that an Ice Age is grinding down upon us does give us something of a chill, but we have resolved to face the future with the same equanimity as a very great American who died last month, Robert Frost. In his poem *Fire and Ice*, which is one of our favorites, he wrote:

Some say the world will end in fire;
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
*And would suffice.**

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